© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—COLLIER'S—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

December 25, 1937

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NAL WEEKLY

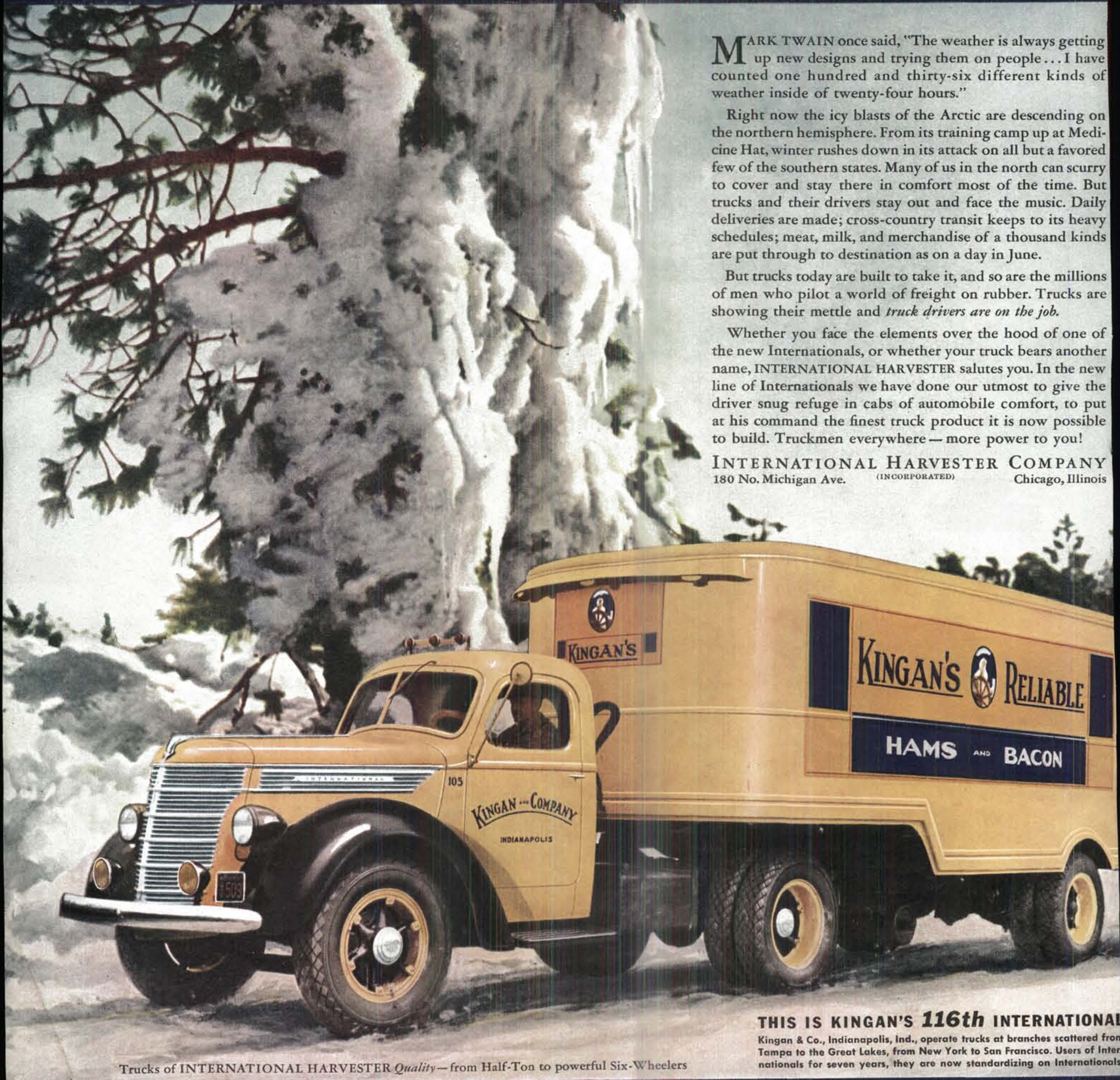
EAST OF BROADWAY

A New Novel by OCTAVUS RO

MRS H F SMITH 128
521 N WASHINGTON 2958
IOLA C
KANS 30N40 12 1
3Y

c. 25, 1937

A HOLIDAY MESSAGE TO THE DRIVERS OF TRUCKS



MARK TWAIN once said, "The weather is always getting up new designs and trying them on people . . . I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of twenty-four hours."

Right now the icy blasts of the Arctic are descending on the northern hemisphere. From its training camp up at Medicine Hat, winter rushes down in its attack on all but a favored few of the southern states. Many of us in the north can scurry to cover and stay there in comfort most of the time. But trucks and their drivers stay out and face the music. Daily deliveries are made; cross-country transit keeps to its heavy schedules; meat, milk, and merchandise of a thousand kinds are put through to destination as on a day in June.

But trucks today are built to take it, and so are the millions of men who pilot a world of freight on rubber. Trucks are showing their mettle and *truck drivers are on the job.*

Whether you face the elements over the hood of one of the new Internationals, or whether your truck bears another name, INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER salutes you. In the new line of Internationals we have done our utmost to give the driver snug refuge in cabs of automobile comfort, to put at his command the finest truck product it is now possible to build. Truckmen everywhere — more power to you!

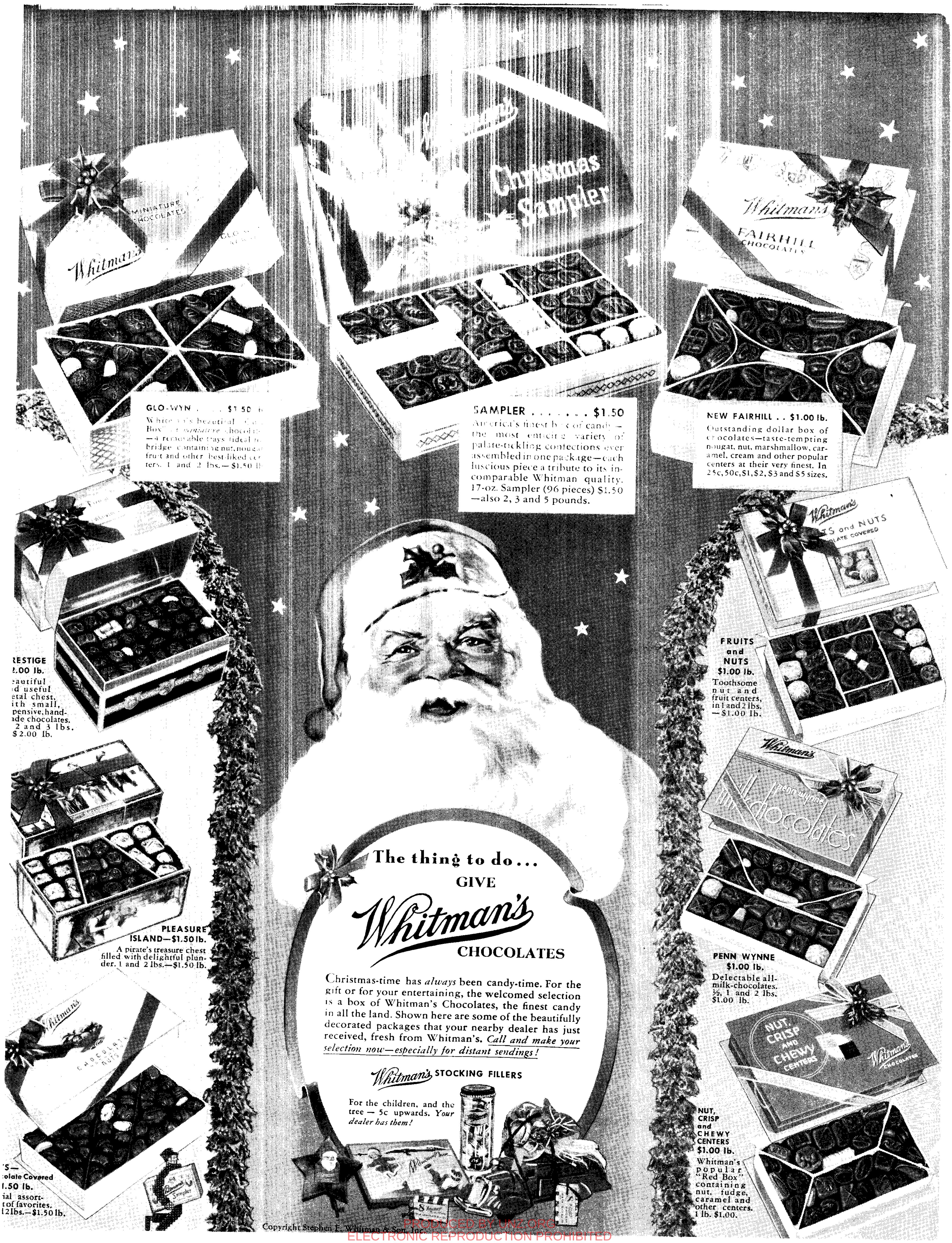
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 No. Michigan Ave. (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois

Trucks of INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER *Quality* — from Half-Ton to powerful Six-Wheelers

THIS IS KINGAN'S *116th* INTERNATIONAL

Kingan & Co., Indianapolis, Ind., operate trucks at branches scattered fron Tampa to the Great Lakes, from New York to San Francisco. Users of Internationals for seven years, they are now standardizing on Internationals

NTERNATIONAL TRUCKS


Christmas Sampler
Whitman's
MINIATURE CHOCOLATES
Whitman's
FAIRHILL CHOCOLATES
Whitman's
TS and NUTS
LATE COVERED
Whitman's
Penn Wynne
Milk Chocolates
NUT, CRISP AND CHEWY CENTERS
Whitman's CHOCOLATES
Whitman's
CHOCOLATE NUTS

GLO-WYN . . . . $1.50 lb

Whitman's beautiful [illegible] Box" of *miniature* chocolates —4 removable trays (ideal for bridge) containing nut, nougat, fruit and other best-liked centers. 1 and 2 lbs.—$1.50 lb.

SAMPLER $1.50

America's finest box of candy—the most enticing variety of palate-tickling confections ever assembled in one package—each luscious piece a tribute to its incomparable Whitman quality. 17-oz. Sampler (96 pieces) $1.50 —also 2, 3 and 5 pounds.

NEW FAIRHILL . . $1.00 lb.

Outstanding dollar box of chocolates—taste-tempting nougat, nut, marshmallow, caramel, cream and other popular centers at their very finest. In 25c, 50c, $1, $2, $3 and $5 sizes.

RESTIGE
2.00 lb.

eautiful
d useful
etal chest,
ith small,
pensive, hand-
ade chocolates.
2 and 3 lbs.
$2.00 lb.

FRUITS and NUTS $1.00 lb.

Toothsome nut and fruit centers, in 1 and 2 lbs. —$1.00 lb.

PLEASURE ISLAND—$1.50 lb.

A pirate's treasure chest filled with delightful plunder. 1 and 2 lbs.—$1.50 lb.

PENN WYNNE $1.00 lb.

Delectable all-milk-chocolates. ½, 1 and 2 lbs. $1.00 lb.

The thing to do . . .

GIVE

Whitman's

CHOCOLATES

Christmas-time has *always* been candy-time. For the gift or for your entertaining, the welcomed selection is a box of Whitman's Chocolates, the finest candy in all the land. Shown here are some of the beautifully decorated packages that your nearby dealer has just received, fresh from Whitman's. *Call and make your selection now—especially for distant sendings!*

Whitman's STOCKING FILLERS

For the children, and the tree — 5c upwards. *Your dealer has them!*

S—
colate Covered
1.50 lb.

ial assort-
t of favorites,
12 lbs.—$1.50 lb.

NUT, CRISP and CHEWY CENTERS $1.00 lb.

Whitman's popular "Red Box" containing nut, fudge, caramel and other centers. 1 lb. $1.00.

Copyright Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc.

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

December 25, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
WALTER DURANTY Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

THE land on Christmas Creek grows the best winter wheat in the world. But you have to take the dry with the wet, and Joe Blount struck it dry. Two years of burnt-off crops left him broke. A horse, two cows, three children and a wife, all hungry—that's what remained. What banker would lend three hundred on such security?

Blount couldn't even argue for it. He was a dry farmer in a cattle country; he knew his case was hopeless. But to a shrewd eye the qualities of a man are sure to appear, and in Two Dance they believed that men are everything. Ernest Haycox tells a story of quiet heroism in "A Day in Town."

SO YOU'RE going traveling! Perhaps it's for your health, perhaps it's the lure of far places, the desire to see strange landscapes marching past car windows or moonlight filtering through palm leaves. Whatever the reason, take care of yourself; take better care than usual. Dr. Heiser, who has spent his life at the ends of the earth, tells how you can travel in greater comfort and safety.

WHEN Young Hoss-Pistil Tackett got into the house of Tootle Powell that was the son of Old Tootle Powell who shot all those Tacketts over on Big Sandy, he knew he was in a fix. He'd just gone huckleberrying for his ma and then he saw Beamy, the prettiest little Powell a body ever laid two peepers on. "Jumping the Broom" is the title of Jesse Stuart's story about this Tennessee mountain Romeo.

OWEN P. WHITE has been traveling through the cotton country. Collier's asked him to go there, not in search of picturesque backgrounds, but to find out what is happening to the people in those sections where poor farming is ruining the land. In "Devil in de Cotton," he shows you the dismal picture and what the government is doing to make it a brighter one.

JOHN BUTLER married a young girl. At first the difference in their ages passed unnoticed. Then Rickey appeared. He was young and a gambler and in love with Butler's wife. John wanted her to be happy and might have given her up if he hadn't seen through Rickey. As it was, he fought to save "His Young Wife." The story is by John Cheever.

ISOBEL STUART, Edwin Muller, Arthur Mann, Thomas Monroe, Jonathan Latimer, Octavus Roy Cohen, Freling Foster and others contribute fiction and articles.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

WILLIAM MARTIN
Night Call. A doctor's duty. Page 15

HAMLEN HUNT
One Without Icing. He wouldn't take "Scram!" for an answer. Page 18

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Eight Hours. Off-stage drama in a night club. Page 20

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Silence is Crimson, by D. L. Champion. Page 16

SERIAL STORIES

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
East of Broadway, Part I. A saxophone comes to town—the new serial. Page 9

JONATHAN LATIMER
A Queen's Ransom, Part IV. Detection in the grand manner. Page 22

GEORGE F. WORTS
Smart Girl, Conclusion. The trap is sprung. Page 41

ARTICLES

W. B. COURTNEY
Christmas Zoo. Live toys round Mount McKinley. Page 12

KYLE CRICHTON
Movie Entrance. How to get into the movies. Page 14

MISHEL PIASTRO
Genius Fortissimo. A man who lives music—Arturo Toscanini. Page 17

GEORGE CREEL
Vocal Boy Makes Good. The profitable eloquence of Josh Lee. Page 25

●

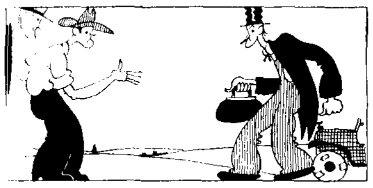
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. The heart of the matter. Page 6

EDITORIAL
Good Will, Limited. Page 58

COVER WILLIAM TIMMINS

Any Week

OUR own Owen P. White (beware of imitations) reports that while he was interviewing a share-cropper in Arkansas not long ago, a long, lean, bewhiskered gentleman wearing overalls, a frock coat and a battered silk hat yanked his disintegrating car to a halt and, bag in hand, entered the yard. The share-cropper waved the apparition away.



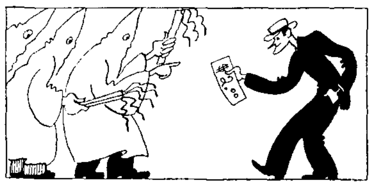
"Mule don't need no fixin'," shouted the cropper. "Mule died." Then, turning to Mr. White, the cropper explained: "He's that no-medicine hoss doctor the papers are full of. Don't give mules no medicine; just sorta talks to them like a preacher. Says it gives a animal something to think of. Don't do 'em no good, neither."

WHEN Hannah Lees wrote and we published her article, Knockout Drops—New Style, less was officially known about the properties of cyclopropane. The article had it that cyclopropane was nonexplosive. Since then the United States Bureau of Mines has published the information that cyclopropane, a most valuable anesthetic, is like ether and ethylene in that when mixed with the proper proportion of air or oxygen it does explode. But don't let this ruin your week end.

ONE of our most persistent readers is Miss Leone Jaines of Pueblo, Colorado. "Especially your business and personality articles about movie stars. There is one piece I wish you would publish soon and that is to tell us how to go about getting in the movies. There are many of us who have beauty and talent and do not know what to do." (See page 14.)

WE'VE been asked numerous times how one gets into politics. We've tried to answer but seem to have got nowhere. Maybe there's a hint in this letter from Mr. Winber Smith of Spokane, Washington: "When a man applies in Washington, D. C., for a chance to introduce something new in the way of farm legislation or crop control he is taken aside by some bespectacled aide and asked one question: Will it work? If he says yes, he is told to get the h—l out and stop impeding progress. He's lucky if he isn't arrested. Now here's my idea of crop control: First, we—"

BUT we just haven't room here for crop control. Self-control is our immediate objective Since we published "All Work and No Pay"—a somewhat irritating article about the unprofitable plight of some textile mill workers, we have been threatened five times by that splendid champion of true Americanism —the Ku Klux Klan. We are warned against showing our "fiendish foreign Communist face in South Carolina." If this face of ours is foreign, there's something wrong with America. Truth is, it isn't even fiendish—just friendly and foolish. We are advised by the Georgia Klan that our record as a "product of vile Bolshevik scum" is well known. And we are to be "run out" of Tennessee the moment we arrive there. Ah, well, we had hoped that the Kluxers had something new to offer. They threw us out of one town a few years ago. Might have got rough, too, had we not bribed the local wizard with two dollars. He wanted three but we were firm, assuring him that, after all, our safety wasn't worth much anyway.



NOT that we aren't deeply interested in peace. We've been told several times that we're one of the most gullible suckers for peace propaganda in the country. For example, here's one from Mr. R. Edgar Mood of Wenonah, New Jersey. "For just one billion dollars," says Mr. Mood without counting on his fingers, "we can build forty super-battleships mounting 18- or 20-inch guns. At the psychological moment we declare war on all the nations. One by one we crush them and they sue for peace. We confiscate their arms, navies, air fleets, munition factories, and let them go back to normal peacetime work. I am firmly convinced that one nation must rule the world to insure the peace of the world."

WHICH somehow brings up the name of Benito (Big Boy) Mussolini, of whom Mr. Freddy Cracken of Bayshore, Long Island, asks: "Say, is it true that this Mussolini was in the same journalism racket as you, before he went into politics? If so, that explains everything. I'm not saying anything I can't prove when I say you got brains like a cantaloupe."

STEADY, Benito, steady.

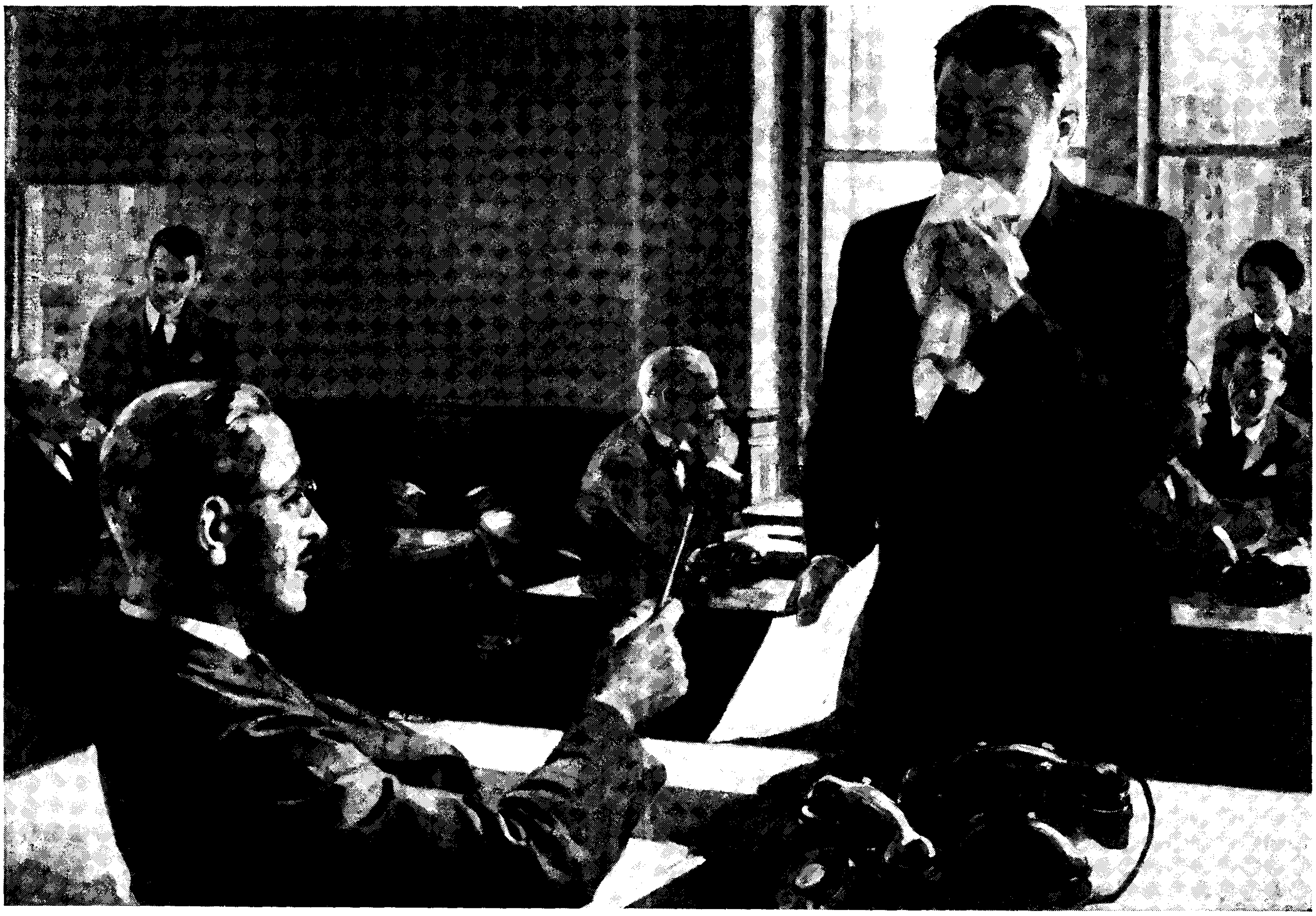
Vol. 100, No. 26. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at *Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of* Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home Magazine. Copyright, 1937, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary.

Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Price 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.

Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

"Home's the place for that cold, Jim"



Common colds are contagious. One man's neglected cold may spread infection among his fellow workers.

OUT of consideration for others, and for your own safety, don't neglect a cold. In its early, acute stage the infection is easily spread, often sweeping through entire offices, families and factories.

By allowing a cold to drag on without proper treatment, you may let down the bars of your resistance to pneumonia. If you take care of your colds, and others do the same, everybody will be spared many serious illnesses.

Pneumonia is an inflammation of the lungs. It comes on usually with a chill, followed by a high fever, accompanied by pain in the chest or side, and coughing. A doctor should be called at once. With prompt medical treatment and good nursing, pneumonia can usually be controlled.

There are more than 30 kinds of pneumonia. Each is caused by a different type of germ which can be identified. An increasing number of laboratories have facilities for rapid sputum "typing." The serums which are now available for certain types of pneumonia are highly effective, provided they are given in time.

Start a simple course of treatment at the first signs of a cold. Rest in bed, if possible, or at least indoors. Eat lightly. Drink plenty of water, broth and citrus fruit juices. With precautions it is unlikely that a cold will develop into serious illness.

Colds and pneumonia both may follow lowered bodily resistance. There is much that can be done to keep vitality high during the coming winter months. The Metropolitan's booklet "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia" contains many practical suggestions on building resistance against such infections. Send today for your free copy. Address Booklet Department 138-C.

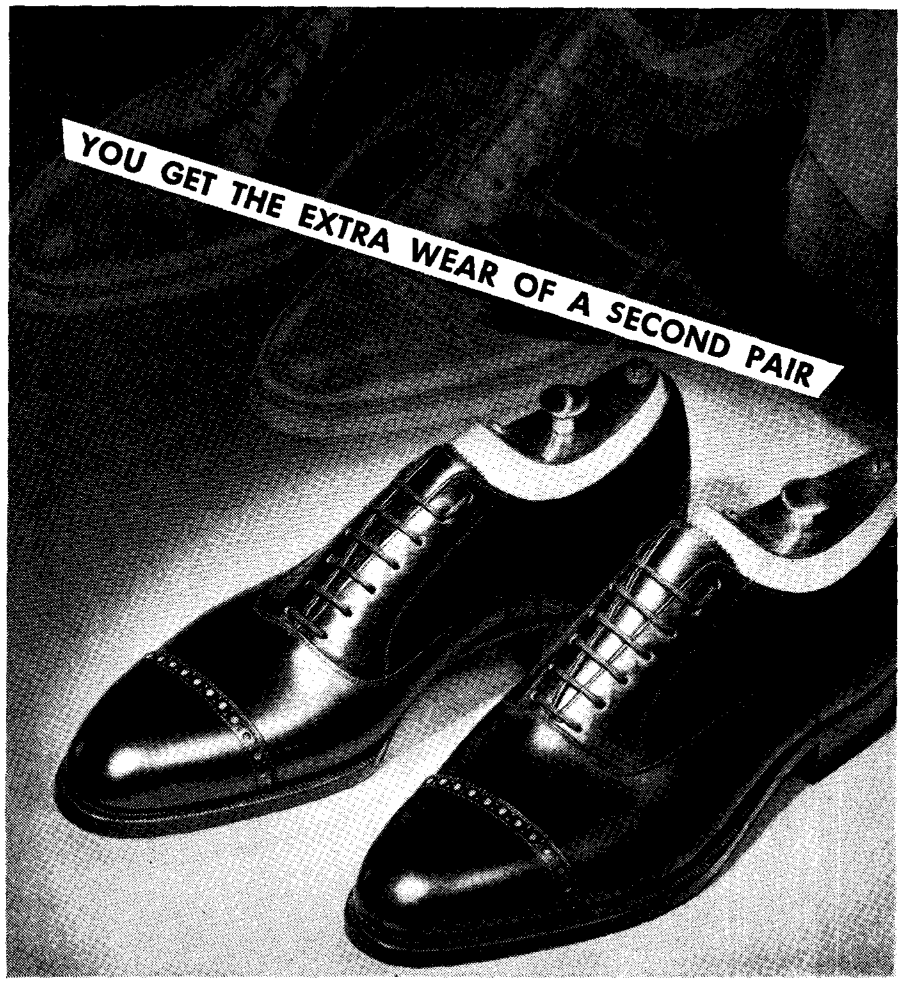
* * * *

P. S. About Children—What seems to be a cold often turns out to be the beginning of measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough or some other contagious disease that may be epidemic. Keep your sick child away from other children. If the symptoms persist or there is fever, send for the doctor.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board*
ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

Copyright, 1937, by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company



BETTER-BUILT

to Serve You Better

Long after most shoes are worn out and cast out, Florsheims keep right on climbing to new mileage heights. They're better-built to serve you better . . . to give "the extra wear of a second pair" . . . to double your shoe mileage and halve your footwear cost. Expect a lot from Florsheims; they'll meet and match all you'll expect and deliver more in the bargain. They're style-right and comfort-correct . . . and their long wear is the key to footwear economy! *Style illustrated,* The GARFIELD, S-509, *in black calf; a Flarewedge model that won't "run-over."*

$10
MOST STYLES

THE
FLORSHEIM
SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Manufacturers · Chicago

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Between 1610 and 1838, the "Clock of the King's Death" served a useless and depressing purpose in the royal palace in Versailles, France. It had no mechanism and only one hand, which pointed, throughout the reign of each monarch, to the minute when his predecessor had died.

Several months before the outbreak of the World War, the villagers of France noticed that the metal signs advertising a product called "Kub" were being replaced by new ones, even when still in excellent condition. Aroused suspicions resulted in the discovery that each sign had, pasted on its back, a map of the locality, which would have been very helpful to an invading army.

The stabilizer in the Italian liner Conte di Savoia, which eliminates rolling more than 2½ degrees to either side in the roughest weather, weighs 750 tons and cost nearly $1,000,000. The 175-ton flywheels in its three gyroscopes require a period of nearly three hours to attain their maximum speed of 910 revolutions a minute.—*By Richard Mankey, Arlington, New Jersey.*

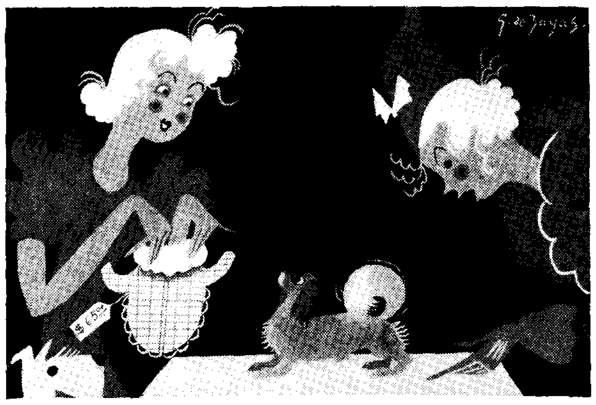
New York City has dog shops that sell "doggy" coats for as much as $65, dog hospitals in which operations cost as much as $400, and dog beauty parlors and bath clubs that not only give health treatments with sun lamps but also sell a wide variety of toilet articles, including perfumes, nail polishes and remedies for halitosis.

In 1839 in England, George Bradshaw, an engraver and printer, published the country's first timetables, in the face of much opposition from the indignant railroad companies. Informing the public when trains were supposed to arrive and depart, they feared, would "make punctuality a sort of obligation."—*By Agnes Lambert, Huntington, West Virginia.*

One of the most delicate silk fabrics is made from the byssus, or hairlike excrescences, of a species of mussel found along the European shores of the Mediterranean. A pair of gloves made of this material will fold into the shell of a walnut.—*By Constance L. Armstrong, Clearwater Beach, Florida.*

Up to about fifty years ago, American surgeons, before performing an operation in the home, sent a list of instructions to the family for preparing the room selected for the event. If it were on the ground floor, they would request that the windowpanes be soaped, which did not interfere with the light but which did spoil the show for the curious neighbors.

As a mouse has far more skin surface for its weight than most other animals, it can fall down a mine shaft of any depth without being hurt. After the first hundred feet or more, the acceleration, due to gravity, meets the retardation due to air resistance and a steady rate of fall is maintained during the remainder of the drop, the animal landing only in a dazed condition.



Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

ANNOUNCING NEW 1938 MODELS–

PLYMOUTH

COMMERCIAL CARS

BUILT BY REQUEST

They are now on display...the big, powerful 1938 Plymouth Commercial Cars!

Introduced last year because business men *asked for them*, Plymouth business cars are already making a great name!

They have the *economy*, the rugged *durability*, the *performance* for which Plymouth passenger cars are so famous!

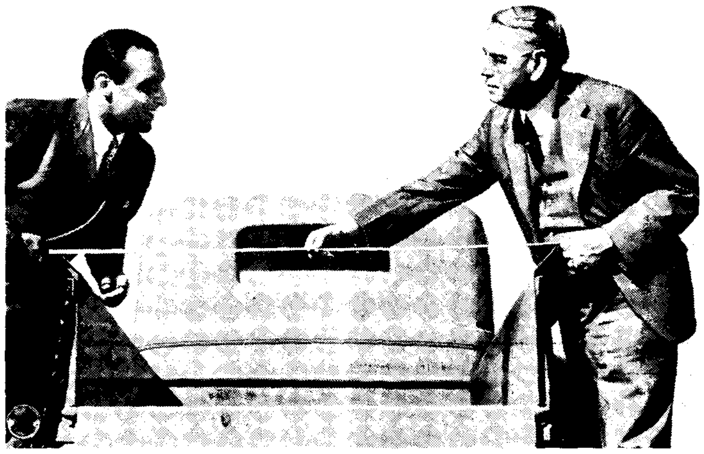
Go see these 1938 Plymouth Commercial Cars today! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich.

PRICED WITH THE LOWEST. In spite of all their extra value, Plymouth Commercial Cars are in the lowest-price class. Commercial Credit Company offers very easy terms through Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler dealers. Tune in Major Bowes' Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, Thurs., 9-10 p.m., E.S.T.

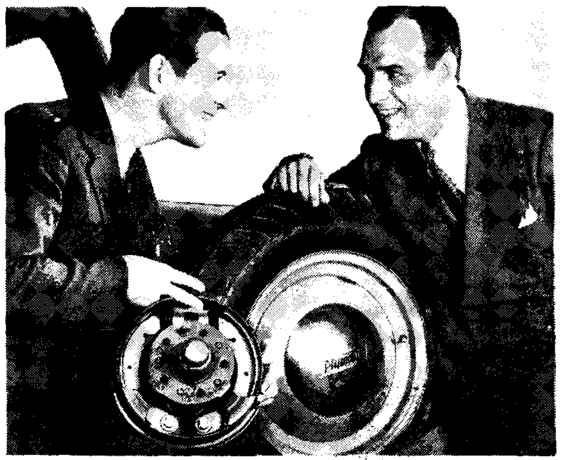
1 **"You Can't Beat it for Savings!"** Plymouth owners get low-cost deliveries! Plymouth's big, 6-cylinder "L-head" engine brings reports of 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas. Plymouth's durability saves on over-all upkeep!

2 **Loading is Easier** with these *low* floors. Notice how the edges of the flareboards are rolled for added strength. And the rigid all-steel body is set on a six-inch, double-drop frame with *five* heavy cross members.

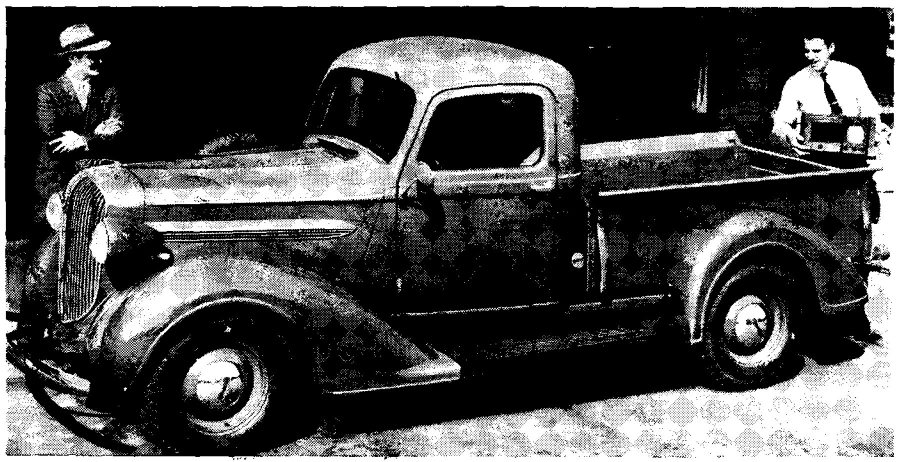
3 **It's a Cinch to Handle.** Steering has been improved...gears shift easily...big, special clutch *stands up, stays smooth.* Here's passenger-car comfort with "truck-built" ruggedness!



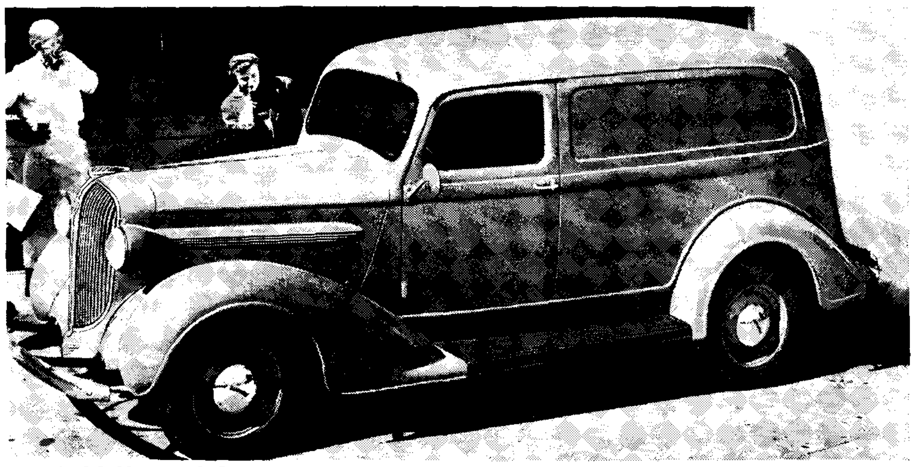
4 **The Tape Reads 47½"**—across the Pick-up Truck's all-steel express body floor...and the body is 17" deep and 72" long. It's efficient—adaptable to all kinds of light delivery. And you'll save with Plymouth's valve-seat inserts, 4-ring pistons, directional cooling!



5 **Surest Stopping Power** in the world—Plymouth's *double-action* hydraulic brakes. They're self-equalizing...take less attention. And drivers are further protected by Plymouth's Safety Interior.



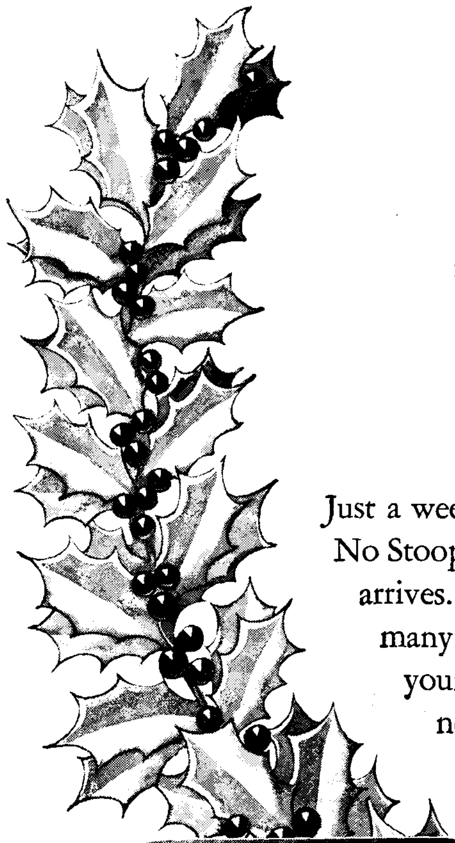
6 **1938 Plymouth Pick-up Truck:** ½-ton capacity...116-inch wheelbase...six-foot steel express body. Here's the answer to hauling economy. Don't let the smoothness of its big engine fool you! It's got the power to pull the load. And you get *lowest* gas and oil bills, plus long-term savings on repairs and maintenance. See it—get the facts!



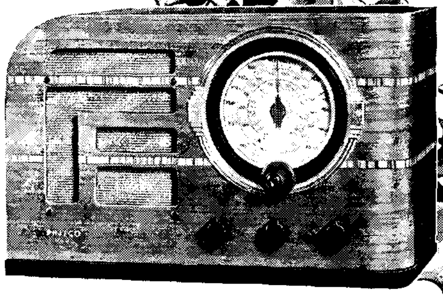
7 **1938 Plymouth Commercial Sedan.** Note its smartness—a good advertisement for your business! It's got a 116-inch wheelbase...105 cubic feet capacity...rigid 6-inch-deep steel frame...with Plymouth's 6-cylinder, "L-head" engine that saves you money. If you're planning on a commercial sedan, see this Plymouth!—*"the car that stands up best!"*

There's still time to get your Christmas PHILCO

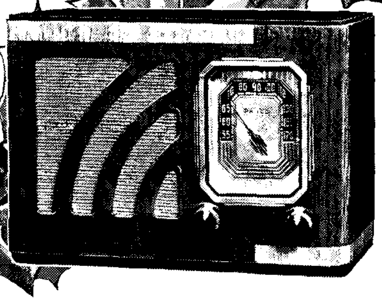
--- and plenty of time to pay for it!



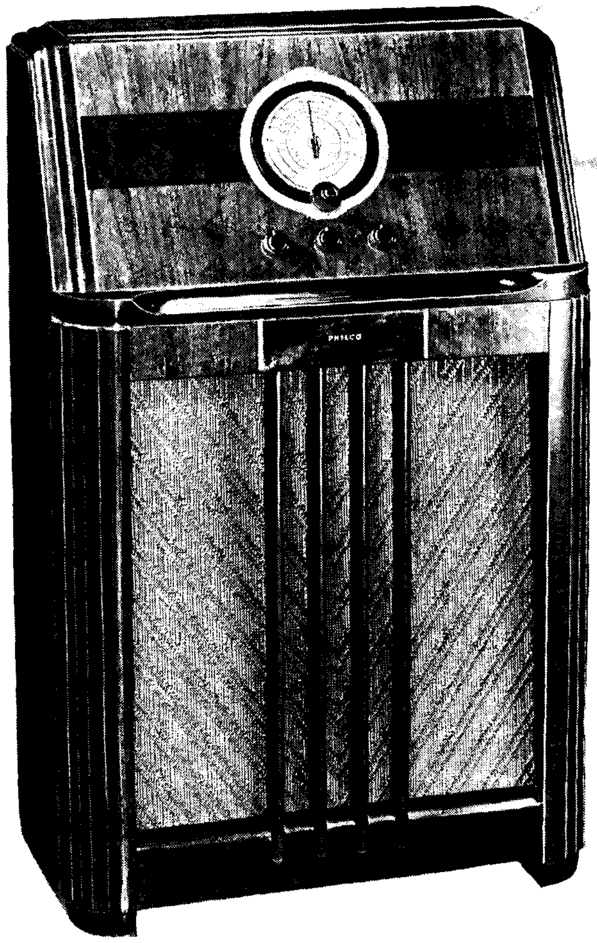
Just a week more until Christmas! But there's still time to have a "No Squat... No Stoop . . . No Squint" Automatic Tuning Philco installed before the happy day arrives. Drop in and see your Philco dealer. He'll gladly demonstrate the many new models. There's a Philco for every purse and purpose—and your dealer will arrange the easiest of terms—with no payments until next year. Order your Philco now in time to hear Christmas heralded around the world!

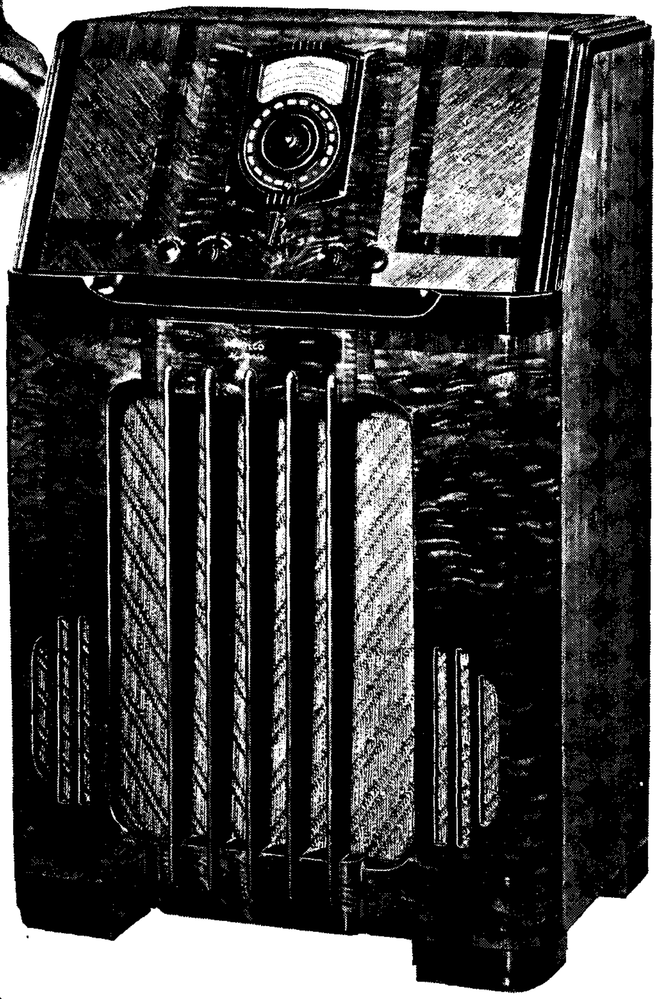


PHILCO 7T* American and Foreign. Philco Cone-Centric Automatic Tuning. Philco Foreign Tuning System. Standard Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Two Tuning Ranges. Three-Point Tone Control. Pentode Audio System. 6 Philco High-Efficiency Tubes. Less aerial **$65**



PHILCO 12C All Standard American Broadcasting Stations and State Police calls. Pentode Audio System. Compact Electro-Dynamic Speaker. 5 Philco High-Efficiency Tubes . . **$22.50**





PHILCO 116XX* (*At right*) Everything you could wish for! American and Foreign reception. Inclined Control Panel. Automatic Tuning. Magnetic Tuning. High-Fidelity Audio System. Inclined Sounding Board. Acoustic Clarifiers. Cathedral Speaker. Philco Foreign Tuning System with 5 Spread-Band Tuning Ranges. 15 Philco High-Efficiency Tubes. Foreign and American short-wave stations named, located and spread six times farther apart. Less aerial **$225**

PHILCO 7XX* (*At left*) American and Foreign. Inclined Control Panel. Cone-Centric Automatic Tuning of favorite stations. Two Tuning Ranges. Philco Inclined Sounding Board. Concert Grand Speaker. Pentode Audio System. Three-Point Tone Control. Philco Foreign Tuning System. 6 Philco High-Efficiency Tubes. Less aerial **$79.95**

**Sold only with Philco High-Efficiency Aerial to insure greatest foreign reception.*

68 MODELS $22.50 to $600

Collier's The National Weekly for December 25, 1937

East of Broadway

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

Wherein you'll pull hard for the infectious young hoofer, love the simple beauty whom he leads to fame, and hate the wickedest man in New York. An irresistible novel that hasn't a dull moment

I RECKON," observed the little farmer at the wheel of the decrepit car, "I reckon you-all will be gittin' off at Karnak."

Eddie Lawson turned his head and grinned at the gargantuan young gentleman who overflowed the back seat. He said, "You hear that, Tiny?"

"I heard," answered Tiny, sighing deeply. "I heard—so help me."

Young Mr. Lawson returned his attention to the wizened driver. "Just why," he inquired, "do you think we'll be getting off at Karnak?"

" 'Cause I don't go no farther."

"Sounds logical. In other words, you mean you stop there—completely?"

"Uh-huh. Purty near, anyway. I got me a lil farm out Pineville way, but you fellers would ruther be in a big city, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," agreed Eddie, "we certainly would."

The farmer, whose name was Rafe, turned speculative eyes upon the young man at his right. There was something about the youngster that he liked: the broad grin, maybe; perhaps the dancing light in his boyish brown eyes. Rafe was not habitually addicted to heeding the pleas of hitchhikers, yet these two had approached him at a gas station and he had said yes, much to his own surprise. And he had frankly enjoyed the thirty-mile ride with them. Queer ducks, he described them to himself—funny, but kinda nice.

This young feller called Eddie, now. He looked like a kid, and yet Rafe knew that he wasn't. Not exactly. He was emboldened to ask, and Eddie said, "Twenty-seven." But he had that young look, and he was all the time joking. And laughing. Rafe liked that. He didn't quite understand it, but he "just nachelly" enjoyed bein' with folks who were gay. And the big lad on the back seat—the one called Tiny—now there was a real funny feller. Big as all get-out. Must've weighed more'n two hundred and thirty pounds on the hoof, except that Tiny didn't look like a feller who would be on the hoof much. Big round face, and sleepy blue eyes that had a twinkle in 'em.

Rafe was inclined to talk. He asked, "You fellers hitchhike much?"

"As much as we can," responded Eddie Lawson.

"Goin' fur?"

"New York."

"That's a pow'ful long piece from heah."

"We're finding that out," came a melancholy voice from the back seat.

"Been in Florida?" asked Rafe.

"Yes."

"Doin' what?"

"Laying off." There was a disconsolate note in Eddie's voice. "The spot we were working in folded up right in our faces."

"Folded?"

"Went bust. Bankroll gave out."

Rafe risked disaster by craning his neck to scrutinize their suitcases: battered but brave. "I bet," be burst out, "that you fellers are actors."

"Thanks, Rafe. Those are the sweetest and rarest words I've ever heard."

"Ain't you?"

"You embarrass me, Rafe. I'm a poor personal press agent. But I'll confess—I *am* an actor—of sorts."

"What sorts?"

"Sorts of lousy," wheezed Tiny from the rear seat.

"Same to you, Mr. Martin," responded Eddie without turning. "I might have expected some crack like that from a saxophone player."

"Oh!" said Rafe. "He's a musician."

"I reckon," said Tiny politely, "that *that* will hold you for a while, Mr. Lawson."

"It'll have to," answered Eddie, "until I get something funnier to think about."

Rafe swung from the main highway—a broad concrete ribbon bordered by tall, stately pines and by vast acres of corn and cotton. The car chugged under a large black and white sign:

WELCOME TO
KARNAK
Pop. 5,500

They mounted a gentle acclivity, and from the top they saw the modest metropolis with its broad, shady streets, white frame houses, three or four impressive buildings: the courthouse, the county hospital, the high school, the Duncan Block. They rolled past the huge, gaunt Morrow Cotton Mills, Karnak's industrial mainstay, and found themselves moving at moderate speed down Court Street, the principal traffic artery of the little city.

The two young hitchhikers were delighted and not a little impressed. Accustomed to the bustle and noise of Broadway and of second-rate night clubs, they found something restfully beautiful in this intensely typical little Southern town.

IN THE very center of Karnak—where Court Street and State would logically cross—stands the courthouse, a picturesque and venerable building of which Karnakians are slightly ashamed, since it still shows bullet scars from the Civil War. Surrounding the courthouse is the square, which is the center of civic activity. There is grass on the square—somewhat patchy from hard usage—and there are magnificent live oaks which provide welcome shade during scorching summer months.

Around the square, facing the patriarchal courthouse, are the establishments which house the principal businesses of Karnak: the gorgeous, tile-fronted Bon Marche Department Store; Mike Santos' Restaurant—Good Eats at Moderate Prices; Sidney Greenberg—Furniture & Rugs; Tony Marino's Fancy Grocery; Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe; Goss & Wiliams—Hardware; Dave Levy's Novelty Shop; H. Barnes & Sons—Jewelry; Crane's Pharmacy, and the Elite Drugstore. There is the Karnak Hotel—stanch and ugly and proud of its new yellow brick, and the Hollywood Theater. One block away, at the corner of Marsden and Court, is the marble home of the Karnak State Bank.

Radiating from Courthouse Square are broad, lovely avenues which, for a block or so in each direction, are occupied by business concerns of lesser importance . . . avenues which then become residential thoroughfares. The streets are shady and restful. They are lined with oak and cedar and chestnut and elm and magnolia and maple and mulberry trees; and they shelter the homes of those who live in Karnak.

The homes are mostly white. Some are small and dainty and some are large and beautiful—and some are downright hideous. But attractive or ugly, there is an air of homeyness about each.

Eddie Lawson said, "I was going to kid about this, Tiny, but I can't. It's too doggoned beautiful."

Rafe swelled with civic pride. "County seat," he explained. "Biggest town in Karnak County. An' we got a hospital an' a schoolhouse, I'm tellin' you—they can't be beat nowhere south of Washin'ton."

The car stopped at the curb and Eddie and Tiny alighted, lugging their suitcases and Tiny's saxophone case. Standing side by side, Eddie's slim, wiry figure and better-than-average height and breadth faded to nothingness beside Tiny's massive bulk. "Sure was good of you to give us this lift," said Eddie. "If there's ever anything we can do for you . . ."

"Reckon there ain't. But if you happen to be around heah fo' any length of time . . ."

"We might," said Eddie, and after Rafe had again said farewell and driven off in the direction of Pineville, Tiny turned to his friend.

"What did you mean by that last crack, Eddie?"

"What last crack?"

"About maybe we'd be here for a while?"

"Nothing. Except maybe we will."

"How do you figure that?"

"Nine ways." Eddie's grin was broad. "How much cash capital have you, Tiny?"

"Hmm! Lemme see . . . sixty-one cents."

"I have thirty-eight. Now dope it out for yourself, Big Boy . . . just how far can we go on one penny less than a dollar?"

"We can hitchhike."

"Sure, I know. But, Tiny—I have an odd idea that we might enjoy eating occasionally."

"Oh, Lord," moaned Tiny. "You would have to think of something like that."

"Besides," continued Eddie relentlessly, "the soles of my shoes are losing hope—and substance. My heart is heavy. Tiny—I'm figuring to hibernate a while."

"Doin' what?"

"I don't know, Mr. Martin; I assure you I don't. But even this sleepy little city must have work for idle hands to do. How do you know that they might not welcome a first-rate saxophone player and a really nifty tap dancer?"

"I don't know. And I won't guess. But if you're figuring that we can walk the streets with me tooting and you tapping for throw money—"

"Tiny! You surprise me. A man of my theatrical standing! An undiscovered star who has been turned down by all the very best managers on Broadway . . . and you, a ten-fingered wonder. . . . The very mention of throw money is shocking. Besides, I don't think they'd throw very generously, do you?"

"I'm afraid not, Eddie. Otherwise I wouldn't be so opposed to the idea." Tiny gazed sadly across the square. "What do we do now, Eddie," he inquired, "besides be hungry?"

Eddie Lawson had been gazing at the imposing portals of the Hollywood Theater. He said, half to himself, "Not a bad-looking house." Then he took a wallet from his pocket and from it extracted an array of professional cards: "Eddie Lawson—Dancer Extraordinary" . . . "Eddie Lawson—the Tap Master" . . . "Eddie Lawson—The Wizard of Toe & Tongue" . . . and a very old card on which was printed: "Lawson & Gregg—Dancing & Polite Comedy—Playing Orpheum Circuit."

There were a few clippings, too, which Eddie exhibited to Tiny. "Impressive—what?"

"Impressive!" Tiny snorted. "Third-rate night clubs, and all the articles written by guys you knew, and who were thoroughly stewed at the time!"

"Okay, Brother Martin. But you just sit steady and guard our luggage. I have the soul of a pioneer—"

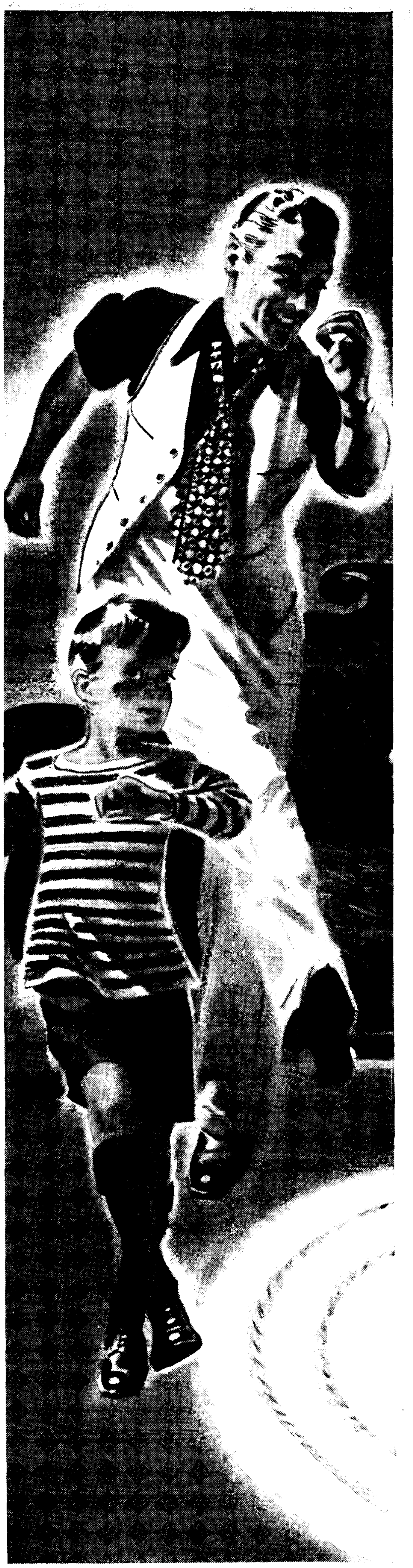
"You're the damnedest optimist!"

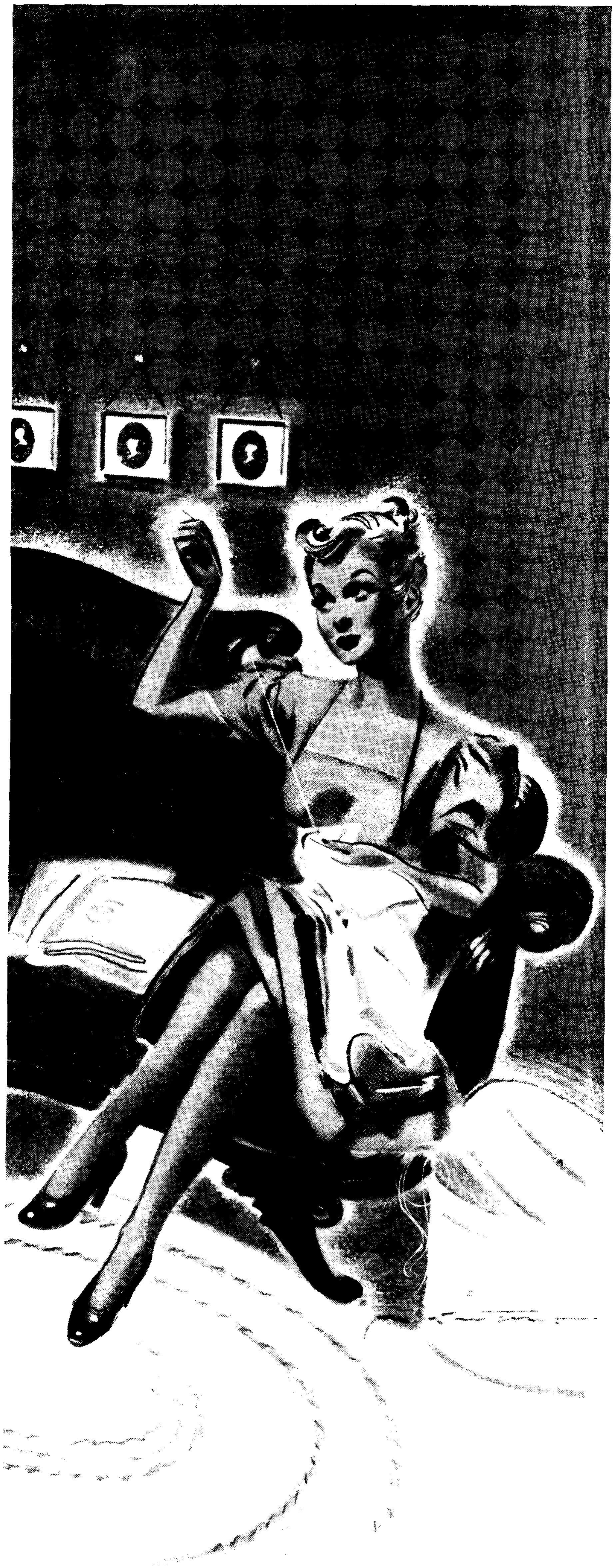
"Can I help it if I was born gay? I'll be seein' yuh, Tiny. More or less eventually."

TINY gazed affectionately after his friend. Good lad—Eddie Lawson. Always laughing—at himself and at the rest of the world. Gay and loyal and courageous. Tiny knew all about Eddie—knew that his career had been one of bitter disappointment and of hope unfulfilled. Eddie was a nice dancer; just short of tops, Tiny figured; and he had a pleasing voice. He was a comic, too, although Tiny's affection did not go so far as to believe that Eddie was a Jack Benny. Still, he was good enough to click in such jobs as he had achieved: master of ceremonies at various second-rate joints in New York, with an occasional engagement out of town.

The breaks had come Eddie's way, but had invariably detoured at the last minute. Yet Eddie always believed that the next day or the next week or the next year would see him on top. Always reading and studying and rehearsing and making up new gags. Thinking and dreaming Broadway. Loving it with the deep and passionate fervor which only a lad born in a small town can feel.

Friendly lad, this Eddie Lawson. Folks liked him instinctively. They wanted him to make good. And yet when he got his chances—like this Florida engagement, for instance—hard luck dogged him. He had been doing all right, but there had been the sudden clamping down of the gambling lid, and the owners had locked the front door and called it a season, owing Eddie money which would never be paid. Tiny found himself out, too, along with the other orchestra boys . . . and so he and Eddie had started hitchhiking back to New York. And here they were—halfway between Miami and Broadway—on the threshold of complete bankruptcy, and with nothing but Eddie's





Eddie taught him steps of the routine, and whenever possible he devoted himself to Linda

good nature and unquenchable optimism to keep them going.

Ordinarily, Tiny was also an optimistic soul. But when Tiny was hungry, his optimism oozed. A meal, reflected Mr. Martin, was of importance only when one hasn't it. He was on the verge of tears when he saw Eddie returning.

There was something about Eddie's stride which caused Tiny to straighten up. Eddie was—doggone it!—he was *jaunty*. He crossed the street with the fine disregard of a New Yorker for small-town traffic regulations. His rather large mouth was split in a wide grin, and his brown eyes were dancing. He dropped on the bench beside Tiny and said, "Brother Martin—we're in! I've just sold myself to the manager of the Hollywood Theater of Karnak for two weeks of personal appearances."

Tiny Martin blinked. His expression was a blend of rapture, incredulity and hope. He said, "You wouldn't pick a time like this to kid me, would you, Eddie?"

"Not a chance, Tiny me lad. I may not be a Fred Astaire, Tiny—but I'm a superb salesman. I explained to the manager all about personal appearances. I did, however, neglect to state that in my case they had been few and far between."

"HOW," inquired Mr. Martin darkly, "did you explain being in Karnak?"

"I told him we were motoring north."

"But you didn't *say in whose motor*?"

"No. I couldn't remember all the names. He wouldn't have been interested anyway."

"Thank goodness. But the salary . . . ?"

"It isn't a salary, Tiny—"

"I knew it. A benefit!"

"Nope. An honorarium."

"Can you translate that into dollars, Eddie?"

"Yeh. Thirty per week."

"Affluence," murmured Tiny, "with a big Af." He rubbed his belt buckle with the pink palm of a pudgy hand. "Something inside of me—something which is vacuum-shaped—tells me that dinner time is approaching."

"I fixed that, too," grinned Eddie Lawson. "I explained that we didn't like small-town hotels and suggested that he recommend a nice, respectable boardinghouse where there was plenty of first-class Southern home cooking."

"Did you say 'plenty'?"

"I did. I was also thinking that a hotel might possibly request some payment in advance, which would have been distinctly embarrassing to us. So . . ." Eddie lifted the lighter of their two suitcases. "So we are now en route to Number 56 Court Street to meet Mr. and Mrs. David Waring. Come on."

They circled the ancient courthouse, walked slowly past the Bon Marche Department Store and inquired directions. Eddie said, "I think I'm going to like this place."

"I'd like any place where there was food."

"Get your mind on something else, Mr. Martin."

"All right—I will. What's your job?"

"Singing, dancing and polite comedy. Three shows a day. And for the first time in my life, I'm a headliner."

"That's one way of looking at it." Tiny shook his head mournfully. "You couldn't get an inspiration about a starving saxophone player, could you?"

"I don't know. You're so big and your sax is so little. It looks like brutality."

"I can toot clarinet, flute, piccolo and a small hunk of oboe. And even though your earnings are going to be colossal, I'm not anxious to bum on you if I don't *have* to."

Eddie jabbed Tiny's prominent mezzanine. "You're promoted, Son. You're my manager."

"Ten per cent of nothing. It's a swell life."

"You can handle all my publicity. The house manager is enthusiastic. Lots of space in the local paper—handbills to be thrown all over town . . . and you can say things about me that I, being shy like two violets, couldn't say."

Tiny stopped walking. He said, "I believe I smell food cooking. I hope this is Number 56."

"You're a wizard, Tiny. I can't figure how you guessed—unless maybe you read that number on the porch steps."

THE home of Mr. and Mrs. David Waring was a two-story frame structure of unpretentious architecture. There was a veranda—a nice homey sittable veranda—spanning the front of the house and looking down on neatly tended flower beds. The front yard was shaded by two magnificent live oaks, and wistaria and crimson rambler roses softened the whiteness. Eddie said, "Beautiful, Tiny. Just like a stage set."

They walked slowly up a pathway to the porch. Eddie rang the bell. The front door opened, and Mr. Lawson heard his mountainous friend grunt.

For the first time in his life, Eddie Lawson felt tall. His five feet ten inches seemed to stretch, because never before had he looked down on anyone who appeared quite so infinitesimal.

The girl was blond—ash-blond—and colorfully so. Eddie's expert eye took in at a glance the firm, curvy trimness of her young figure; the unbelievably small feet, the delicate little hands, the simple house dress. But the impression she made was more than physical. He was acutely conscious of her shyness. She was demure, and yet—when she looked up at him out of eyes which might have been blue, but were actually a deep violet, he had the feeling of roguishness. Just a flash of it—then the eyes were screened again by long lashes.

He asked, "May I speak to either Mr. or Mrs. Waring?"

"Certainly. Won't you-all sit down?" She gestured to the big, inviting wicker chairs on the veranda.

LEFT alone on the porch, Eddie looked up at his enormous friend.

"Tell me, Tiny—did you see what I saw?"

"A little bit of it—yes."

"Is she really that small, or is it an illusion?"

"She's a wow—no foolin'." And, as if that wasn't enough, "She's a blonde."

"You're wrong, Tiny. Southern girls aren't blond."

"*She* is," insisted Tiny stubbornly, "I saw her with my own eyes."

"Then authors of Southern novels have been cheating me."

"Hmmm! New York hoofer falls for Dixie belle."

"Wrong, Tiny—wrong. Small-town gals don't enter into my scheme of things. But she *is* cute."

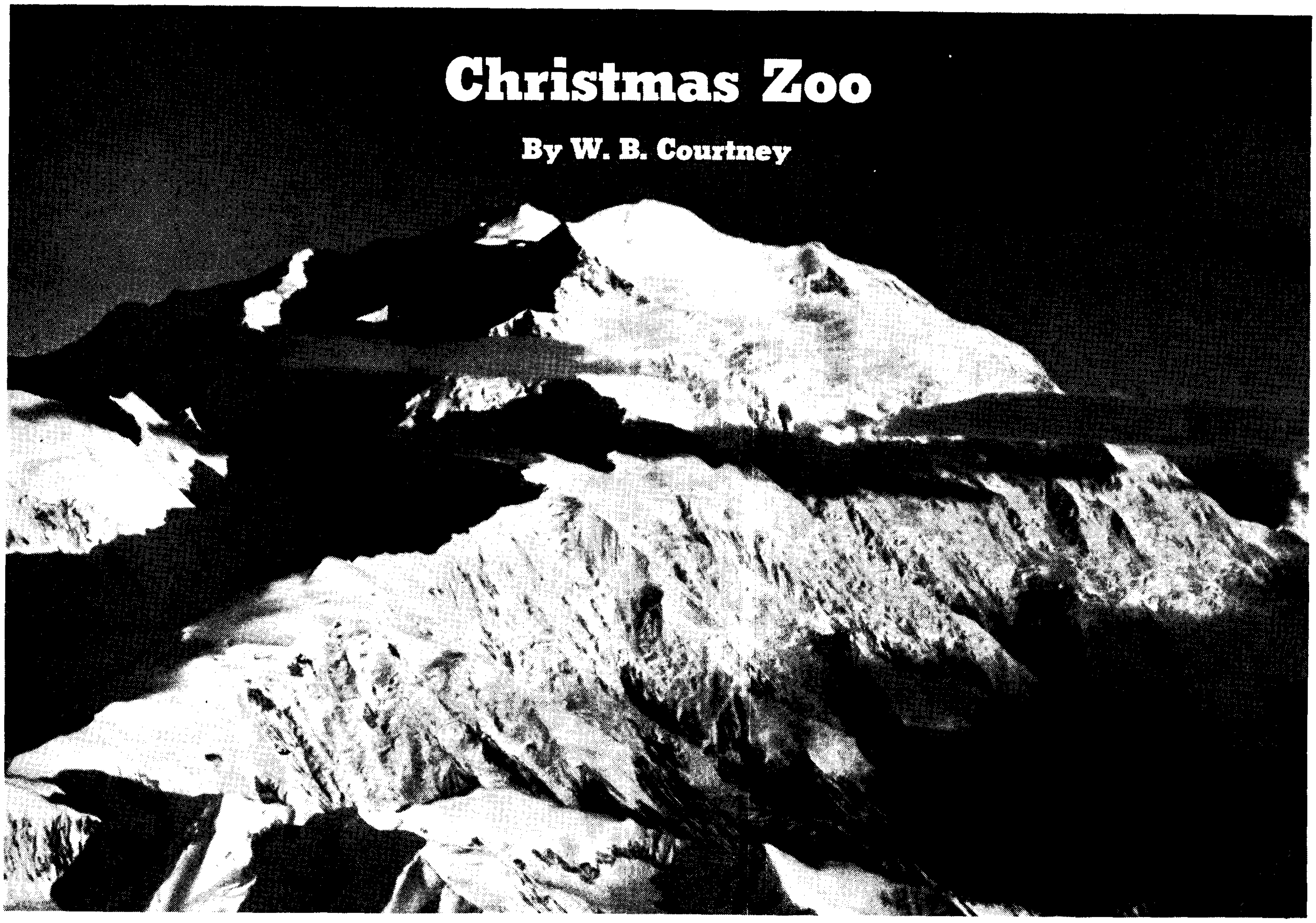
A trim little lady with graying hair came through the front door. Her smile was warm and friendly. She asked, "You wanted to see me?"

"Yes, ma'am . . ." Eddie projected the full force of his sunny personality on Mrs. Waring. He explained—without too much blushing—that he had been persuaded to remain in Karnak for a couple of weeks for personal appearances at the Hollywood Theater, and that the manager of that house—

(Continued on page 55)

Christmas Zoo

By W. B. Courtney



TELKAMP

DEPT. OF INTERIOR

ALASKA R. R.

Dominating America's northernmost national park, to which it gives its name, McKinley towers over a magnificent wilderness kingdom

Denali's children: True denizens of the land of deep snows and long silences are the Alaskan red fox and the ptarmigan in his winter plumage

YAKO, the first man of the dim country back of the North Wind, made a great mountain in the long ago: fashioned a loftier one than any other of those who gave shape to things. Gowned it in snow, the ermine of the noble ranges, and belted it with glaciers. Molded it aloof from the warmth of mortal life until it showed no trace of earthly flank or rock. Pushed it above the turmoil and the vapors, so high that in summer the sunlight never leaves it and wayfarers in the midnight below are dazzled by a pink and gold throne floating in the sky. It is fitting, for this is Denali, the home of the sun.

When Yako had finished, peace and silence, the primeval quiet of a world resting from creation, tarried upon Denali; lingered there always, and was not disturbed by new orders. So that all creatures who lived within Denali's halo—which is to say, as far as a caribou herd might wander in a fortnight—are different from their brothers elsewhere. Here in the unprovoked wilderness they live as Yako wished. The ptarmigan, who turns white so that you can see only his beak and his eyebuttons in the wintry thickets. The rabbit, who grows "snowshoes"—great wide pads of hair on his feet—when the flakes hiss downward and changes the color of his fur to match each season. The porcupine, who breaks down willow branches to bridge the drifts. The shy and rare surf bird, who nests only here. Man came to Denali but the other day; yet already he, too, is set apart from his fellows, with a more tranquil and understanding eye.

The ranger opened my tent in the blanched night and said: "Now you can see It." Here in the Alaskan wilderness you never hear one of the scant handful of men who live intimately within its presence, day by day and year around, say "Denali," or "Mount McKinley" or even, simply, "the mountain." We stared and trembled a little, but not from cold. Denali, more than 20,000 feet above sea level, highest peak on the North American continent, rises in stupendous mass from his retinue of glaciers and lesser hills a sheer 17,000 feet. In this sense, he is greatest on earth; for no other mountain, not even renowned Everest, towers so far above its base. The ranger said: "We're in for a good day. We don't talk much about the weather here, because there are only two kinds of days for us: the days you can see It and the days you can't." The ranger grinned serenely; you rather expected him to purr. "We've got out of the habit of clock time," he said. "Even about the seasons. We think of only two of those, also, when the summer tourists are here, and when they're not. By Sep-

ALASKA R. R.

TELKAMP

Shy, agile, courageous is the Alaskan mountain sheep, which lives dangerously on McKinley's forbidding slopes. Below, the marmot, who sleeps all winter

FRED ORDWAY

DEPT. OF INTERIOR

The ground, or parka, squirrel is the panhandler of the park, but a social-minded fellow withal. At the right is the rare surf bird, a summer visitor

tember they have gone, and left the park to winter and to—us."

Then, in shortening days, ice begins to form in the legion streams that vein Mount McKinley National Park like an old man's hand. It clings to the bottoms as slush; and the streams freeze upward, forcing the top water to overflow until the riffles of summer become wide gasping rivers that spread to fill every valley and ravine, from base to base, covering boulders and willows. There comes a final night when the starlight no longer breaks on running water. Winds die, for the work is done. Moistureless snow rises from your heels like prairie dust. For days not a breath of air has stirred. Each jutting rock has a cap of white, every tree is dabbed with fragile cotton that would furl away like reluctant smoke if you sighed upon it. Now in Christmas week Denali looks upon the complete repose, the utter silence, which is the most perfect expression of the wilderness.

The ranger said: "On my winter rounds, sometimes I feel like an intruder; like a man listening to children's secrets. It's as though I walked around at night in one of those Christmas zoo boxes of animal toys I used to play with when I was a youngster."

This, indeed, is the wilderness of boyish imaginings, where each creature is a sharp adventure in raw and vivid colorings. Here is nature primeval, where the new theory of game-preserve conservation is in practice. Those states and parks where the hunt for predators has been unrestricted now regret it. In McKinley the killing is selective. For the balance of the wild, the survival of the fittest, is best not tampered with too much. Predators in reasonable numbers have a salutary effect. They keep the game alert. They kill off the stupid, the weaklings, the ill; thus help to breed a better stock. New deals, panaceas, fail with animals as with men.

Be quick with your eye and camera and soul, gentle of voice and wary of step, and your hours under Denali will be full and varied and rewarded. There are twenty-six kinds of animals in this living Christmas Zoo, eighty-six kinds of birds. Some have the familiar look of Sunday in the city park, the loved notes of home fields. But many are Denali's own true children of the deep snows, the long nights, and the silent tundras; unique, like the surf bird. For a hundred and fifty years scientists diligently combed the wilderness for the eggs and homes of this elusive ward of the gale, which in winter ranges as far south as the Straits of Magellan. The Indians of Alaska had a legend that it laid its eggs on the bald mountains of the interior. Guided by this clue, on May 28, 1926, a thousand feet above timberline near Savage River Canyon, Dixon and Wright found the first and only surf bird nest ever seen.

Far off, strung over the whitened ridges like broken necklaces, move the caribou herds. These American reindeer are blood kin of Donner and Blitzen and Prancer and the other faithfuls who served Kris Kringle well in the pre-machine age. Both sexes of caribou bear horns and they are the nomads of the park, lending to it the flavor and the pictures of childhood storybooks. If you are stout of shin, patient, careful to stay downwind, you may draw close to the caribou. The great herds drift like cloud images across the snow; on their borders ominous shadows dart. The wolves.

Wild Life on High

Think of a file of ghosts in mist, for the white mountain sheep of McKinley are no easier to see against the new-fallen snow. This sheep is Alaska's own; it was discovered fifty years ago by E. W. Nelson, and named in honor of Professor W. H. Dall. Agility protects it from predators; courage and daring in gaining inaccessible crags. There ewes stand guard over lambs, when the dark outline of the eagle's wing hovers near; while the jumping ability of even their youngest members thwarts the wolverine.

Sharing the heights with the Dall are the strangest creatures of the icebox zoo: the Alaskan conies. Little chief hares, or pikas, they are a family unto themselves; but with points of resemblance to rabbits and to guinea pigs. Weak, they build their houses in the rocks; small, yet they inhabit the highest mountains. They have the same color as the rocks among which they live; even so, you think it will be easy to find them, because they chatter and whistle as you climb near. You look in the direction of the sound, but see nothing, for the cony isn't there. He is a real ventriloquist; that is his protection against the killers. He is, moreover, a farmer; he cuts hay in the fall, the various alpine grasses, and spreads it on sunny rocks to cure. Later he gathers and stores it in sheltered nooks for the winter; a bushel or more in each lot.

All of the park's wild life is not astir, now in the quiet midwinter. Long ago the yawning bears sought caves; or went to sleep in willow thickets or under cliffs, and trusted to the wind and the snow to arrange their blankets. The lazy old bears picked bedrooms on north slopes where thaws are later, and they won't have to get up so early in the spring. The ground squirrels—as friendly as the Dall sheep are timid—have retired, also; and it is just as well, for they would bark at you and pull your shoelaces to beg for a handout; and steal your candy bars. Alaskans call this miniature brigand "parka" squirrel, because his fur is used to make the familiar hooded overcoat of the Arctic. His sleep is long—six months.

Poor sociable little parka, he wants to be a friend to all creatures, and is their prey instead. He is safer now, when the sun has gone from Denali. The bears and wolverines and foxes cannot dig him out; death cannot strike him from the air.

Safe from Civilization

Summer and winter the pattern of days runs thus, in the secret fastnesses of Denali. There is cruelty, but there is also beauty; there is tragedy, but there is joy, too—and Denali is tolerant, for he knows that all his creatures must eat and reproduce and have their intense being.

Perhaps you will go to Denali and Mount McKinley National Park in the summertime. You could fly, as I did, with Joe Crosson, head birdman of Alaska. We took off at Fairbanks in a single-motor cabin job. One hundred miles across the Tanana Valley, the mountains stood in challenge; with Denali marching at the head of a column of kingly summits. But we dallied, to "hunt" moose over the tundra. Before we finally squared away for the park, we had counted more than sixty. On a rock forehead near Sable Pass there was a Toklat grizzly and two cubs. We put the ship's nose down. The she-bear looked up; then, in a flash, batted one cub off the ledge into the underbrush to the right, belted the other cub to the opposite side, and dove straight ahead herself into a bank of moth-eaten snow.

Perhaps, however, you will go in the winter. McKinley Park, with more than 3,000 square miles inside its boundaries, second only to Yellowstone in area, was established in 1917. It is a mountainous region bisected by the incredibly beautiful and wild Alaskan Range. It is larger than all Switzerland, and much of it has never been trod by man. There are unexplored rivers and glaciers, unclimbed peaks; undiscovered valleys. Heretofore the park has closed officially for visitors every September. Now the government is building a hotel at the gate beside the railroad; and a lodge will be established at a point sixty miles or more within the park. McKinley will be open for winter sports—with authentic facilities unsurpassed elsewhere in the world.

You will go by dog team from the gate hotel into the park. Your eyes will be alert for the shy creatures of the farthest north wild-life preserve on earth; and your heart will leap to a dark rush in the willows, or the flash of a wing in a tin-gray sky. It is quickly night. Ahead of you the aurora bombards the earth with curtains and streamers of colored fire; and Denali hangs like a frozen shellburst above the horizon. The moonlight falls across a pallid world; and you know that the work of Yako, first man of the country back of the North Wind, is safe from civilization for time to come.

The secret of the whole business of the talent scout, says Harry Evans, is happening to be the fellow who knows the talent discoverers. Here he is seen with three of his discoveries. Right, with the dancing team of Raye and Naldi, in the Rainbow Room, Rockefeller Center. Below, interviewing Eddie Albert, of the Broadway success Room Service

Movie Entrance

By Kyle Crichton

"How can I get into the movies?" Harry Evans, free-lance talent scout, may say, "You can't." But if there's a chance, here's how it's done

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

WITH all this talk about movie discoveries, I went up to see this fellow at Rockefeller Center in New York.

"You're a talent scout, eh?" said I to this bird, who turns out to be Harry Evans. "What would you do if I came in here and said I wanted to be a screen actor?"

"I'd inquire about your qualifications," said Evans.

"You would, eh?" said I. "Well, while we're on the subject, how about *your* qualifications? I suppose you're a stranded nephew of Zukor or a member of the Louis B. Mayer clan? What gives you any right to set yourself up as a judge of talent?"

"Well," he said mildly, trying feebly to smile, "I've been around a little. That's all. I've been around."

It turns out that what he means is that he knows a lot of people, knows practically everybody on Manhattan Island and particularly those peculiar animals who get out of bed along about five in the afternoon and do their work when decent citizens are in bed; to wit, the actors, the night-club entertainers, the musicians, the touts and the bums.

"I could tell you that I'm just a genius," said Evans, "but the trick of this talent scout business, as I see it, is in having so many friends keeping you posted about the new discoveries that you get a crack at the majority of them and land more than a fair percentage to a contract."

When a young actress comes along in a Broadway play and knocks the first-nighters loose from their plug hats, the only problem is which scout can get backstage first with what offer. What is harder and more satisfying is to catch them on the wing before the rivals hear of them. That's where friends come in. Most of the big finds in recent years have come in that way. Anita Colby was Anita Counihan, the model; Fred MacMurray was a saxophone player with the California Collegians; Frances Farmer met a doctor on a boat coming back from Europe and he tipped her off to Sheppard Traube, who tipped her off to Oscar Serlin, then Paramount talent scout; John Howard was discovered while on a debating team at Western Reserve University; Philip Huston was run to earth with the Dennis Stock Company on Cape Cod; Marsha Hunt went to California to visit relatives and was spotted at a hotel by a scout; Margo was dancing with Xavier Cugat's orchestra at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York when she was discovered; Olympe Brande was first noticed at a Chicago night club with the original French Casino show; John Patterson was in the advertising department of the New York Daily News; Carol Hughes was doing a trap-shooting act at the Hollywood Music Box; Alice Faye was taken from Rudy Vallee's band; Gloria Stuart was found acting with a Little Theater in Santa Monica.

But Harry Evans is full of advice about getting on the screen, most of it along the line of Don't.

"One of the great national sins," said Mr. Evans, "is the complete lack of discrimination with which people say: 'You ought to be in the movies.'"

Even the professional beauties are seldom good screen material, he finds. Recently he was a judge at Elsa Maxwell's beauty contest, which had 1,500 New York girls entered. Many of them were professional models and the rest were "sassiety."

"It finally narrowed down to four girls," says Evans, "and there was only one to whom I would voluntarily have given a screen test—and I had already given her one.

First Steps Toward Fame

"The essential thing in seeking a screen career," says Evans, "is to get some honest advice about yourself. Never listen to friends or relatives or to home-town newspapers.

"I know that from personal experience," says Evans. "I used to be in every Elks' minstrel in St. Augustine, Florida, and I used to work for the St. Augustine Evening Record and write criticisms of the shows. I don't think I ever gave the boys the worst of it."

Evans advises the candidates to get practical advice from theatrical people. A good dramatic coach or the director of the local Little Theater or perhaps the head of the dramatic department of the state university. If either of these people should decide you have possibilities, he will probably write a letter to a movie company about you. If they are impressed, they'll ask for photographs.

And they must be comprehensive. Not according to your standards, but according to Hollywood standards. They should be fairly large and show your real photographic possibilities. There should be shots of both profiles, one full

(Continued on page 32)

Night Call

By William Martin

In times of crisis there is always a road ahead. To be able to see it clearly and follow it truly proves the man. The story of a young doctor whose heart and courage were greater than he knew

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

AS THE doctor leaned over the crib, listening to his baby's harsh, quick breathing, he became dully conscious that the room was no longer his small son's nursery, but a sickroom, silent and oppressive, like all the sickrooms he could remember. But perhaps he had made it so, out of habit—shaded the table lamp toward the bed, and lined the medicine bottles on the white towel, or placed the stained spoon beside the glass in the saucer. But no, the warm room smelled of sickness, of fever-dampened sheets, of orange juice, of lobelia and nux vomica. The grate fire, banked high to last the night, glowed feverishly through its crust of white ash—a sickroom fire. Yes, it *was* the room of a very sick patient. But that was all. His baby had only a deep cold, only a slight fever.

He slipped his hand under the warm covers and took the baby's pulse—the second time within the half hour. And as he felt the quick, sputtering upsurge of the heartbeat, faster now than the even swing-tick of the mantel clock, he knew that his baby *was* sick. And instinctively he thought: I'd better run for a doctor. Run through the snow down to old Doc Barnett's house and pound the knocker till a window clatters up and a voice calls out, "Who's there?" Still, he himself was an abler doctor than old Doc Barnett. He could depend on himself, could make his own decisions. Yet he felt his heart pounding as he tucked the covers back around the baby's shoulders. It was only the *room* that had upset him. He had no real cause for fear. For almost an hour the baby had slept quietly, and sleep was sometimes better than medicine.

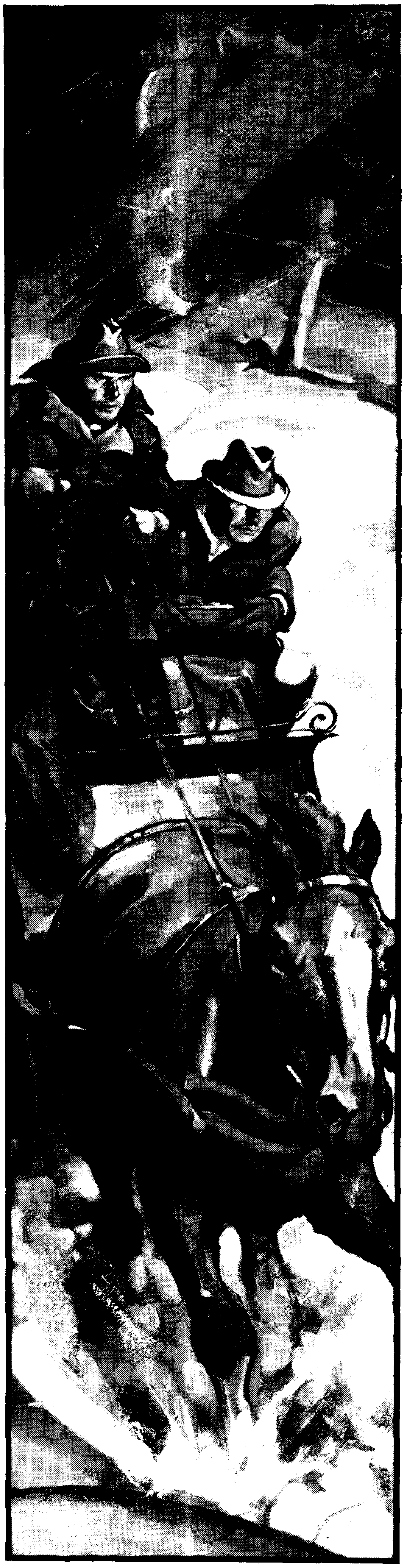
Yes, he could depend on himself. But he felt suddenly tired, very tired, and he wanted someone with calm, intelligent eyes to say to him now: "You've no need to worry. In a few days he'll be up banging around the house again. A little inflammation at the top of his right lung, yes. But there's no chance for pneumonia. No chance at all for pneumonia."

But the room. The room!

AS HE switched the light out again, the baby stirred coughed and struggled against the covers. For a long minute the doctor waited, breathless. But the baby slept on.

Across the hallway, with the door of her room left ajar, the doctor's wife slept, too. He had promised to awaken her at midnight and then lie down for an hour. But when he heard the hammer of the clock dully clicking on the muffled gong, he crossed over to the hearth and sat down.

Beyond the small white mound of covers in the crib, he could see the whirling snow outside, a curtain of dull gray sweeping across the white mound that was the shrub beneath the window, sweeping across the mound of snow he'd shoveled that morning from the walk. And seeing the row of mounds, and beyond them only darkness, he felt his heart pounding again. He shut his eyes. He was a good doctor, wasn't he? He had made his decision. The baby needed sleep. Sleep. He got up and tiptoed back to the crib.



The horse's hoofbeats were to the doctor a small heart pounding, faster, faster, faster

As he stood there staring down at the baby, he heard a faint halloo outside. But no one could be calling him. None of his patients could possibly need him tonight. Dan Westfall's wife was up and around the house, and old lady Colliver had no temperature. Yet the halloo came again, sharply, and this time his name was called—"Dr. Cray! Dr. Cray!" An insistent knocking now echoed through the house. Quickly, he stepped into the hall, closing the door of the nursery behind him. He switched on the hall light and called softly: "Who's there?"

The knocking stopped and a voice answered, "It's Rankin, Doc." He had no patient named Rankin, but, afraid that the knocking would start again, he slid back the night lock and opened the door.

A TALL man stepped inside, bringing a mist of flakes in with him, his worn hat and his mackinaw white with snow, his face and hands red with cold. Before the doctor could close the door against the wind, the man said breathlessly: "You've got to come quick, Doc."

As the doctor turned he recognized a quiet young farmer he'd often seen loafing around the courthouse steps on Saturday afternoons. "I'm very sorry," he said slowly, "but I can't go anywhere tonight." Then, at the swift look of fear in Rankin's face, he asked: "Have you tried Doctor Barnett, down the street?"

"Yes," Rankin said quickly. "But he's down sick himself and can't go out. His wife said you'd come." He stepped closer and peered into the doctor's face. "You've got to come, Doc. It's only three mile and I got my sleigh outside. I'll pay you double."

The doctor hesitated. He couldn't say: "Rankin, it's not a question of money. For years I've ridden country roads at night through snow and sleet with no thought of pay. But tonight my *son* is sick. My *son*. Whoever is sick at your house will have to wait." He couldn't say that, seeing Rankin's gnarled, red fingers twisting the belt of his mackinaw. So he said: "Couldn't you call a doctor from Millersburg? I'm sure you can get a doctor there."

Rankin's face went white. "No," he said, "all the wires are down and it's twenty mile. I couldn't make it." He caught the doctor's arm. "I'll give you my best milch cow to come, Doc. You've *got* to come. You've *got* to come. It's my young one, Doc. She's dying sure."

The dimly lighted hall seemed suddenly cold to the doctor. His voice sounded strangely far away—not his voice at all—as he said slowly: "No. No. I can't come. I've got a very sick patient who may need me any minute. I can't leave him; I can't leave him tonight." Then the strength was gone from Rankin's fingers on his arm. Rankin stood staring blankly. There were no more words.

THE doctor thought: It's his baby or mine. He has the right to a doctor. But I have the right to fight for my son. He must help Rankin—somehow. He said: "All fathers worry too much, Rankin. Maybe your baby isn't as sick as you fear. Maybe I can send medicine back to help her. Suppose you tell me everything from the beginning—how old your baby is, when she first took sick—everything."

Rankin shook his head. "She's dying," he said dully. When he saw that the doctor expected him to go on, he said: "She's just beginning to creep, Doc, and she crawled way back under the bed and was sick a long time there before we missed her."

"Yes. . . . Yes."

Rankin rubbed his big hands hard over his cheeks. "We got her out and her little face was hot as fire, and she couldn't get her breath right, but she quieted down and went to sleep in my wife's arms and then we put her to bed. We thought it was only a little fever and she would be all right in the morning. Then *we* went to bed and the next thing I knew my wife was shaking me hard and saying to get up, to get up, the baby wasn't breathing right. She was panting fast with her eyes half closed. She didn't know none of us. She wasn't asleep. But we couldn't wake her up. Then I came, quick."

The hall door opened and the doctor's wife stepped into the light, tying the waist cord of her dressing gown. "What was it?" she asked, looking quickly from Rankin's face to the doctor's. Without taking his eyes from Rankin's, the doctor said quietly: "A patient come for medicine."

"Oh. . . ." She went quickly into the nursery. The doctor heard the door click after her. Speechless, he stared into Rankin's drawn face.

Finally, Rankin sucked in his breath deep and cried: "For God's sake, Doc. Don't stand there staring at me. Give me the medicine and let me go."

"No," he said slowly, in a voice that he knew couldn't be his voice; not his

(Continued on page 54)

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ● ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Silence is Crimson

By D. L. Champion

ON THE green, shaded street of Elmsville, New Jersey, where he lived, he was Mr. Leroy Graham, deferentially addressed. But West 52d Street, Manhattan, called him Gabby.

The sobriquet was banal irony. On the other side of the river he was a chatty, congenial neighbor. Here, silence was his stock in trade.

Park Avenue, the underworld, the police department, rubbed constrained and sometimes antagonistic shoulders at Gabby's bar.

If high police officials dined in a private room, Gabby served them personally. The underworld spoke unguardedly in Gabby's. Park Avenue plotted its legal plundering there with the same blind faith. Gabby never talked. His business boomed. The little house in Elmsville prospered.

It was two o'clock in the morning; the night-club routine went on. The orchestra throbbed nervously. Pulses were quickened with champagne. The fever of the night was on the town and Broadway's pulse beat fast.

At Gabby's a garish baby spotlight shot across the dance floor and cast a halo of brilliance over Isabel Dane. She was blond; she was beautiful; she was young, and her smile was red and seductive. Her voice throbbed vibrantly through the smoky room.

Gabby's bored, wandering gaze fell upon a broad-shouldered man of about thirty, sitting alone at a ringside table. He stared, entranced, at Isabel Dane.

Detective-Sergeant Kelly was being taken for a beautiful ride. Those keen, Irish eyes of his saw the beauty of the girl but they saw no farther than that. Inside she was as hard as a diamond. Furthermore, she was Red Ratcliffe's girl; and Ratcliffe was the first fence of America.

But Kelly, for all his usual shrewdness, didn't know that. It was a smooth, sweet ride that Kelly had embarked upon.

Gabby sighed again. Kelly was a nice kid now. But he'd probably end up in the gutter with a million others. Broke and tossed out of the department on his ear. Gabby shrugged. Well, it was none of his business. His business was to keep his mouth shut.

Half an hour later, things slowed up. Kelly had gone about his business as a member of the Broadway squad. The customers were thinning out. Gabby left the noisy room, walked down the tiny corridor at the rear which led to his office.

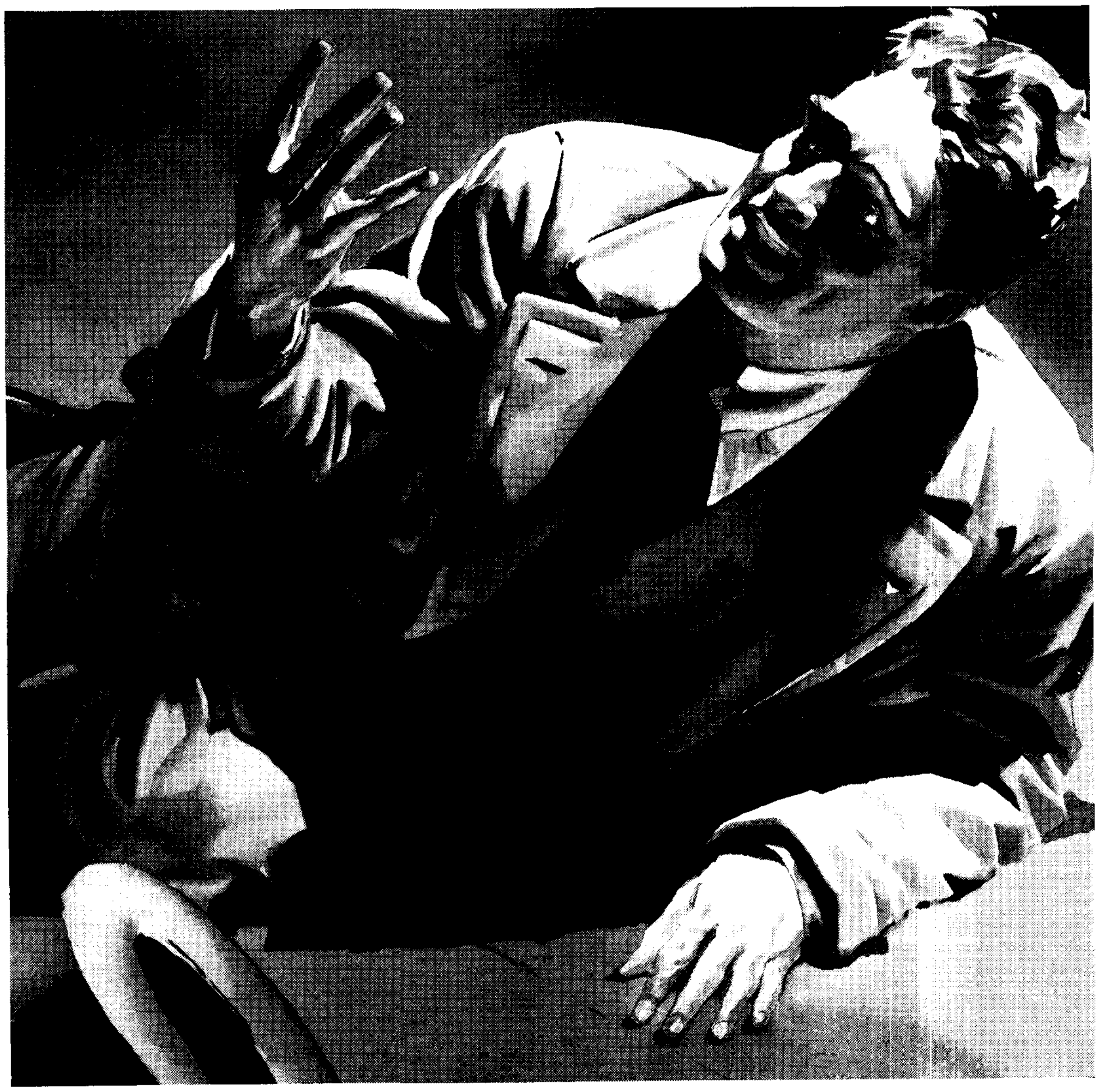
HE PASSED the open door of Isabel Dane's dressing room. A man hailed him from within.

"Hi, Gabby. Have a cigar?"

Gabby stopped, nodded his thanks. This was Miller, Ratcliffe's right-hand man. Not the least of his tasks was to keep an eye on the girl when the boss had business elsewhere. Miller jerked his head toward Isabel, who removed her make-up at the mirror.

"Some smart dame, eh?" he said. "I was out front tonight. Watching that dumb copper eating her up with his eyes. What a beautiful sucker she's playing him for."

Gabby took a deep breath. "Yeah," he said dully.



"Ring four times," Kelly cried out. "Dane's bell. Ring four times"

Miller puffed on his cigar for a moment, then a frown crossed his brow.

"Say," he said, turning to the girl, "how the hell do you keep Kelly away from the house? Suppose he comes calling on you? Suppose he finds Ratty there? Suppose he finds some of the hot stuff Ratty's got lying around your joint?"

Isabel Dane laughed. "Oh," she said, "him." There was cold contempt in her voice. "I got a system," she went on. "I told him there's very few people I'll let into my apartment. I told him if he ever comes up, to ring four times. Get it?"

Miller looked at her for a moment, then burst into harsh laughter.

"A smart dame," he said. "Get it, Gabby? When the bell rings four times she knows it's Kelly. She don't answer, see? That sucker don't ever get in."

"Shut up," snapped the girl. "You don't have to go shooting off your mouth."

IT WAS an hour before dawn. Fifty-second Street was dark, deserted, devoid of taxicabs. Gabby swung the big iron doors of the club together, and with the night's take stowed away in his pocket, climbed into his car.

Gabby turned on the radio in the car and turned it down low. Then he stepped on the starter and sighed happily. In forty minutes he would be home.

His hand was on the gear lever when he heard the racing footsteps in the street, heard an excited hail:

"Gabby! Gabby! Here, wait a minute!"

A moment later a panting, white-faced figure sprang into the seat beside him. It was Kelly, wild-eyed and shouting.

"Hurry!" he said. "946 West 84th Street!"

Gabby eyed him quizzically for a moment. That address was on the pay roll inside his office. But he said nothing. He put the car in gear and roared up the street. As he drove, Kelly talked feverishly into his ear.

"It's Isabel," he cried. "That's her place. They're going to kill her. I just got it from Little Pete. He's a stoolie of ours. Something to do with some job of Red Ratcliffe's. I don't understand it. But Pete swears it's on the level. Not a cab in sight. Not a phone open. Lucky I ran into you, Gabby. For God's sake, step on it."

Gabby said nothing. It was still none of his business.

Halfway down the block, Gabby saw the sedan parked before 946. Kelly spied it at the same moment.

"There they are!" he yelled.

Gabby's foot moved from the accelerator to the brake. Kelly did not wait for the car to stop. He jumped to the street, gun in hand, and ran toward the sedan.

A dark figure stepped from the sedan just as Kelly came up to it. Two blasting shots shattered the quietness of the street. Kelly dropped heavily to the sidewalk. His gun clattered into the gutter. The dark figure stood over him, hesitant. Gabby in the car inhaled swiftly. But he did not move.

A voice rasped out from the sedan.

"Quick, you fool. Don't stand there. You can still make it. Duck through that service alley. Up the fire escape in the back. Fourth floor rear. Blast her through the window. Pronto!"

THE dark figure disappeared across the sidewalk. A police whistle blasted from the east. Gabby turned his head to see the corner policeman racing down the block. The driver of the sedan saw him, too. His motor roared to life and the car shot jerkily away.

The policeman bent over Kelly. Kelly lifted himself on one elbow.

"Don't mind me," he said hoarsely. "They're trying to kill a girl in 946. He's gone up the fire escape. Hurry and you can beat him up the front stairs. Ring Dane's bell. For God's sake, hurry!"

The patrolman sprang up the steps of the house.

"Ring four times," Kelly cried out. "Dane's bell. Ring four times."

Those last three words crackled into Gabby's consciousness. A dimly heard conversation trickled through his memory:

"Rings four times she knows it's Kelly. . . . That sucker don't ever get in—"

He half rose in his seat. He opened his mouth to shout to the policeman. Then—

From the radio came deep, resonant tones.

Old Man River, he don't say nothin';
He must know somethin'—

Gabby breathed deeply and sat down again. After all, it was none of his business. Besides, he had a reputation to maintain.

BLACK STAR PHOTOS

Genius Fortissimo

By Mishel Piastro

For years the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society paid Arturo Toscanini more than $70,000 a season to conduct their orchestra in 32 concerts. Then he retired, his seventy years heavy upon him. He has come back to direct a broadcasting orchestra ten times for $40,000. The charmed violin of his old concert master, Mr. Piastro, will not be with him. But Mr. Piastro still sits in spirit at the maestro's feet

Toscanini's concert deportment is orthodox. He gives no thought to showmanship and is oblivious to everything but the music

THE night was raw, wretched, unruly. Sleety rain whipped the city, slushing the streets, confounding traffic and peppering pedestrians. Motorcars slithered precariously when they moved at all.

Into the bedlam of blizzard, tangled traffic and slush-hobbled humanity darted a fantastic figure. He wore neither hat nor overcoat. His thick mass of gray hair bristled to the gale. The tails of his evening coat alternately slapped at his black-trousered legs and stood out behind like ailerons. Gripped tightly in his right hand was the baton with which he had just completed conducting the first half of a New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra concert. He was waving the stick wildly as though to bring the jangle of Seventh Avenue to a super fortissimo.

Maestro Arturo Toscanini was running away from a sour note.

Faintly through the open stage door of Carnegie Hall from which he had just dashed there came the rolling waves of applause. What was the matter with them? Could not they, too, still hear the smear of sound that must surely have made Beethoven himself turn completely over in his grave?

"*Ignoranti! Ignoranti!*" he shouted over his shoulder as he plunged blindly into the traffic chaos.

Two years passed before Toscanini spoke to anyone of the adventure of that night. A rehearsal had just ended and I was in my dressing room at Carnegie Hall when I heard the maestro chuckling in the doorway. He was recalling the episode, and this time he saw it objectively and good-naturedly.

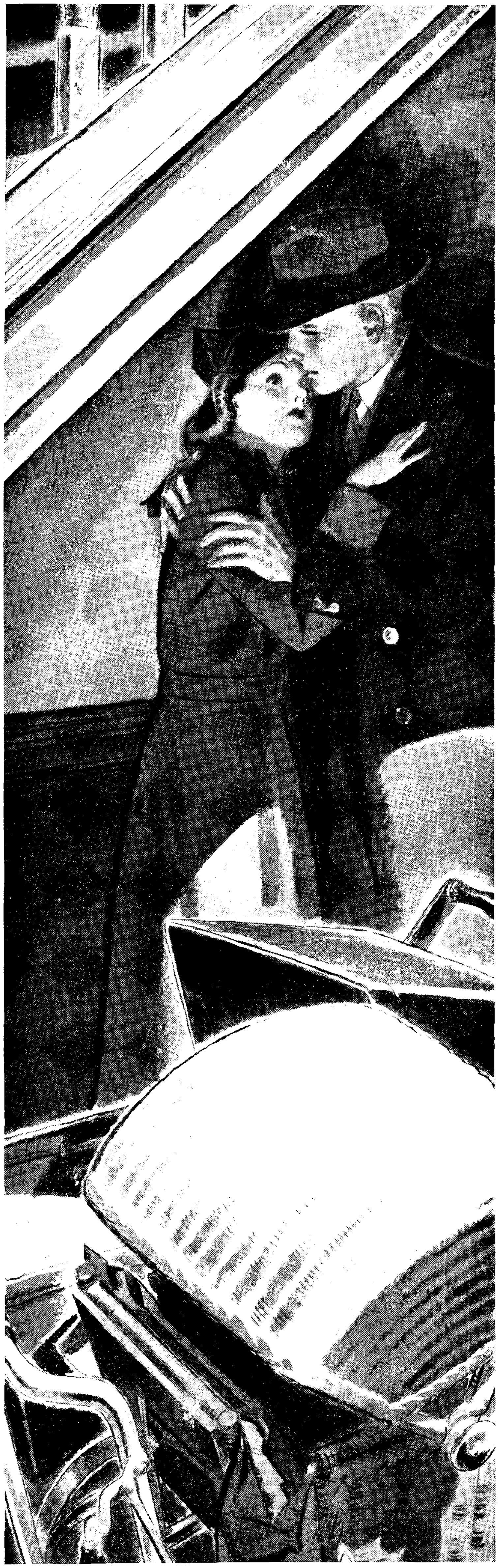
"Piastro, I tell you it was like a nightmare," he said. "At the very end of the symphony there came that terrible accident." (In the orchestra we always speak of mistakes as "accidents.")

"It was as if someone had stabbed me. Somehow I got off the stage with a semblance of dignity. Then I ran. Somebody called after me. I paid no heed. All I could hear was that stupid, impossible note. I rushed into the street to get as far away from it as I could. Automobile horns were tooting, people were shouting, policemen were blowing whistles, and the storm was whipping it all into a mad potpourri. I didn't hear it. My ears were overflowing with that one bad note.

"All I remember is green lights—red lights—green lights—red lights blinking and staring at me everywhere. The automobiles and taxicabs and busses could have killed me ten, twenty times. How I escaped that night I do not know. Finally some men from the orchestra caught me, overpowered me, put me in a cab and brought me back. I could have wrung their necks. I told them they were imbeciles, that the audience were imbeciles, that everybody was an imbecile." He smiled slyly, like a bad boy, and added: "But after a while I felt better and finished the concert."

Toscanini once told me that the New York Philharmonic was the greatest

(Continued on page 26)



One Without Icing

By Hamlen Hunt

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

What can a smart girl do when a man won't take "Scram!" for an answer? The love story of Florence and Fred, a study in persistence and direct action

IT WAS a wonder Florence diStephano ever kept her job at the bakery counter, for she was unique and the Cragg Stores, whether in Boston, Philadelphia or New York, are a miracle of duplication. Even the manager looks as though he had been bought wholesale. The traditional salesgirl or waitress at Cragg's is quiet, refined and colorless. She does not, like Florence, cry "Gee, what a gyp!" on being told that a very small plum pudding sells for a dollar and a half. But Florence was one of a kind. She was plain cake, made of the best materials, but with no icing of artifice or sentimentality.

In the first place, Florence was—as she said herself—no dope, see? Being one of the youngest and being a girl in a big family of Italian tenement dwellers made you early realize it was a good thing to have a head you could use for something besides hats and a tongue that made up for many a crack across the mouth. She'd started in five years ago as a vegetable peeler and, with a cheap permanent and a lot of make-up, she looked like a dozen of the other girls in striped kitchen-work uniforms, only smaller. In the early days she was always on the verge of being fired. She sat down when she was supposed to stand. She gave a Bronx cheer when she was told she'd have to work overtime. She took an unreasoning dislike to the whole time-clock system and made it a point to defeat it whenever she could. She was once caught waiting a full ten minutes before punching in her time, although she was all ready for work. "They dock ya for every minute late; they don't pay ya for minutes early," she said. "An' besides, this clock annoys me."

Her shiny black eyes saw everything. Her ears, that stuck out just a little, heard everything. And she made a permanent note of it, which was why, given the chance, she'd done the almost impossible and risen from being kitchen help to being counter help. In her year at Cragg's, she'd let her hair grow out, then rolled the ends under, which gave her head a different look from any other in the store. It looked sleek and shiny and round and sensible. Also attractive. Fred Dietrich had touched it once by accident and had never forgotten the warm aliveness against his fingers, which had expected cool slipperiness. It was Florence's shiny black hair and eyes that had given her a chance to get out of the kitchen one afternoon when there was a rush of business at the bakery counter. The manager called Florence.

"You," he said. "Borrow a black uniform from the supply room and get up to the bakery counter."

"Nuts to you," said Florence, barely under her breath and merely on principle. She was delighted at the chance of getting upstairs for a few minutes. She got into the uniform, combed her hair, washed her face and ran up the tin-edged stairs out of the basement to the marble-floored main level. She pushed her way through the hurrying girls behind the glass cases filled with pies and cakes and bread. They pushed back, impatient at being given untrained help at a busy hour.

"Lissen," Florence said, her tones rough and distinct. "I got sent here to help, see? I'm gonna. I'll start in, an' when I needa know somethin' I'll ast."

The girls looked at her with a certain respect and made a little room where there was not enough to begin with. Florence handled the first two customers briskly, but the third almost sent her back to the kitchen.

"Six brioches," the tall lady in gray furs said. "Please."

"Six what?" Florence asked.

"Six brioches," the lady repeated, impatiently, tapping on the glass to indicate they were right under her hand and Florence's nose.

Florence glared at her. "Okay, lady," she said. "Only I'm new here, see? An' where I come from, we call them cawfee cakes."

The lady flushed and finally laughed a little, but the other girls hissed their warnings and after that Florence kept her mouth closed, except when it opened to ask a question. She never asked the same one twice and by the end of the day she was picking up éclairs with candy tongs instead of with her fingers and tying up boxes with the efficiency of girls who had worked there for months and who were far more genteel.

SHE waited on other ladies in furs, on crotchety old ladies and Broadway blondes, on commuters taking home cookies to Bronxville, her bright eyes taking in every new sight, her ears every new sound. When the girls began to go home, Miss Twig, the head of the counter, and Mr. Smith conferred and finally Mr. Smith had to admit that if Miss Twig had worked thirteen hours because the counter was shorthanded, it was all right for her to go now and Florence was left to handle the bakery business by herself. Mr. Smith occasionally lent a hand and gave her information. When a customer ordered a chocolate layer cake, Florence told her there wasn't one left. Mr. Smith contradicted her.

"We keep layers and icing downstairs," he said. "I'll show you. The night girl often has to make up stuff."

Fred Dietrich was mopping the floor of Bakery Supplies as they came in. He looked startled to see that black-haired girl who belonged in the kitchen here in the elegance of bakery, with the manager lifting down the great galvanized containers. Mr. Smith took out a small layer and with a spatula scooped out a lump of brown paste which, with a couple of sweeping gestures, he spread over the cake. He repeated the gestures with the top layer and handed the finished cake to Florence.

"Eighty-five cents," Mr. Smith said. Ignoring Florence's "For *that?*" he continued, "We *always* have chocolate layers."

"Okay," said Florence and Mr. Smith looked pained.

"Miss—what is it?—diStephano," he said. "The approved form of reply abovestairs is 'Yes, Mr. Smith.' "

"To everybody?" inquired Florence. "Even if it ain't their name?"

"Gee, you're a swell girl, Florntz," he said, and pulled her toward him

Mr. Smith flushed. "Your customer's waiting for that cake."

Before she went home at ten, Florence made up two other cakes. As she was working on the second, she saw the porter again, mopping the corridor, and when Florence hurried toward the stairs, he suddenly backed into her. Startled, he turned and his great wet mop caught her across the ankles. Her stockings were soaked and dirty water ran down into her shoes, but, worst of all, the layer cake had been knocked out of her hand and lay, a sprawling coffee-colored mess, on the floor.

"Gee," Florence said, her face dark with anger. "Ain't I got trouble enough without you, punk?" She bent down after the remains of the cake and Fred's big red hand, reaching for the same thing, touched her hair. It felt nice. "Why can't you watch out when you're walkin' backwards?" Florence demanded. "I ain't no floor an' I don't like bein' mopped."

Fred said, "It was an accident, honest."

"I know," Florence said, turning back to make up still another cake. "I know. Okay. Now beat it and try to stay outta my way, or I'm liable to take a sock at ya."

When she ran up the stairs, Fred's eyes followed her. He thought he had never seen such a honey of a shape, such shiny hair or such black eyes. He also thought he had never heard such sharp words.

"Boy," he said, "that's quite a dame!"

He went on with his interminable mopping with new vigor. Fred Dietrich, son of thrifty German parents who had left him a little house on a Flatbush corner and a thousand dollars in the bank, had taken a porter's job at Cragg's, believing it was one way to learn the confectionery business. Fred had been working for over a year without learning much about it, although he asked questions of everyone who would talk to such a humble person as a porter and went home to note down what he had learned in his little notebook labeled "Store." Drugged with the weekly pay envelope, he had almost forgotten his ambitions. Tonight he remembered them and thought it was about time he quit mopping, and then, for no good reason, the vision of the girl who had bawled him out crossed his mind.

"Maybe in a couple months I'll quit," he thought.

FLORENCE went back to the kitchen the next day and when she was getting into her uniform she found a package addressed to her on top of her locker. Opening it, she found a pair of stockings and a little pot of Flatbush-grown ivy.

"The nerve," Florence said. "He must've seen me punch out and looked up my name an' number." She didn't have much use for fellers—they shoved a girl around too much—and if she hadn't had to wear the stockings one day, she would have given them back. As it was, she felt obliged to thank Fred when she saw him.

"That's oke," Fred said.

"You're supposed to say 'Yes,' Mr. Smith," Florence said.

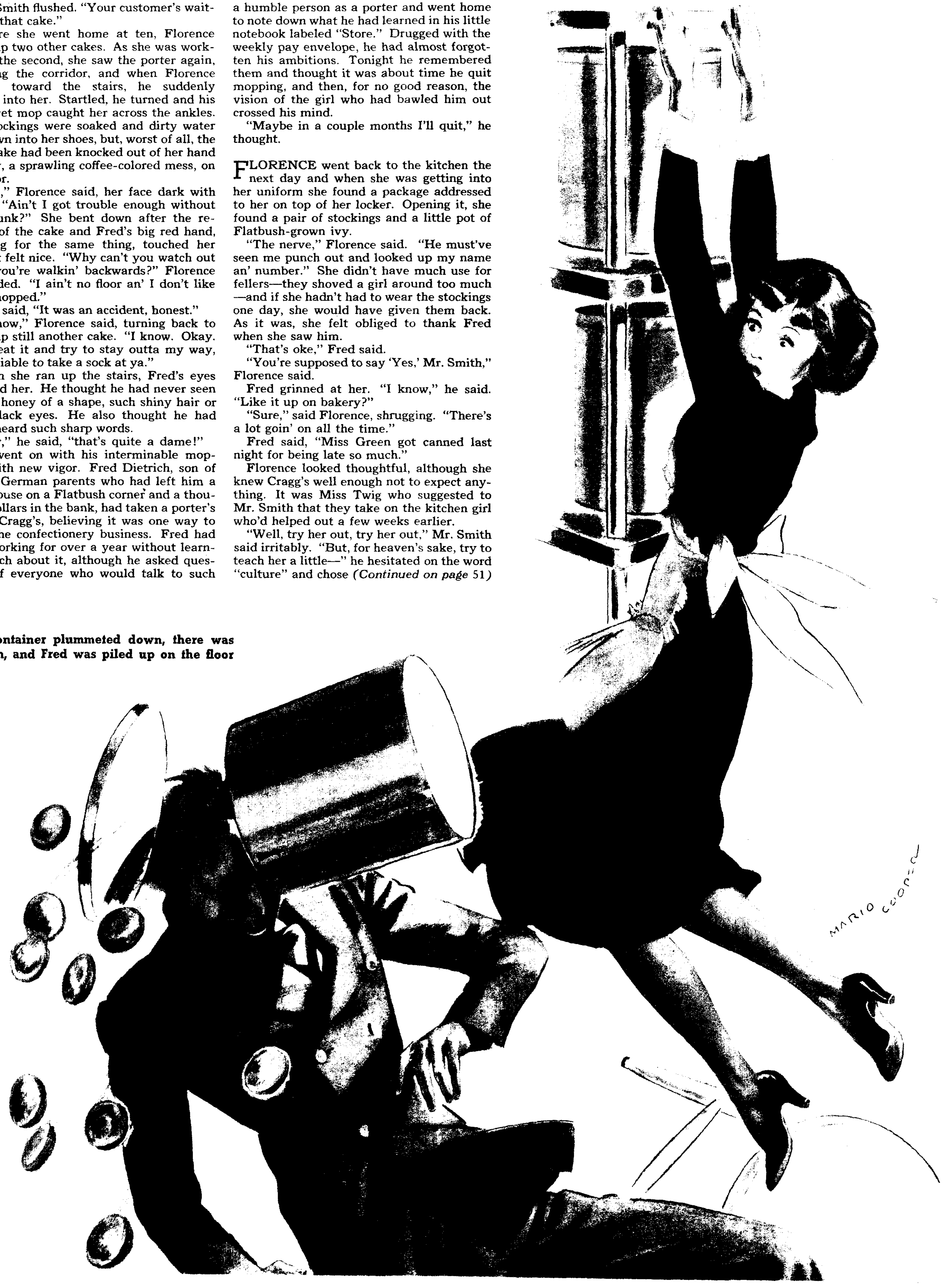
Fred grinned at her. "I know," he said. "Like it up on bakery?"

"Sure," said Florence, shrugging. "There's a lot goin' on all the time."

Fred said, "Miss Green got canned last night for being late so much."

Florence looked thoughtful, although she knew Cragg's well enough not to expect anything. It was Miss Twig who suggested to Mr. Smith that they take on the kitchen girl who'd helped out a few weeks earlier.

"Well, try her out, try her out," Mr. Smith said irritably. "But, for heaven's sake, try to teach her a little—" he hesitated on the word "culture" and chose *(Continued on page 51)*



The container plummeted down, there was a crash, and Fred was piled up on the floor

Eight Hours

By Quentin Reynolds

The tense, dramatic story of what one man did to smash an insidious racket when the underworld notified him: "Pay! Or else"

MARK KING'S face was blurred with softness and tenderness as he leaned over the crib. His eyes which could be cold and black and flecked with green glints of anger were twinkling now, and his mouth which could be tight-lipped and bloodless was laughing.

"Daddy's got to go to work, Janie. Daddy's got to work to buy Janie presents," he coaxed. Reluctantly the child released her arms from about his neck. On the opposite side of the crib, Dora King looked at her husband. Like him she was tall and dark but her eyes could never be black or cold. They were soft eyes and as they looked at him there were confidence and happiness and something else peering from them. He belonged to her although hundreds who knew Mark did not even know of her existence. True, he left her each night at eleven, but he returned to her each morning and only she knew that he didn't really live; he didn't give anything of himself to anyone during those long hours of the night. He seemed to. He knew a thousand people by their first names and many called him friend, but Dora knew that his world was bounded by herself and their three-year-old child. It was that proud knowledge that also showed in her eyes.

"Now, Janie," he said to the child's sleepy face, "close your eyes and when you open them Daddy will be here."

"You promise, Daddy?" She looked at him, childishly confident of his answer.

"Daddy promises," he said solemnly.

It was a game they played every night. Why three-year-old children so often wake at eleven at night is a mystery no one can solve. Why they drop off to sleep to wake again at six is another mystery. But they do. So each night at eleven, when he left for the club, Mark King said good night to his child and each morning, when she woke at six, he was there.

He and Dora walked out of the room. Wordless, yet in perfect understanding, they walked to the door. He kept his smiling gaze on her dark hair that tried to be sleek but which now was rebelling so that wisps of curls crept out from behind her ears.

"I love your hair when it's mussed just a little bit," he said, softly stroking it.

He looked at the softness of her face and he lifted her chin with a finger. Her eyes looked smiling into his.

"In about eight hours, my darling, I'll be back. When I come in, remember to remind me."

SHE put her slim hands up and held his face between them. She could feel the hardness and the strength of his face.

"Remind you of what?" she asked.

"Remind me to tell you how beautiful you are and how lucky I am," he whispered. "Remind me to tell how I love you and of how I will always love you."

"How ever will I remember to remind you, darling?" Neither wanted to end *this moment.*

"When I go, my love, walk out on the terrace and count the stars," he said softly. "I'll think of you twice tonight for every star you count. And look at the moon closely, my Dora, and you'll see it smiling at you. You'll see."

She swayed against him and she said, "Go away from me. If you don't go now I won't let you go at all."

He smiled and then he opened the door. He looked straight into her eyes and he said, "I love you better than anything in the world."

She returned his look gravely and said solemnly, "I know you do. And I love you the same way. We're the only ones."

"We're the only ones, my darling." He kissed her lightly and closed the door. Riding down in the elevator, he tried hard to get her out of his mind. He tried to banish the careless curls that crept from behind her ears. He tried to become the Mark King he would have to be tonight; the Mark King he had to be every night. Gradually the soft, laughing look went out of his eyes. The corners of his mouth lost their smile and his lips were straight now. He stepped from the elevator and nodded curtly to the doorman's "Good evening, Mr. King," and then he called "Chuck."

From out of the shadows flanking the entrance to the apartment house a short, stocky figure appeared. This was Chuck *Barry, who for fifteen years had acted as* bodyguard for King. Chuck's face was round, expressionless, and his arms were short but on occasions they could move with incredible quickness.

"How are things at the club, Chuck?" Mark asked.

"Big crowd, boss."

Mark nodded. "Let's go then."

He and Chuck walked to the long, dark sedan that was parked at the curb. A huge man grinned toothlessly and opened the door. Big Mack had been Mark's chauffeur for many years and he, Chuck and Mark formed a strange trio.

"Hello boss." Big Mack's grin never left him. Many years before a bullet had twisted Big Mack's mouth into a perpetual grin. Mark motioned Chuck to get into the back seat with him and the huge car rolled silently down Park Avenue. Chuck kept talking, telling of things that had happened at the club earlier that evening. Mark was only half listening. Through Chuck's words he kept seeing Dora as she had looked tonight; as she had looked four years before when he and she were married. Thoughts kept creeping into his consciousness, flashes of a panorama that came and went.

He had been born in a small Kansas town but he had been born with the look of eagles in his eyes and such a look was not satisfied with what it saw in a small Kansas town. Two years of college were enough for him and then there was the war and after the war a different kind of war—a war for existence. Running rum on small, uncertain boats led to ownership of one, then two, boats. Then he had begun in a small way by buying an interest in a speak-easy. It grew in popularity and soon he opened another. Then repeal and he risked everything on one throw of the dice. He built a night club and he spent a fortune to furnish it. His old patrons and hundreds of new ones flocked to it.

"Boss, you ain't been hearing me." Chuck's voice was reproachful. "I said what are you going to do about Spivildi?'

"Spivildi?" Mark brought his thoughts back abruptly. "What about him?"

"Boss, I been telling you," Chuck explained patiently. "Joe Spivildi was in again early tonight. He wants to know why we don't use more of his Scotch."

"Glen Ayr Scotch? It's no good. We never get a call for it." Mark frowned.

"He's coming in tonight, boss," Chuck said. "You can't laugh him off. Mario Calvo and Johnny Raiss are in with him."

MARK'S eyes opened wide. He remembered all three of them. During prohibition days they made champagne and whisky out of almost anything they had at hand. They'd sold cider, a little alcohol and soda water as champagne.

"I don't like Spivildi and those other two," Mark said.

"They're no bargains but you can't laugh them off, boss." Chuck was a little anxious. "They mean business. They say we gotta buy more of that Glen Ayr or else."

"Or else what?" Mark's voice was cold.

"Just—or else," Chuck said miserably.

"Well, Chuck, we've heard that kind of talk before. Don't those guys know the racket days are over? We're legitimate now."

"But they ain't, boss," Chuck said. "Listen, boss, you heard about the Club Francais closing up last week? They weren't using much Glen Ayr whisky either. Yeah, one night there was a fire in the kitchen. The next night the waiters went on strike. The third night someone dropped one of those nice smelly bombs in the place. The fourth night someone sprinkled acid on those velvet walls of the place."

"So Spivildi is like that?"

"Spivildi is like that," Chuck snorted. "You know Delaney's on East 48th Street? Well, Delaney closed up three nights ago. He had a nice place, too."

"Delaney is a nice fellow."

"Delaney is broke," Chuck said dryly. "They killed his place in two weeks. He thought the racket days were over, too."

"So Spivildi is like that?"

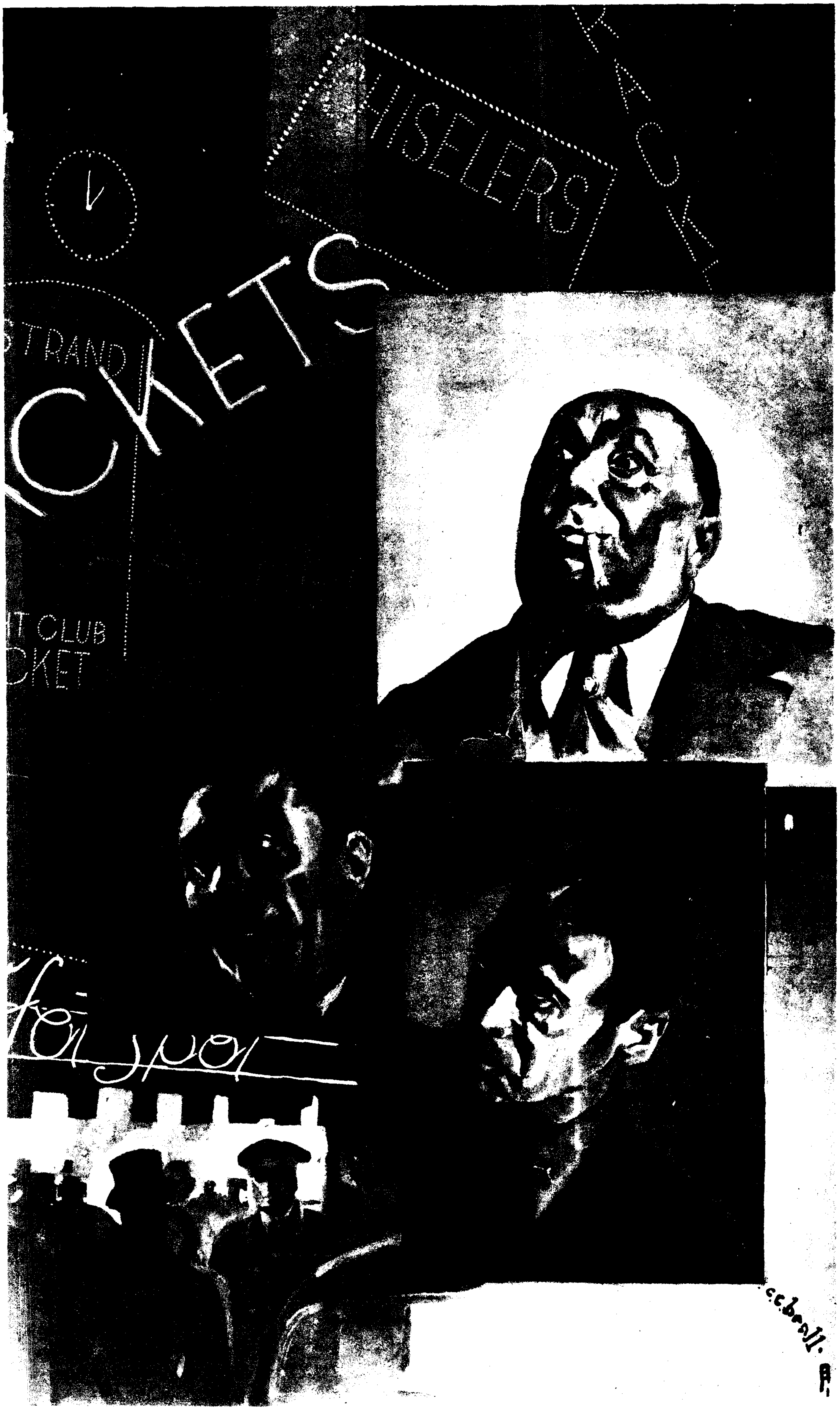
CHUCK nodded. "Yeah, Delaney didn't like that Glen Ayr whisky either. Spivildi has all the cheaper places lined up and now he's going after the high-class places."

"Hasn't he heard about Dewey? Doesn't he know rackets are dead in New York?" Mark was annoyed. "Doesn't he know that Schultz is dead and that Luciano is in jail?"

"Yeah, he knows all that," Chuck said softly, "and he thinks he's the new big shot around town. He's selling over a thousand cases of cut Glen Ayr a week. I figure it's about at least fifteen dollars a case profit. That makes fifteen grand a week the three of them, Spivildi, Calvo and Raiss, split. That ain't hay, boss."

Mark nodded. "I wouldn't feed it to a horse." He looked thoughtful. "Well, Chuck, we'll see Spivildi tonight and we'll see Calvo and Raiss."

Chuck nodded happily. Sometimes he and Big Mack wondered if the boss



ILLUSTRATED BY
C. C. BEALL

"Rackets are dead in New York." Mark's words dropped into the room like hailstones on a roof. "We're legitimate now, and make up your minds to it. You three are done —finished. Now get out!"

wasn't getting a little soft. Yeah, ever since he'd married that good-looking dark dame he'd been a little different. Sometimes he let people take advantage of him, Chuck thought. People who had ought to get slugged in their teeth. But now the boss seemed real upset.

The car, purring quietly, drew up in front of the green-and-white marquee with "Club Hundred" standing out on it in bold relief.

Mark walked into the lobby of the club and a girl hurried to help take off his coat. He turned to Chuck. "Get Spivildi on the phone for me, Chuck."

He turned to a mirror to adjust his tie. He took a cigarette out of a gold case and gazed for a moment at the case. Dora had given him that. He looked at the engraving inside. "Have a smoke with me, darling," it read.

He turned to the booth when Chuck said, "Here he is, boss."

Spivildi's voice was full of delighted surprise. "Why, Mark, are you okay?"

MARK winced a little but with his voice full of friendliness said, "Joe, maybe you and I can make a deal on that Glen Ayr Scotch. What are you getting for it now?"

Spivildi hesitated. "We're getting twenty-five dollars a case. You can't get good Scotch for that anywhere in the city, Mark. If you use enough of it maybe we cut the price, hey? Suppose you was to make it your bar Scotch?"

"Let's talk it over." Mark lowered his voice to the right confidential pitch. "I'm always willing to make a dollar, Joe."

There was delight in Spivildi's voice. "Mark, I knew you'd fall in. . . . I knew you'd be glad to listen to a proposition."

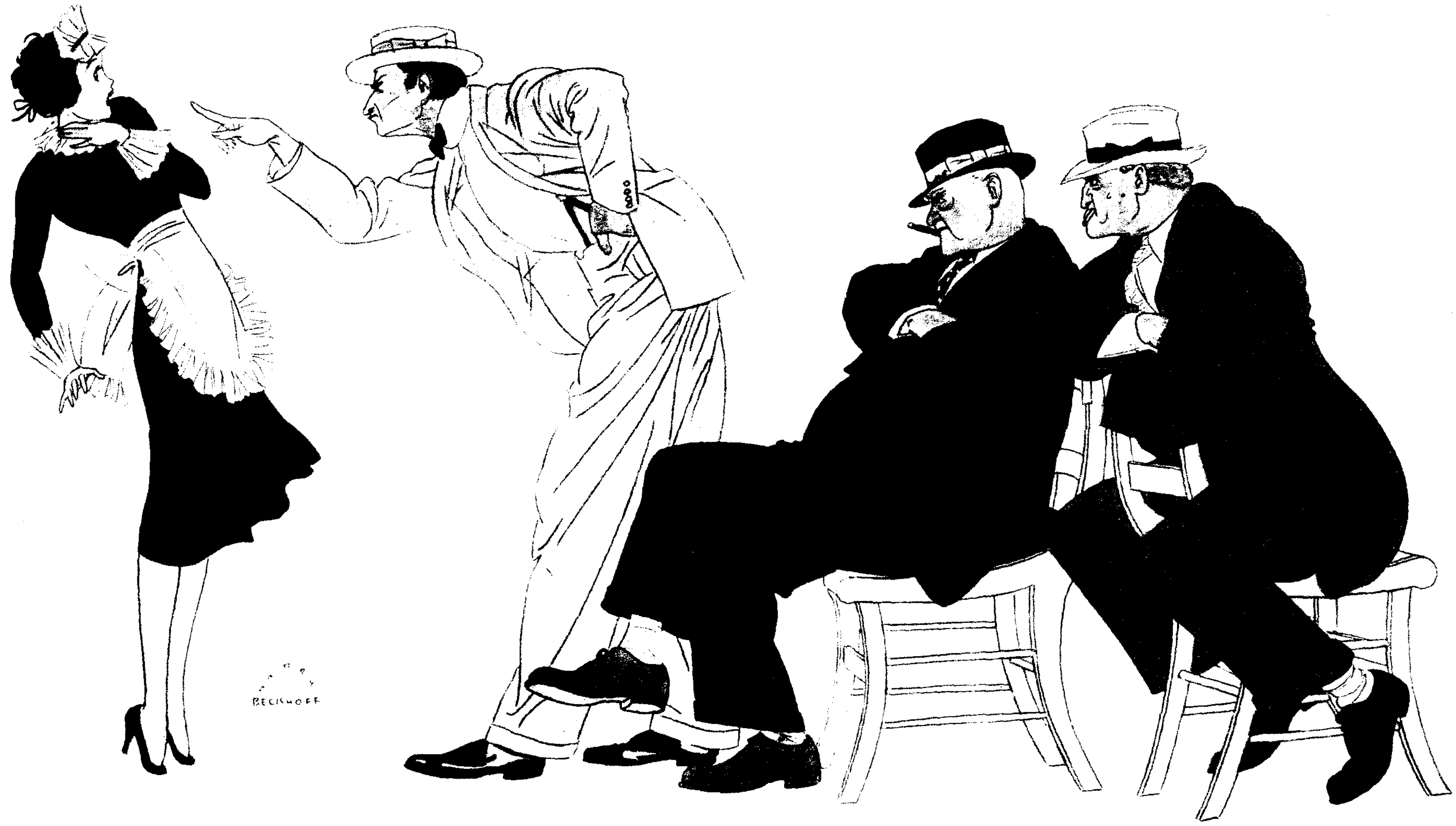
"Bring your partners over," Mark said casually. "We'll cut up a bottle or two of grape and see what's what."

"About two? Good, Mark. Okay, up in your office."

Mark hung up grimly. Spivildi and his mob had brought in a new kind of racket. The price of good Scotch whisky was high. By cutting good Scotch they could undersell the legitimate concerns. Mark hummed softly under his breath; this promised to be an interesting evening. He walked into the main room of the club.

It was comfortably filled with men and women in evening dress. Mark couldn't but feel a great thrill of satisfaction as he looked about the room. The walls were mirrored and framed with rich, black velvet. On the silver ceiling there were murals painted by El Dorenzo. They had cost him thirty thousand dollars, Mark reflected. His feet sank into heavy black carpet and his eyes warmed as they gazed on the ebony chairs, each one covered with red Morocco leather. There were four hundred of them and each one cost one hundred dollars. Mark walked past the circular bar with its pyramided shelves which contained every known type of drink. No one had

(Continued on page 48)



Mr. Peters was being very thorough. He was laboriously questioning a pretty French maid

A Queen's Ransom

By Jonathan Latimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Story Thus Far:

IN FLORIDA, where he lives with his sister, Camelia, on an impressive tropical estate, Penn Essex receives three threatening letters from a mysterious person, "The Eye," who demands fifty thousand dollars. William Crane, a clever detective, agrees to take the case; with his assistant, Thomas O'Rourke, he becomes Essex's house guest.

The two men question everyone. They learn that Essex (his income drawn from a trust fund) owes Roland Tortoni, owner of the Blue Castle (a night club and gambling establishment) twenty-five thousand dollars. They learn that Count Paul di Gregario, a gentleman with a questionable past, is in Miami—and that Camelia fancies herself in love with him. They have reason to suspect that Major Eastcomb, Essex's closest friend and confidential adviser, hopes to marry Camelia.

With a group of friends and guests—Major Eastcomb, Dawn Day, Tony Lamphier (who is very much interested in Camelia), the Bouchers (Eve and her husband, Gregory) and Imago Paraguay, a dancer—Essex and Camelia go to the Blue Castle. Essex insists that Crane and O'Rourke go along. While the party is still on, Major Eastcomb encounters di Gregario in the washroom, exchanges words with him and, in the course of a spirited fight, is knocked unconscious by the agile count.

Gambling, with Dawn Day as a partner, Crane wins nineteen thousand dollars. A few minutes later, as the members of the party leave the place, they are held up. Two men seize their money and jewelry; then, joined by a third, drive rapidly away—*carrying Camelia with them!*

Essex, followed by Crane, O'Rourke and Tony Lamphier, leaps in a car, grasps the wheel and speeds after the kidnapers. Unfortunately, while the car is making more than a hundred miles an hour, he is jolted to the floor. And the kidnapers escape.

A few hours later the getaway car is found. And both Essex and Crane receive new notes. Essex's reads: "If you want your sister back, get ready to pay fifty thousand. I will let you know when and how. The Eye." Crane's reads: "Flatfoot: The alligators are hungry for your flesh. And they shall have it. Did you enjoy your winnings? Ha, ha, ha! The Eye."

Captain Enright, from the bureau in Miami, and Slocum, of the sheriff's office, call on Crane and O'Rourke. While the four men are discussing the case, Dawn Day joins them. "About the count?" she asks. "How about him?" Slocum gives the answer. "We're tryin' to find him," he says slowly.

IV

THE servingman came with the bottle of brandy. Crane took it and poured a quantity in Miss Day's coffee. Then he put some in his empty cup and poured coffee over it. He put in a lump of sugar. He stirred it with his spoon. He took a long drink. It was fine. He grinned at Miss Day. She smiled at him.

The others discussed the notes. They had them all, including the two received by Crane, in front of them on the breakfast table. Captain Enright maintained The Eye had planned to kidnap Miss Essex from the start. He said that was why the notes threatened Essex, to throw him off his guard. O'Rourke wanted to know why The Eye hadn't gone ahead, then, and kidnaped the girl without warning anybody.

"In my opinion," said Slocum, "this Eye is a crank."

Captain Enright said he didn't think so. He said, leaning over the table and speaking with an air of mystery, that he thought The Eye was right here in the house. Somebody you'd never suspect.

"You make me feel like there was a cold foot in the middle of my back," Miss Day assured him, pretending to shudder.

Crane poured brandy in her coffee. He poured some in his cup, but did not add any coffee.

Major Eastcomb came in, pulled out a chair beside O'Rourke. "Mind if I join the conference?" he asked. Two strips of adhesive tape crisscrossed the bridge of his nose, but otherwise his face and his head showed no sign of injury.

"Glad to have you, Major," said Captain Enright heartily. "I don't believe you met Slocum of the sheriff's office."

"Pleased t'meet you, Major," said Slocum. "We were just speakin' of the ransom. I was about to say that Mr. Essex would be very foolish to pay it."

"That's right." As though he had palsy, Slocum's head jerked up and down. His neck was dirty. "If this Eye's a crank he's gonna do what he's gonna do to Miss Essex, money or no money."

Essex said, "Oh, my God!" Miss Day patted his arm.

"Now, Mr. Essex, don't take it so hard," said Captain Enright. "We're handlin' this . . . you can trust us. Like as not some of our men are on the trail at this very minute."

Slocum added, "They may even have got her."

"Unharmed," said Captain Enright, falling into the spirit of optimism.

"Except for the loss of a night's sleep," continued Slocum.

Crane said, "Now that you got her back we don't have to talk about a ransom."

Essex said, "What do you think, Major?" His eyes were bloodshot. "What are we to do when the directions for paying come?"

There was phlegm in the major's throat. "You know I care for Camelia as much as anybody in the world . . . as much as anybody." He clenched his fist. "But what guarantee have we that she'll be released after we pay the money?"

Essex's voice jangled in their ears. "But we can't just sit here . . ."

"But you won't be sittin' here," Captain Enright said. "The whole world'll be lookin' for your sister. Every newspaper in the country'll have her picture in it. The police everywhere'll watch for her, Mr. Essex. And they'll find her."

O'Rourke took the bottle of brandy, filled a tumbler halfway to the top. "They never found a snatch victim yet," he said.

CRANE had forgotten about his brandy. "Mr. Essex," he asked, "is the fifty thousand available for a ransom?"

Essex turned imploringly to the major.

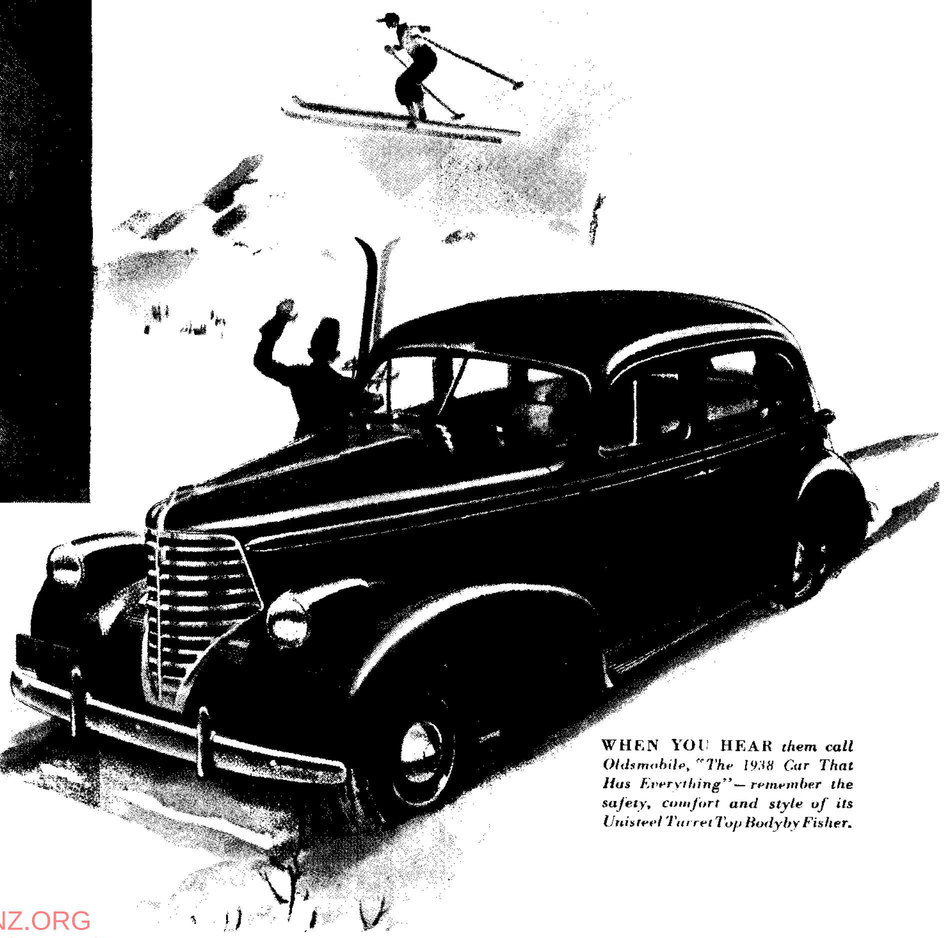
"I talked with Mr. Hastings on the long-distance phone this morning." Major Eastcomb tilted his head toward Captain Enright. "He's president of the Union Trust. He said the money will be deposited immediately in the First National at Miami. There now, I suppose."

So tight were Essex's fingers on the table that the skin turned white. "But you're not going to refuse . . . ?" There was terror in his eyes.

(Continued on page 34)

NTER TRAIL IN *Style*

NOW it's smart to hit the winter trail — to take to snow-filled country roads without a qualm about your safety — to enjoy this frigid season's scenic wonders, undaunted by its icy drafts . . . It's fun — because you're safe and snug within the solid, insulated, steel security of the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher — because you're screened from chilly blasts with Fisher No Draft Ventilation . . . Yes, indeed, you're mighty comfortable — despite the weather — in this glorified steel body. You ride fully shielded against all hazards in a weave-proof, shock-proof body of steel that's fused to steel. You sit relaxed on wider seats — in roomier interiors that reflect the finest yet in Fisher fashioning . . . And you never traveled quite as handsomely. Just cast a style-wise eye at any of the General Motors cars — the only cars with Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.



WHEN YOU HEAR *them call Oldsmobile, "The 1938 Car That Has Everything" — remember the safety, comfort and style of its Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.*

UN S

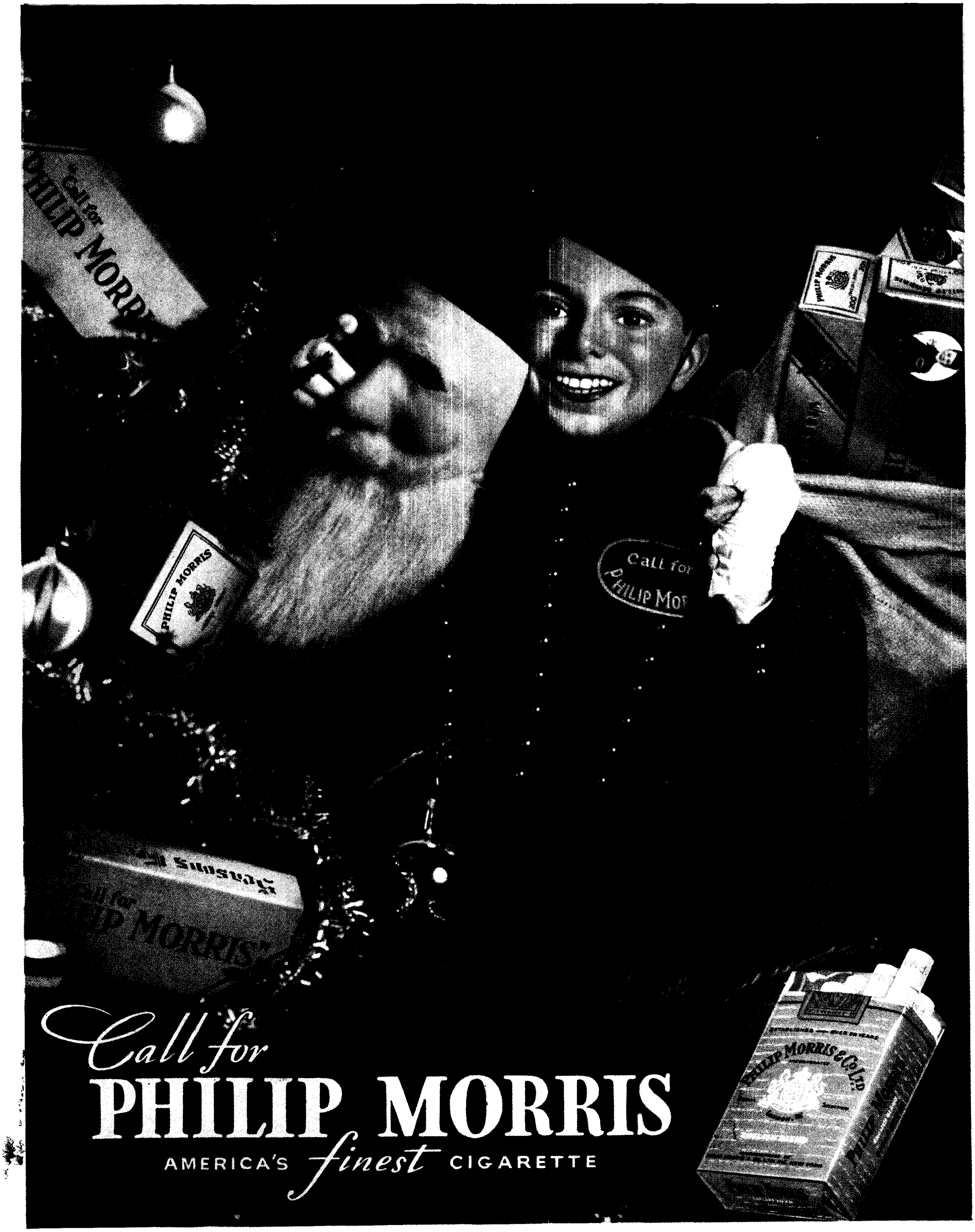
TURRET OP

GM

Body by Fisher

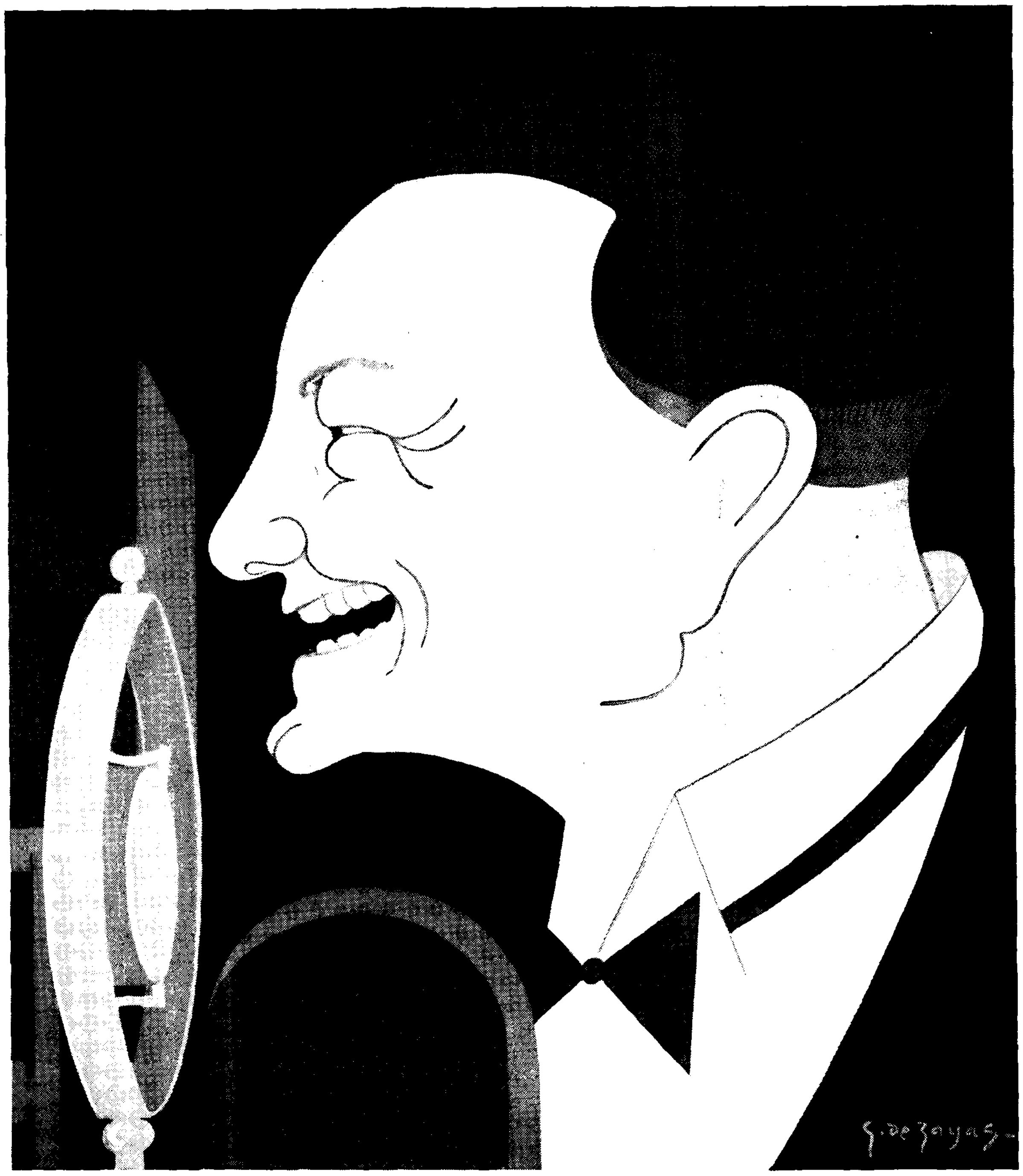
ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY:

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLAC


Call for PHILIP MORRIS
Call for PHILIP MORRIS
PHILIP MORRIS
Call for PHILIP MORRIS
Call for PHILIP MORRIS
Call for
PHILIP MORRIS
AMERICA'S finest CIGARETTE
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD

Vocal Boy Makes Good

By George Creel



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Josh Lee's silver-tongued oratory swept Oklahoma and landed Josh in the United States Senate

THESE are nervous times for Carter Glass, Alben Barkley and other senators who learned their oratory at night by the light of pine knots. Where once they simply opened their mouths and let go with everything they had, careless of periods and perorations, more recently they have been observed to sweat, stammer and sometimes bog down entirely, for at their back sat the country's foremost elocutionist in the person of Josh Lee, Oklahoma's latest contribution to the Senate.

The pink of courtesy, no derisive smile was seen to curl the Lee lips, and yet Carter and Alben, as they emitted their rough-and-ready speeches, unadorned by chaste metaphor or classical allusion, and graced by no single rhythmic gesture, acted as though they were in momentary fear of correction. No question about their being fussed. And well they might be, for Josh Lee is the closest approach to Delsarte that this country has ever produced. Watching him speak is a postgraduate course in synchronization, for not only are his voice and hands symphonic, but even his ears and toes contribute to swelling harmonies.

Poetry oozes from every pore, and his flowers of speech make the floral effusions of Henry Ashurst or Ham Lewis look like a bunch of wilted dog fennel.

Born in Alabama in 1892, Josh was taken by his parents to the Indian Territory when he was only nine, but even so, the South's honeysuckle, magnolias and Yancey tradition left their mark. Another formative influence, undoubtedly, was the fact that a Free Silver father gave him the middle name of Bryan in 1896. Joshua Bryan Lee! As he drove a cross-eyed mule to the schoolhouse three miles away, the boy sucked the poison out of the Declaration of Independence and Webster's Reply to Hayne; and on Friday afternoons, when pieces had to be spoken, he was the first on his feet and the last to leave them. Pioneer Oklahomans still shake their heads as they recall how mercilessly he rode Paul Revere's poor horse.

At the Baptist University in Shawnee, and later on at the University of Oklahoma, Josh did not work his way by waiting on tables or shoveling coal into a furnace. Perish the thought! By virtue of night forays into unwalled towns, he gained a place on the program of local entertainments, reciting poetry if that was their taste, and if not, giving dramatic bits and impersonations. Oftentimes he had only applause for his pains, but now and then they cut him in on the evening's take, his share frequently amounting to three or four dollars. No mean aid, as his monthly expenses never ran over eleven dollars, due to his skill as a cook and laundryman.

Oratorical contests also helped out. Josh entered them all, whether parochial, county, state or interstate, and even today his face glows as he tells of $25, $50 and $100 prizes. And then there was the Big Moment in 1916 when he went to Lexington and won the National Collegiate Oratorical Championship. Fourteen hundred young men and women started in the contest, but only eight made the finals. Prohibition was the subject of the debate, and when Josh got through describing the evils of the liquor traffic, even aged Kentucky distillers hit the sawdust trail.

Rushed to France as a high private in the summer of 1918, war was not the interruption that might have been expected. After the Armistice, Josh was transferred to the entertainment division, and regaled the doughboys with all sorts of plays. Producer and actor, he was also the scenic artist at times, once painting the Grand Canyon as a backdrop for The Great Divide. He was, therefore, in the pink when he came back to this country and took over the Public Speaking Department in the University of Oklahoma.

His emphasis, in the beginning, was on dramatics, and by way of keeping in condition, as well as adding to his income, he spent his summers on the Chautauqua circuit, accompanied by a troupe of his pupils. In the afternoon he lectured, explaining to sweating Iowans, Nebraskans or Kansans, as the case might be, how they could tip their tongues with silver, and at night he and his company would put on a comedy or a drama, with Josh, of course, as the leading man.

All the Old Standbys

More and more, however, Josh switched from dramatics to oratory, accenting public questions in his course, and, eventually realizing what a simple thing statesmanship really was, he announced himself for Congress in 1934. He burned up the track, outdistancing all competitors, and seeing the eagerness with which the Oklahomans lapped up his speeches on Home, Motherhood and Peace, came out boldly in 1936 as a candidate for the Senate. Nor were they "set-ups" that he faced. Blind Thomas P. Gore, fighting for re-election, had served four terms in the Senate; E. W. Marland, a pioneer oil man and rich, was also governor of the state, while huge, overpowering Gomer Smith sat at the right hand of Doctor Townsend and was assumed to own the vote of every believer in the Old Age Revolving Pension plan.

When Josh got going, however, it was like taking candy from rickety babes. "A Farm for Every Farmer, and a Home for Every Family." That was his keynote, and going on from there he painted a picture of motherhood that made even adolescents long for maternity. "*Your* Mother and *my* Mother" full treated, he would turn to the horrors of war and the beauties of peace, letting go with both barrels at the "fatheaded, slick-haired, well-groomed millionaires, sitting behind their mahogany desks, figuring profits and calculating their bloodstained gold." Others might prefer to spend money for cannon rather than liberty bells, but not Josh Lee!

Religion and prohibition also figured in his appeals, for piety and hatred of the Demon Rum are motivating forces in the Lee life no less than Motherhood and Peace. Education too! Keep the School Bells Ringing! "Where," asked Josh, "did you first learn of the midnight ride of Paul Revere and the battles of Concord and Lexington? Was it not at the little red schoolhouse? Where did you first hear the thrilling stories of the signing of the Declaration of Independence and the ringing of the Liberty Bell? Was it not at the feet of the teacher?" And did it go!

The picture of Oklahoma life that Josh painted, assuming his election to the Senate, was actually Elysian. No tenancy either in country or town! Instead of colonization, as practiced by Tugwell, every farmer to pick his farm, and then have the government buy it for him and grubstake him on a forty- or fifty-year amortization plan at 1½ per cent interest. Think of the children! "More sunshine and less cod-liver oil." And think of the impetus to patriotism! "When a man tills his own soil," sang Josh, "he is twice fed by it. In addition to the fruit that it produces, there is a spiritual

(Continued on page 53)

Stranger than Jekyll and Hyde

STRANGER than Stevenson's strangest story is the serial now running in a weekly magazine.

Hero and villain are one and the same. In one guise he bombs defenceless peasants, manipulates the price of food, persecutes the religious.

In his other role he spends billions to fight war and disease. He strives to bring justice to the lowliest worker. He creates beauty.

Which role will triumph? No man knows. For this baffling dual personality is Man himself.

● Where to read the story

Two billion characters play their parts in this stranger-than-fiction story of modern man, his greatness and littleness, his compassion and cruelties. The plot spreads all over the world, and TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine, reaches all over the world to get the story from every land.

The story comes from the press and its great news-gathering organizations, A.P. and U.P., from hundreds of TIME correspondents, many of whom send confidential, uncensored dispatches out of countries where truth is hard to get, from TIME writers who read the new books, watch the new plays and new pictures, see the newest paintings.

The Editors of TIME sift this mountain of facts that piles up every seven days. They select what is important; write, rewrite, edit, enrich with essential background information. They tell each story completely, but tersely, often packing into a hundred words the sense of many thousands. They tell it vividly, dramatically, so that it may lodge in your head and stay there.

And before it can be printed, every word is researched and checked by people who are paid to doubt, to question, to find fault.

Finally, each Friday, TIME is welcomed into more than 700,000 homes, an alert community of minds, 48% better informed than TIME-less neighbors.

● Pick it up now

Never was the news of man and his world more important than it is today. To see the whole picture, to follow its changes with understanding, read TIME.

Start with the copy now on your newsstand. And since it takes more than one issue of TIME to make and keep yourself well informed, make sure of missing nothing by telling your newsdealer to reserve or deliver your TIME each Friday from now on.

TIME The Weekly Newsmagazine

Genius Fortissimo

Continued from page 17

symphony orchestra in the world. Certainly it was the costliest when he conducted. The management estimated that every Toscanini concert cost nearly twice as much as a packed house could pay. The maestro was always waxing indignant over the American penchant for measuring everything with money. He argued that art should have no truck with gold. I never had the temerity to point out to him that there never lived a conductor who lifted a baton with such financially happy results as he.

As a member of the board of directors of the Philharmonic Symphony Society I knew there were times when the cost of playing a season of symphony at Carnegie Hall seemed almost too great. People didn't have money for Brahms—and none too much for bread.

"If we re-engage Toscanini," someone would say, "it will increase our season's deficit by nearly $75,000."

But there was always a member of the Philharmonic board—a Mackay, a Flagler, a Warburg, a Field or some other—who would end the discussion promptly and quietly by saying:

"We must have Toscanini. If it means $75,000, you may charge it to my personal account."

This, too, must be said: no matter how much others might give to the furtherance of symphonic music, Toscanini himself always gave more. I do not exaggerate when I say that there is not a single sixteenth note on any score he ever conducts that he does not know.

He directs always from memory. It is the penalty of myopia. His vision is so poor that he cannot distinguish faces in the rear rows of the string section. He often expresses impatience with conductors who imitate his dependence upon memory.

"Why do they not conduct from score?" he asks. "They have strong eyes. They can see. It is better that they use the music. Not to do so is silly."

A Photostatic Mind

There was a time when he used glasses for the study of scores, but in recent years he has abandoned them. His eye ailment was aided but little by lenses. When he studies, he holds the score almost against his nose, reading straight down the page (as one must with a conductor's score), and reading so rapidly that his head bobs up and down, as though he were excitedly "yessing" someone.

Toscanini possesses probably the greatest musical memory of our day. His method of memorizing differs sharply from that of most other conductors. In my own case as conductor of the San Francisco Symphony and other orchestras I have found that a brief restudy of a standard classical score is generally enough to enable me to conduct from memory. The same is true of most conductors. I suspect, however, that most of us, excepting only Toscanini, memorize to a great extent by ear. More than one of the internationally famous conductors who have appeared with the Philharmonic Orchestra study symphonies by the use of phonograph records. Others employ pianists to play over the music from a piano score.

The method of Arturo Toscanini with a musical work scorns such short cuts to art. He does it the hard way. He memorizes photostatically note by note, page by page. Every accent marking, every crescendo, every diminuendo is etched upon his mind. He will lie propped in bed for hours—insomnia has been both friend and enemy of his genius—poring over a score, hearing in the silence of his chamber the singing strings or the blaring trumpets as clearly as though they were being played.

I recall an occasion when Ernest Schelling was at the piano rehearsing with the orchestra his "Variations." Having composed the work himself, it was fair to assume that Mr. Schelling knew more about the "Variations" than anyone else. During one of the piano solo parts, Toscanini turned to Mr. Schelling.

"Something is wrong there," he said.

The pianist was puzzled. He had played his "Variations" many times, and he was playing it no differently now than he had before. He began again, and once more Toscanini stopped him.

"You are not playing what you have written," he insisted. "Perhaps you decided to change it after it was on paper?"

Mr. Schelling said he had not changed it. He repeated that he was playing his piece the way he wrote it.

Toscanini, who did not have the score before him, barked:

"Turn to such-and-such a page, halfway down, and you will see."

The pianist fingered his score and found the designated page. A quick glance, and then a surprised look came to his face.

"Maestro, you are right," he cried, his voice accenting his amazement. Unconsciously in frequent playing of the work Mr. Schelling had edited the score without realizing it. No one knew it but Toscanini.

The secret of Toscanini's almost incredible music knowledge lies in the fact that nothing but the composer's original purpose satisfies him. To determine that purpose he studies scores in manuscript, and his photographic memory enables him to recognize variations from the originals whenever they occur in published form.

To a famous conductor, a specialist in the interpretation of Mozart, Toscanini once said:

"I am surprised at an old master like you, playing Mozart wrong. Every time I hear you play it—one of the Mozart symphonies—it is wrong."

The point he made, and which was correct, was that the conductor had been playing the symphony from a published score which departed somewhat from the Mozart original. It was another example of the thoroughness of great genius.

Toscanini's intensity is famous. When there is music to be played he is oblivious to all else. Once I asked him how he could concentrate upon his music while living in a hotel in the heart of the Times Square area, the noisiest acres in the world. His answer was:

"When I study a score, I hear only the music that is there."

Toscanini uses two languages with the orchestra. He speaks to the men in English. He swears at them in Italian.

"In English," he likes to explain, "you do not have as good profanity as we do in Italy."

A Youth in Love

Swearing is his only vice. He does not smoke and seldom drinks. I asked him about smoking. His eyes twinkled.

"I kissed my first woman and smoked my first cigarette on the same day," he chuckled. "I have never had time for tobacco since."

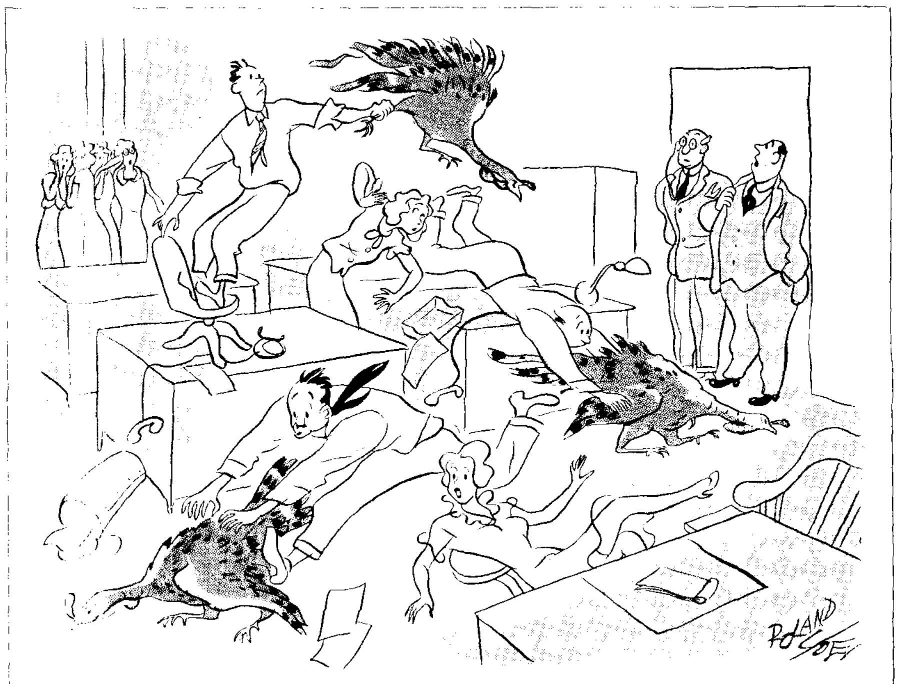
There was the day, in Buenos Aires, when his admiration for feminine beauty clashed with his passion for music. He was cellist in the orchestra of a traveling Italian opera company. On the day in question, Toscanini had met a charming señorita and promptly lost his heart to her. He was never casual in anything. A woman was either superlatively beautiful or superlatively homely.

An hour before the opera was to begin, the regular conductor became ill. A substitute had to be found in a hurry. There was only one member of the orchestra who knew the score—Toscanini. They went to his hotel room. He was not there. They learned about the beautiful señorita and went to her home where, they were told, they would find the eighteen-year-old cellist.

Toscanini saw them coming. He was for the moment not so much a promising young musician as a youth in love. He locked the door and would not answer to their knock.

"Toscanini!" they called. "Toscanini! We want you at the opera. The maestro is ill. We need you to conduct. It is your big chance, Toscanini. Come, it is nearly time for the overture."

"Go away!" shouted Toscanini. "I do not want to conduct. I do not want to play the cello. I do not want ever to

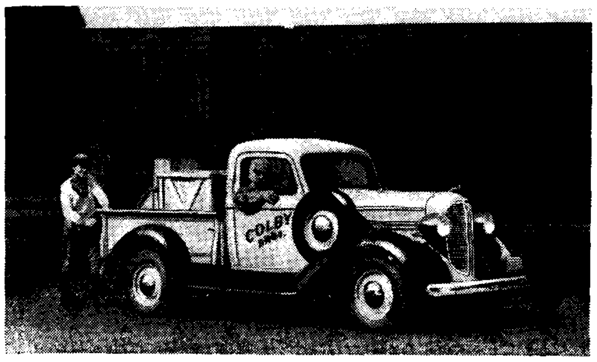


"I think we should have given CASH bonuses, Percy!" ROLAND COE

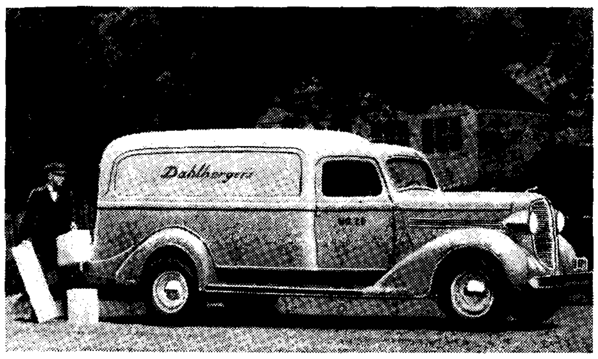
Announcing—

1938 DODGE TRUCKS

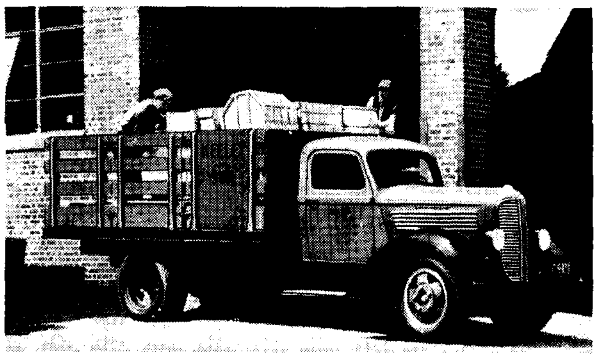
with 19 MONEY-SAVING "ECON-O-MIZERS"



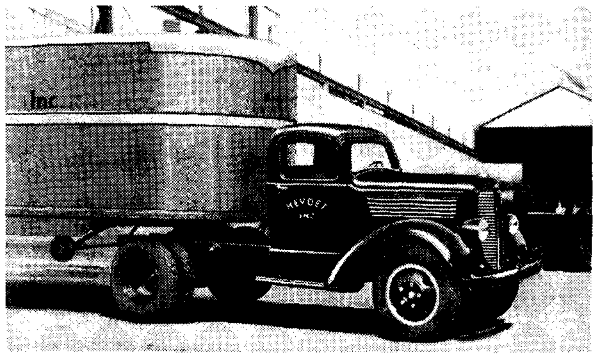
NEW 1938 DODGE ½-TON PICKUP—6-Cyl.,"L"-Head Engine—116" W. B.—Packed full of money-saving features! 19 money-saving "econ-o-mizers!"—yet priced with the lowest!



NEW 1938 DODGE ¾-1 TON PANEL—6-Cyl.,"L"-Head Engine—136" W B.—Modern styling to build prestige—19 money-saving "econ-o-mizers!"—designed especially to haul bulky loads—to do a big truck's work at the cost of a small truck!



NEW 1938 DODGE 1½-TON STAKE—6-Cyl.,"L"-Head Engine—(133" W B. with 9' Body and 159" W B. with 12' Body)—19 special "econ-o-mizers"—yet still priced with the lowest. The year's outstanding value!



NEW 1938 DODGE 2-TON TRACTOR—6-Cyl.,"L"-Head Engine—5 Standard Wheelbases (133", 148", 159", 177", 220")—Extra quality—19 money-saving "econ-o-mizers!"—yet priced with the lowest.

NEW 1938 DODGE 3-TON—6-Cyl.,"L"-Head Engine—4 Standard Wheelbases (152",170",188",205") 19 money-saving "econ-o-mizers!"—priced with the lowest, built to outlast them all!

Still Priced with the Lowest!

AGAIN Dodge scoops the truck world! In new 1938 trucks Dodge offers 19 definite money-saving "econ-o-mizers"—plus modern styling that gives the complete Dodge line unquestioned style leadership. See these sensational new Dodge trucks! You'll be amazed at the number of extra-quality features they offer—features that not only save money, but also greatly increase safety and comfort—prolong truck life.

FREE! SEE YOUR DODGE DEALER!

Why
19 ECON-O-MIZERS
in
DODGE TRUCKS
SAVE YOU MONEY!
READ DETAILS INSIDE

The 19 "econ-o-mizers" in Dodge trucks are not merely claims — they are definite proved advantages. Get a list of them FREE from your Dodge dealer ...See him today!

—DODGE—
Division of Chrysler Corporation

At low cost, easy terms may be arranged to fit your budget through Commercial Credit Company.

Tune in on the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10 P M., Eastern Standard Time.

SWITCH TO NEW DODGE TRUCKS AND SAVE MONEY!

hear Aïda. I want only to be always in love. Go away!"

By cajolery and persistent pleading, helped by the señorita, who may have become alarmed at such unexampled ardor, Toscanini was finally dragged to the opera where, with hardly a glance at the score, he made a debut so successful that his career as a conductor was definitely launched.

The duties of a concertmaster are more important than is generally known, but when Toscanini directs, the concertmaster along with every other member of the orchestra is entirely an instrument of the maestro's will. Ordinarily the concertmaster is the leader of the orchestra upon whom the conductor leans heavily for the fulfillment of his interpretation of the score. Bruno Walter once did me the honor to say that "Piastro is the greatest concertmaster in the world," but with Toscanini conducting, no concertmaster is left very much to do in the way of leading. Toscanini dominates always. He has definite hypnotic powers by which the ensemble of one hundred and ten musicians is raised to a perfection of performance which comes only under the leadership of a positive, dynamic personality. It is Toscanini's way to accept full responsibility for every performance.

It was Toscanini who first brought an orchestra to its feet to share audience applause with the conductor—a practice now commonplace. With him it has never been a formality, however. If the playing has not been as perfect as it could have been, the maestro is deaf to applause. He is without question the most sincere musician of our time. I have heard Carnegie Hall roar with applause following the playing of a symphony, yet Toscanini has refused to return to the stage to acknowledge it or pay tribute to the orchestra by waving the men to their feet.

Ripping Mad

We had in the first-violin section at one time a man who was not so good. He was a fiddler, not a violinist. He was responsible for one of the few occasions when the maestro called me to task as concertmaster. The fellow, sitting several rows behind me, was playing very badly. Toscanini peered frequently in his direction and then at me, as much as to say: "Why don't you break his violin over his stupid head?" Finally the offender, realizing his fault, got up and walked out.

At the end of rehearsal, Toscanini came to me.

"That was terrible, Piastro. Horrible. You should do something. Call the strings together and we will have a special rehearsal."

He was in a rage. I said to him as gently as possible:

"Who is going to pay for a special rehearsal?"

I thought he would explode.

"Pay for it?" he cried. "Why should anybody pay for it? It was bad. We must make it good."

"I know," I replied, soothingly, "but this is America. We can't do that here. If there is a special rehearsal, the men must be paid."

The maestro's rage soared.

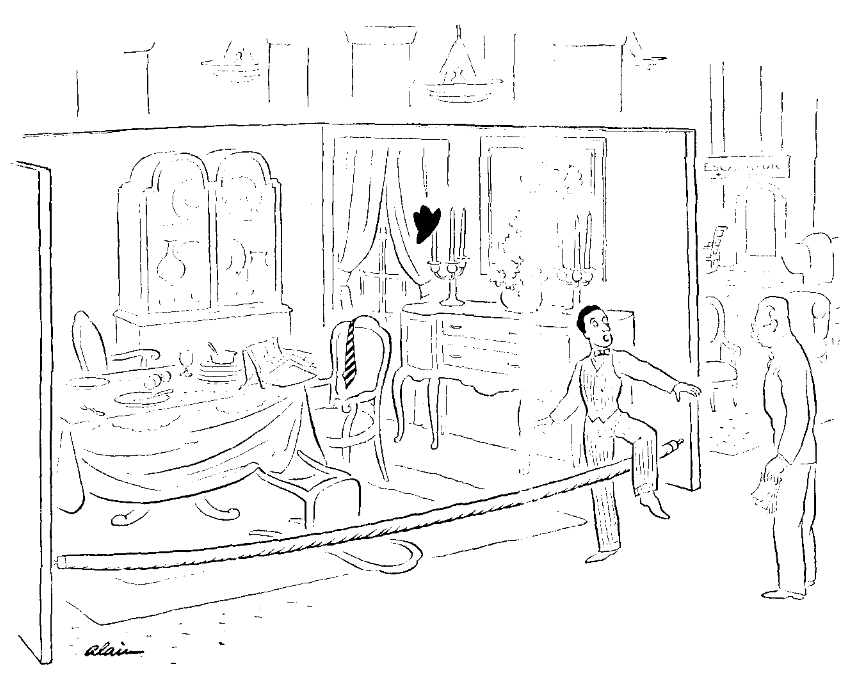
"Money, money! All I hear is money All Americans talk about is money What has money to do with art? *Ignoranti!*" He strode away, beating himself with his fists.

Demonstrations of blind anger were commonplace. A dozen bird cages could have been built with the batons he broke. Usually he grasped the stick with a hand at each end and snapped it. In recent years there came a new type of baton from Italy. It was made of a wood that could be bent almost double but would not break. This was almost a catastrophe to Toscanini. In a rage he would try to break it. Failing in the usual manner, he would take the middle of the stick in his mouth and bite as he pulled violently at the two ends.

One time he had no baton handy when rage swept him. He yanked a handkerchief from his pocket and attempted to tear it. Tear as he would, it would not give. It was the toughest linen I ever saw. I salvaged it as a souvenir of the rare occasion when a Toscanini rage met its master. The more he pulled, the greater grew his anger. Finally, red and perspiring, he flung the handkerchief from him and snatched with both hands at the rehearsal coat he was wearing. He tore down from the shoulders in strips until the garment was literally in shreds.

A Present for His Wife

A frequent attendant at the Philharmonic rehearsals was Mrs. Toscanini. She sat in one of the front rows of the empty auditorium, with the Toscanini dog at her feet. I do not know what kind of dog it was. There was a suggestion of Pomeranian, poodle and terrier, with maybe a bit of chow. I called it, aptly enough I thought, Toscanini's "Misunderstanding." The dog didn't mind.



"There! Now it looks lived in"

ALAIN

When Mrs. Toscanini was present the maestro expressed deep solicitude for the creature, petting it and addressing it endearingly in Italian. Should Mrs. Toscanini step out, however, the Toscanini attitude abruptly changed. He would hurl choice Italian curses at the animal and shove it away with his foot, or spank it heartily with his baton. As soon as Mrs. Toscanini returned, he became Dr. Jekyll to the dog once more.

It was Mrs. Toscanini who induced the maestro to do a commercial radio broadcast after he had flatly refused an offer of ten thousand dollars for the hour program. Mrs. Toscanini has a weakness for automobiles, and the sponsor of the program was a motorcar concern. Word of her fondness for cars reached the ears of the sponsor's representatives, and a spokesman conferred with her, suggesting that if she used her influence to get Toscanini to reconsider his refusal, the company would build a de luxe car specially for her.

That was how it came that Toscanini conducted his first commercially sponsored broadcast in the United States. Having spurned ten thousand dollars—which would more than have paid for the gift automobile—he worked the program, happy in the knowledge that his appearance was really not commercial at all. He was just making his wife a present.

As many idiosyncrasies as Toscanini has, his deportment during a concert is orthodox enough. He gives no thought to showmanship. He would be aghast, I know, at the conductor whose name I do not now recall who, back in my Odessa days, never would conduct the Tchaikovsky "1812" overture except when mounted on a great white charger. The "1812" has been played in America by massed orchestras and with cannon accenting its roaring fortissimo, but only in Odessa in the days when I "played fiddle" for the Czar was it ever performed under the baton of a whiskered maestro astride a horse.

The Beethoven Fifth is considered by most musicians as being probably the greatest symphony ever written. It has been performed more frequently than any other symphonic work. It is the cornerstone of the classical symphonic repertoire of every conductor in the world, even of the Japanese to whom Beethoven is almost a god. Yet Toscanini, unexcelled as a conductor and an interpreter of Beethoven, does not feel that the Beethoven Fifth has ever really been played. Many times I have heard him say that he has never given a reading of that symphony that satisfied him.

"I cannot put my finger on it," he would say. "I do not know wherein I fail but only that I do fail. I know that there is something in that symphony which the master put into it that I have never been able to bring out."

Hours of Study

There are composers whom the musical world calls great who are enigmas to him. Jean Sibelius, the famous Finnish composer, is one. Other orchestras, notably the Boston and Philadelphia, frequently play Sibelius. Toscanini plays him, too, but not frequently.

"What is he trying to say in his music?" Toscanini will ask, not deprecatingly but with genuine inquiry. "I do not understand him. Tchaikovsky, Beethoven, Brahms—their messages are clear. I can see through their music into their souls. But Sibelius? I cannot understand."

It has been charged that Toscanini at the Philharmonic was unsympathetic toward the music of American composers. It is not true. The trouble lay with the composers, not Toscanini. In music he could not and would not slap backs. If a new composition did not satisfy him as being good and worth-while he would not undertake its performance, no matter what influences and pressure might be brought to bear.

The charge that Toscanini made no serious effort to find meritorious new works is equally false. Manuscripts came to him from all over the world. Hours upon hours have been spent by him in the study of those manuscripts. Nor was it a cursory study. It was thorough, for he knows no other way. I came upon him one day just as he finished looking over a composition.

"Look at it," he said, pointing to a manuscript which I swear was twelve inches thick. "I have spent the day going through the thing—the composer calls it a symphony!—and I tell you, Piastro, there aren't three bars of good music in the whole thing."

I have seen a notable procession of conductors mount the Carnegie Hall podium and bring great music from that great orchestra. There have been in my time such men as Kleiber, Walter, Beecham, Klemperer, Rodzinski, Enesco and Stravinski. There is not one of them, I am sure, who will not agree that Toscanini stood alone in sheer greatness. He was so dominant, in truth, that leaders of the Philharmonic Symphony Society became actually alarmed, fearing that music lovers were fast turning into Toscanini fanatics and elevating Toscanini above the music he interpreted. Carnegie Hall was threatened with the Broadway curse—the star system.

But if Toscanini created the star system in symphonies, it was not by intent. Proud of his genius he may be, but he is humble before the masters, the great music makers.

The Humblest Star

We had striking evidence of it which no member of the orchestra will ever forget. It was a rehearsal of the Beethoven Ninth—the Choral Symphony. Before we began, the maestro said he wanted the entire symphony played without interruption, the same as it would be played at a regular performance. The chorus and soloists were in their places. At the signal the playing of the first movement began.

Never had the orchestra played better. If there is such a thing as mass inspiration, then we were inspired that day.

The movement ended. I glanced up at Toscanini and was amazed and frightened at what I saw. His arms were upraised as though he were minded to bring his fists cracking down on our heads. I remember that the thought ran through my head: "If he screams at us after such a perfect playing I'll jump up and push him off the platform."

He beat his breast. Great emotion was written in his face.

"Who am I?" he cried. "Who is Toscanini? I am nobody!"

He waved his arms at the men of the orchestra.

"Who are you?" he shouted. "You are nobody. I am nobody and you are nobody!"

The hall was hushed. Toscanini stood now with his arms extended. His face was wreathed with humble happiness.

"It is Beethoven," he whispered. "He is everything."

The proud head bowed. His lips moved in an Italian prayer. Slowly he stepped from the podium and walked from the stage.

Perhaps, as some say, the star system will not die docilely. Perhaps the public really prefers the maestro to the music. But Arturo Toscanini, the podium's great star, is also in his heart the humblest.

"Toscanini is nobody," he said. "Beethoven, he is everything."

Important!
"See Chrysler's
Two New Beauties TODAY!"
CHRYSLER Royal
B TER Engineered
BETTER Made
CHRYSLER Imperial
PHENOMENAL PERFORMANCE
AT A REMARKABLE PRICE!

VISIT YOUR CHRYSLER DEALER TODAY! It's open-house at Chrysler dealers all over the land . . . and it's the most popular "open-house" on motor car row.

America is flocking to see and drive Chrysler's Two New Beauties for 1938. And Chrysler dealers—leading merchants in every community—are reporting that interest in Chrysler is tops for all time.

And it's no wonder! The Chrysler Royal sweeps on in the low-priced field. Wheelbase increased to 119 inches! New Gold Seal engine increased to 95 fighting horsepower. Comfort and beauty increased to Chrysler's topmost fine-car standards.

A front end you'll study with delight! Smart fenders, headlamps and high, proud radiator . . . in a unified grouping. A low-swung side view, impressive in length and size.

You'll applaud the interior . . . for roominess and taste. Richly styled new instrument panel! Handsome new wheel with ring-type horn control! Deep, wide, chair-high seats . . . custom-type upholstery.

Airflow principle of springing and weight distribution . . . Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers . . . independently sprung front wheels.

Safety *All-Steel* Bodies . . . time-tested hydraulic brakes. Chrysler's best in engineering and building!

The Chrysler Royal is *more for the money!* See it today . . . at your Chrysler dealer's.

A Great New Imperial

THE NEW IMPERIAL attracts admiring thousands with smart new beauty . . . completely wins them with phenomenal performance.

A great new Gold Seal engine of 110 horsepower . . . trigger-quick with dual carburetion . . . silky-smooth with Floating Power.

Beauty to match this magnificent power! Long, low, road-hugging beauty outside . . . smart, tailor-made styling within.

The roominess you've always wanted . . . made possible by the long 125-inch wheelbase . . . the cleverness of Chrysler body engineers.

Chrysler Sweeps On

IN THE LOW-PRICED FIELD!

Better engineered . . . so it rides better . . . on any kind of road. Airflow principle of springing and weight distribution . . . direct acting Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers . . . slow recoil springs.

Safety *All-Steel* Bodies . . . hydraulic brakes . . . silent synchronized gear shifting . . . finger-touch steering.

Phenomenal performance! Remarkable price! Learn about both from your Chrysler dealer.

* * *

Easy to buy on convenient terms with the official Commercial Credit Company plan.

☆ **NEW 1938 ROYAL** . . . 95 horsepower, 119-inch wheelbase. Ten body types.

☆ **NEW 1938 IMPERIAL** . . . 110 horsepower, 125-inch wheelbase. Six body types.

☆ **NEW 1938 CUSTOM IMPERIAL** . . . 130 horsepower, 144-inch wheelbase. Three body types.

Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10:00 P. M., E. S. T.

JUST AN OLD

There's a HIRAM WALKER *whiskey to please your friends and suit your purse*

**HIRAM WALKER'S TEN HIGH
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY**

Double Your Enjoyment with Hiram Walker's national favorite, Ten High—*the superb straight bourbon whiskey* with "No Rough Edges" because it's aged *winter and summer for 2 whole years!* Under $1 a pint in most cities. 90 proof

**HIRAM WALKER'S DISTILLED
LONDON DRY GIN**

Americans buy more Hiram Walker's Gin than any other kind, thanks to the Hiram Walker exclusive Controlled Condensation process, which keeps flavor and smoothness always uniformly perfect. Distilled from grain. 90 proof

**"CANADIAN CLUB"
RARE CANADIAN WHISKY**

Hiram Walker's famous ambassador of good will to 87 countries of the globe! "Canadian Club" has an inimitable flavor that makes it the world's largest-selling fine whiskey . and a perfect Christmas gift for anyone on your list! 90.4 proof

**HIRAM WALKER'S PRIVATE
CELLAR BLENDED WHISKEY**

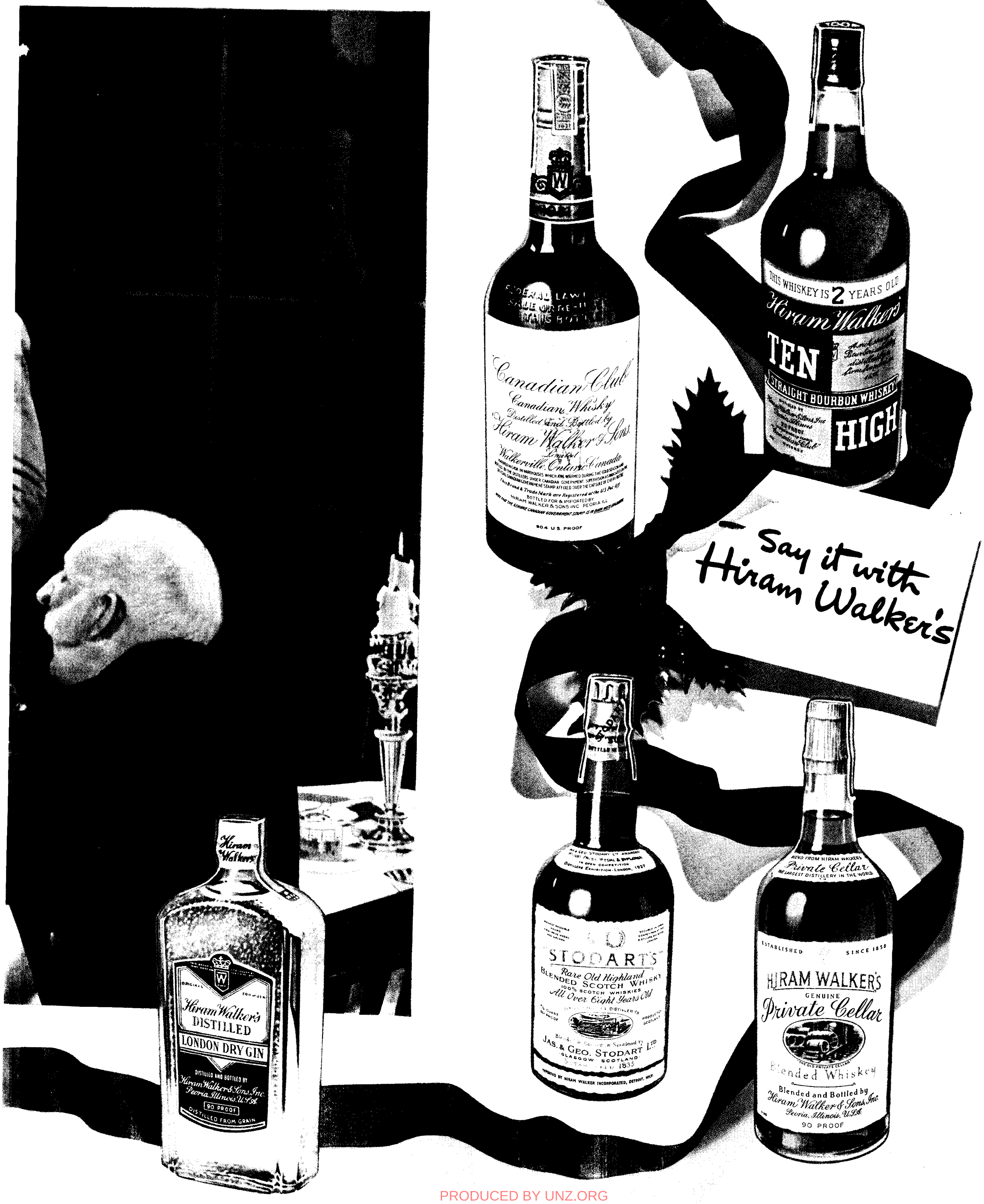
The straight whiskies in this product are 2 or more years old; 25% straight whiskey, 75% grain neutral spirits, 15% straight whiskey 5 years old, 6% straight whiskey 3½ years old, 4% straight whiskey 2 years old. 90 proof

**STODART'S RARE HIGHLAND
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKEY**

Blended of twenty-one choice Highland malt whiskies—whiskies so rare that they give Stodart's a flavor that won highest award at the London Distillers' Exhibit. All over 8 years old. A favorite in Scotland for 102 years. 86 proof

HIRAM WALKER ALSO OFFERS THE GIFT BUYER A COMPLETE SELECTION OF CORDIALS AND PREPARED COCKTAILS

FASHIONED CUSTOM


Say it with Hiram Walker's
Canadian Club
Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Bottled by Hiram Walker & Sons Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
90.4 U.S. PROOF
THIS WHISKEY IS 2 YEARS OLD
Hiram Walker's
TEN HIGH
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Hiram Walker's
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY GIN
Distilled and Bottled by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc.
Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.
90 PROOF
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
STODART'S
Rare Old Highland
Blended Scotch Whisky
100% Scotch Whiskies
All Over Eight Years Old
JAS. & GEO. STODART LTD
GLASGOW SCOTLAND
1835
ESTABLISHED SINCE 1858
HIRAM WALKER'S
GENUINE
Private Cellar
Blended Whiskey
Blended and Bottled by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc.
Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.
90 PROOF

Movie Entrance

Continued from page 14

face, one full length and one smiling. Why smiling? To show your teeth. You can get away with bad teeth on the stage but not on the screen. That is why many of the stars suffer the tortures of the damned to have their teeth rearranged. Don't send snapshots to a movie company and expect attention. And on the back of the photos list your name, age, weight, color of hair and eyes and of course your address. That is, if you expect to get them back.

If the Hollywood moguls are pleased by the photographs, there then arises the subject of the screen test. Unless you are somebody startling they are not going to pay your way to Hollywood or New York for a test. There is a faint chance that a scout may hit your home town and give the test there, but that is rare. It will be necessary for the prospective Garbo to pay her way to either spot and trust to the deities for luck. But suppose she has crashed the scout's office and gets an interview—what does he look for?

"First, ability," says Evans. "Have you had stock or Little Theater experience? Is there anything you can read for me? All the time I'm asking those questions, I'm looking you over. For one thing I'm seeing all the features that wouldn't be noticed by a friend or relative. It's amazing how little people know about themselves and how many shortcomings friends will overlook. If you have fine eyes, your friends will concentrate on the eyes and forget all about your weak chin or those lines around your mouth or those two crooked teeth in front or the size of your ears or that Adam's apple. There is nothing a camera loves more than a nice big Adam's apple, bobbing up and down every time you speak or sing.

"And then the figure. Of course your friends have not told you about your sloping shoulders or your big hips or the size of your arms. And it wouldn't have been nice at all to disparage your very real acting ability because your legs weren't straight.

You've Got It—or You Haven't

"But, above all, the voice. That's a really sore point. There is, for instance, the New England twang, the rolling "R" of the Middle West and Northwest (pronounced like the first syllable of a dog's growl, 'arrugh'), and the very Southern drawl. What's the happy medium? Listen to Helen Hayes over the air and you have the answer. What the screen really demands nowadays is an inflection which is referred to as international English. It is the type of speech which makes it possible for an American actor to be accepted on the English stage and vice versa."

But when you've got this far in a screen test, you're nowhere, according to the Evans gentleman. There is one big thing left: personality. "To coin a phrase," says Evans, "you either have it or you haven't.

"What is it?" asks the great Harry. "Well, it's that something that makes a person stand out in a crowd. And it doesn't necessarily follow that because you have it in real life you will have it on the screen. There are stars who literally barge out at you in a picture and look like scared mice off the screen. A better word may be color rather than personality. Babe Ruth has it; Larry Kelley has it; Walter Hagen has it. A good example on the screen is W. C. Fields. People begin laughing before he opens his mouth. Ned Sparks makes you laugh without doing anything."

If you have looks and personality and ability, all you have to do then is take a test that will convince a lot of bored gentlemen in Hollywood that the screen will cease as an industry unless they have you in their next picture. And this is where the supreme dumbness of the yearners generally manifests itself.

"What you have to do," says Evans, "is appear before a motion-picture camera for the first time in your life and prove that the screen needs you. If you are smart you will have prepared some material which shows off your particular talent. And not one applicant in a hundred does it. Even stage performers often don't do it. It is true, nevertheless, that most film aspirants are babes in the woods. If you let them pick something they come up with Romeo and Juliet. What should they do? They should pick something on the quiet side which gives them a chance to be themselves. Easy does it. For one thing the camera doesn't take kindly to large gestures and flowery diction."

In an effort to get away from this, Mr. Evans often writes original material for the newcomer. Otherwise the test is almost certain to be hackneyed.

"What do I mean, hackneyed?" said Evans. "Well, the other day a girl came in who had been studying at a dramatic school prior to taking the test. When she came in to read for me, I bet her a dime I could name the play she was taking the test from if she gave me four guesses. I named There's Always Juliet, Accent on Youth, Petrified Forest and Animal Kingdom. She gasped and handed me the manuscript. It was a scene from Accent on Youth. She needn't have been surprised, for they all pick the same things when they make any pick at all. Naturally I made her study something else. Why? Because the boys in the casting department in Hollywood have heard those scenes so often they start reading the lines themselves ahead of them, just for a laugh. And there is always the horrible possibility that they will be thinking of how much better Sylvia Sydney did it. If it's Petrified Forest, the boy will be unconsciously inviting comparison with Leslie Howard."

SHAKE HANDS WITH SANTA CLAUS
SANTA CLAUS
Dorothy McKay
DOROTHY MC KAY

One Who Came Prepared

Having seen practically every motion picture produced in the last ten years by reason of his former work as movie critic for Life and as editor of the Family Circle, Mr. Evans is in a position to know what makes a screen play. Recently he was much taken with a young man named Wister Clark, who had been a member of the swimming and golf teams at Dartmouth, was now a model for advertising agencies, and had been suggested as worthy of a screen test.

"You've got the physical requirements for a screen actor," said Evans, "but can you act?"

"Well, I can give you a sample if you want it," said Clark.

"When can you give me the reading?"

"Right now," said Clark.

"Do you want me to read the bit with you to give you the cues?" asked Evans.

"Oh, no," said Clark. "I have somebody here with me, if you really want to hear me."

He went to the door of the reception room and said: "Harriet, will you please come in." and in walked a very pretty blond girl.

"Without another word," reports Evans, "they went over and sat on the sofa and began doing the scene. It was from Animal Kingdom, all right, but nobody could have done it more perfectly. I asked them how long they had been working on it and they said eight months. Which is my point. If everybody did that they'd improve their chances at least a hundred per cent."

In the case of Jim Foran, brother of Nick Foran, the trick was a bit harder because young Foran had no stage experience and no intention of being an actor. Buddy De Sylva, the producer, met him at the home of Senator Foran in Flemington, N. J., and heard the boy do an imitation of a Roosevelt broadcast. He recommended him to Harry Evans and the young man came in for an interview. Evans saw at once that what he had to sell was personality and a script was rigged up which would give Foran a chance to be Foran.

After Foran told what happened to him after the Yale-Princeton game last year and repeated the Roosevelt take-off the ordeal was over. It worked, because the studio wired an offer from Hollywood the day the test arrived out there.

When the test of an unknown player is accepted by the main office, a contract is given on a basis of forty weeks' work a year. These contracts run for seven years, with option periods every six months. If the studio doesn't take up the option, the player is dropped. However, he is held to the seven-year agreement if the studio wants him. The usual starting salary for an unknown is from $50 to $100 a week, with a stated increase every time the option is taken up.

Don't Cheat the Camera

Before a player can get a screen test, an option must be signed giving the studio first call to his services in case the test turns out well. The cost of a test to the studio runs anywhere from $100 to $1,000, depending upon the care taken with the scenery, costumes and coaching. In some cases the tests are made solely for photography, with no reading of lines, but they are not generally satisfactory. Professional beauties by no means have the best chances for movie contracts. Many of them have certain camera angles which the photographers play up so as not to reveal their bad points. Others have minor defects which are eliminated when the still photographs are retouched, but you can't retouch a moving picture.

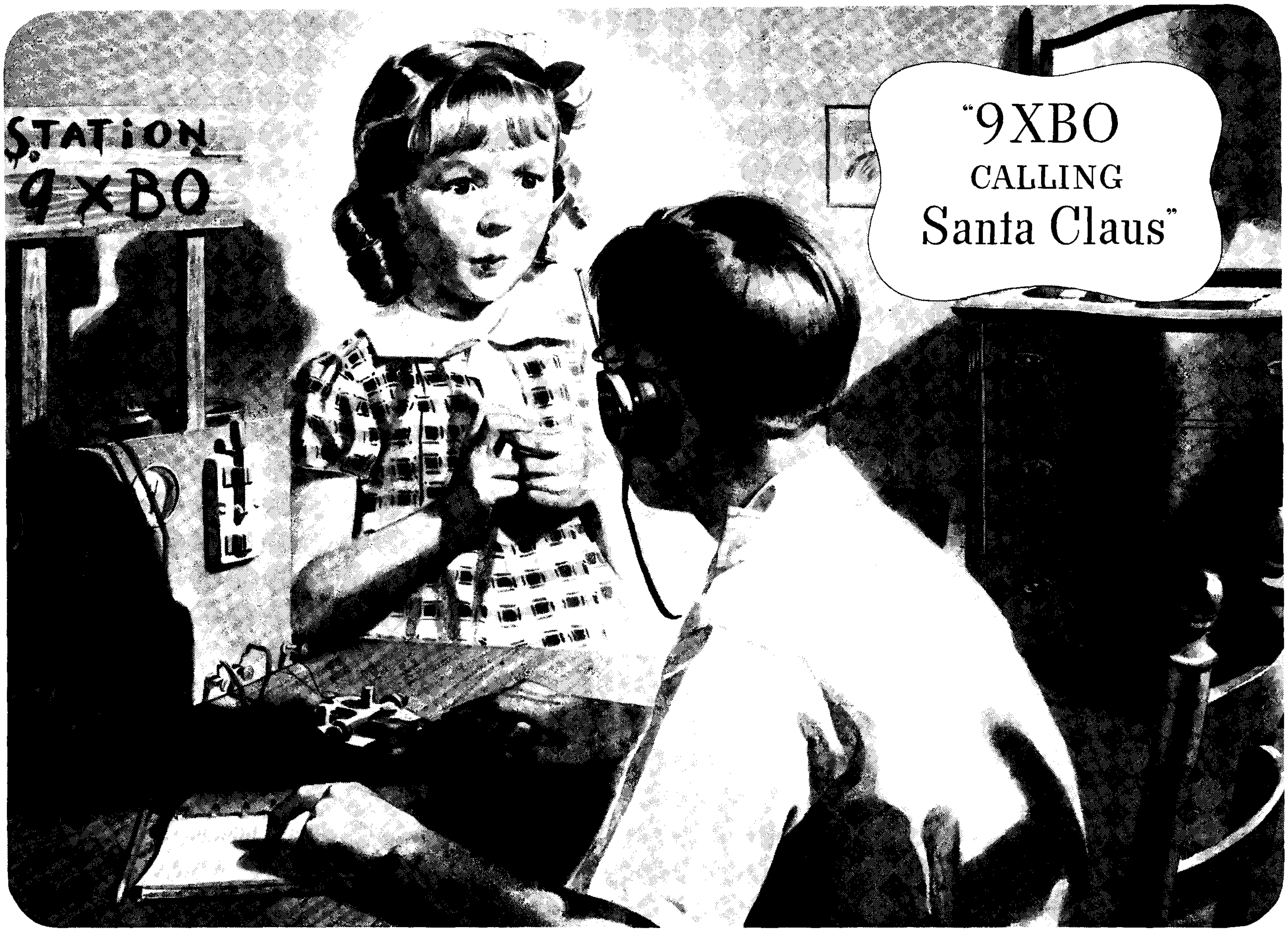
"You know how photographs can lie," says Evans, "and that's why you might as well be honest about it in the first place. No caller is shooed out faster than the boy who turns in a handsome photograph and then turns out to have a nose an inch of which has been touched out by the photographer."

That's all there's to it. You have the goods; the scout either runs across you or has you called to his attention; you get a test and a contract and go out to the Coast. After that you just begin. The place is strewn with the wrecks of promising beauties who had themselves photographed on the lot with important visitors for the first six months of their career and were heard of no more. Strictly speaking, if you want to go for a real salary it is better to be somebody of importance before the test is made. But you can be discovered and you can get a start. Your fate is in the hands of the director and the heavens after that.

But as a final gesture, Mr. Evans rises to say a word.

"Don't forget what I told you about having friends," he cries. "I didn't discover Wister Clark; MacClelland Barclay did that. I didn't discover Jim Foran; Buddy De Sylva did that. I just happened to be the fellow who knew the discoverers. To my way of thinking that is the secret of the whole business."

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY • EAST PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA



The modern Christmas is an ELECTRICAL Christmas

IT'S a miniature electric range that Mollie is asking for—so why *shouldn't* she use a fast, modern means of getting in touch with Santa about it? Goodness knows, he's getting more up-to-date every year. His bag is always bulging with electric trains and boats, radio parts, and electric construction sets. And remember those sputtering little candles he used to make? Nowadays he decks the trees with gay-colored electric lights that are much safer and prettier.

For grownups, too, electricity helps to solve Santa's problems. Westinghouse, for example, provides a complete array of delightful gifts, from ranges and refrigerators to waffle bakers and warming pads. They're gifts that *last* — for many Christmases to come.

But that's not all the help that Westinghouse gives Santa Claus. In thousands of factories, Westinghouse motors drive marvelous machines that make every kind of gift cheaper and better. Westinghouse generating apparatus even supplies the electric current that drives those motors, lights Christmas trees, and helps to prepare food for Christmas dinners. The hands of Westinghouse serve you in many ways at Christmas — and at every other time of the year.

Westinghouse

The name that means everything in electricity

]

A Queen's Ransom

Continued from page 22

"I think we ought to delay payment . . . at least for a while."

Captain Enright nodded approval. "That's right. Give us a chance maybe to save you fifty thousand dollars, Mr. Essex."

"Sure. Leave it to us," said Slocum.

Crane pushed the coffee cup out of his way. He was genuinely angry. "Do you want my opinion?"

Nobody did, apparently. At least nobody spoke.

"I'll give it to you, anyway. First, you ought to ask the Department of Justice for help."

Major Eastcomb said dryly, "We have."

"Good. That's something sensible for a change. The second thing is to have the bank get that fifty grand ready for you." Crane was talking directly to Essex. "Then put an ad in the papers. Say: 'Money is ready. Please select contact man.' And sign your own name to the ad. Then when the directions come, pay the money exactly as they direct."

Major Eastcomb cleared his throat. "I shouldn't care to pay out fifty thousand dollars needlessly," he said stiffly. "How can we know she will be returned?"

Crane's hands, palms upward, rose in a huckster's gesture. "Do you think you can sign a contract with them?"

"Penny, I think he's right," said Miss Day. "If they had me I'd want to be freed. I wouldn't want you to hold back the money." She leaned forward and rested her elbows on the table.

Essex looked bewildered. "I want to do what's right. . . ."

"Then you'll pay the money," said Crane.

THE road to the Gulf of Mexico was rough and crowded with trucks carrying supplies for the Key West bridge. On the roadster's right was the old track of the Florida East Coast. In places there were stretches of warped rail, rusted a reddish-brown, but mostly there were only bare piles. Debris, blocks of stone, uprooted trees, boards, broken furniture, rags littered the flat landscape.

"This where all them veterans were killed?" asked O'Rourke.

"It looks as though something had happened," Crane said.

The sea, dotted with keys, was milky green.

"Williams is looking up Tortoni and the guy with no lobe to his ear," Crane said. "We'll see di Gregario."

"I wonder how he picked out a phony name like that," O'Rourke said.

They passed some ruined stucco houses, swung the roadster around a forest of bent palm trees and came to the end of the road. There were two fishing boats in a canal on their right. Some people were looking at a black sedan.

As they walked up to it, a man in boots, khaki breeches and a brown flannel shirt turned toward them. "Got a cigarette, buddy?" He had a pistol in a holster over his right hip.

O'Rourke gave him one.

He lit it, blew out the match, said, "Come to look at the car?"

"We were just driving down this way," said Crane.

"You might as well give her a look," said the man.

O'Rourke said, "You mean that's the car they took Miss Essex in?"

"None other." The man pushed aside some of the spectators, opened the rear door of the sedan. "Look at the blood."

On the seat there were brownish stains.

"Somebody winged one of them," the man repeated. "Look here."

In the rear window was a hole.

"Musta got his head," the man said.

"I hope it killed him," said a tanned man with bare feet, blue denim trousers and a torn white shirt.

The man with the bare feet was captain of the fishing boat Sally. The man with the gun was a deputy sheriff. Both agreed there was little chance of discovering the kidnaper's boat. The fisherman said it would be simple to hide by any one of a hundred keys between Port Everglades and Key West.

"Pile brush over the boat and nobody'd see it," he said.

They went to the roadster and started back for the Essex house.

"This is a funny country," observed O'Rourke, after a long silence.

Even to Crane, who had been on the edge of the Everglades before, it appeared unusual. On either side of the road were canals, filled with brackish water and overgrown with coarse brown grass. In places there were large areas of the grass, but mostly on the opposite sides of the canals there was bush, very dense and as tall as a man's head. Near at hand it was brown and dull green; farther away it became gray. Once they saw a tarpon roll in the left canal.

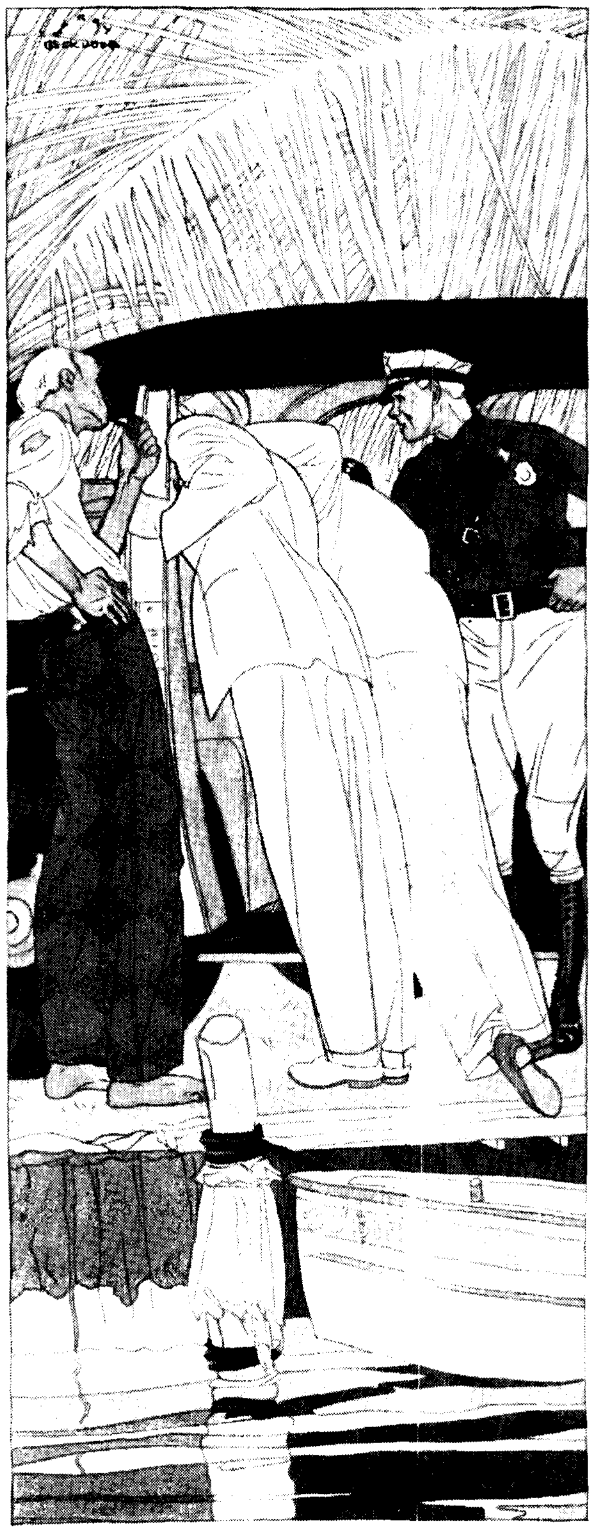
"I'll bet there're plenty of snakes in there," O'Rourke said.

"I hope I never find out," said Crane.

IT WAS five minutes before noon when they reached the Essex estate.

"We'll see what's happened," said Crane, "and then beat it for Miami." He slammed the roadster's door. "Better tell them we're going in to do some errands."

They found the two policemen, aided by a Mr. Peters from the county attorney's office, questioning the servants. This promised to be a full day's job as there were eleven in all, and Mr. Peters, a tall man with a thin nose and a large Adam's apple, was being very thorough. He was laboriously questioning a pretty French maid named Céleste and O'Rourke would have liked to say something, but Crane said. "You can question her later, in private."



"Somebody winged one of them," the man repeated. "Look here"

They went out to the patio.

"You can ask better questions in private, anyway," Crane said.

"You got me all wrong," O'Rourke said.

"I suppose you didn't even see they were questioning a lady?"

"Was that a lady?"

Toward them across the patio came Imago Paraguay. She was wearing a dress of dark blue silk, high-waisted and printed with a flowered design in lighter blue. She moved in an effortless, gliding walk, turning her flat hips only slightly.

"It is a nice morning, no?" she said.

Her face was really lovely. Through some trick of make-up she had removed its Asiatic aspect, made it more Latin than Chinese. It was patrician in an exotic way, with almond-shaped eyes, faintly arched eyebrows, slight hollows under the high cheekbones. It reminded Crane of the painted death mask of an Egyptian princess he had once seen in a Berlin museum. He had gone into the museum thinking it was his hotel.

"Swell," said O'Rourke, "and time you were up."

"Oh, I ha-ave been up for some time." Her voice was flat, without inflection. "I ha-ave been watching for you."

O'Rourke said, "If we'd known that we'd have hurried back."

Her jet eyes fastened on Crane's. "Sit down," she said. "I ha-ave a thing I wish to speak of."

They sat down at the breakfast table.

"I am so surprised to hear you are de-tectives," she said.

Crane said they were sorry to have deceived her.

"That is nothing," she said.

When she looked at Crane the pit of his stomach tingled. She was seductive in a very strange way. She had not the animal appeal of Miss Day, but her slender body, her immobile face, her feline voice had an appeal, at once attractive and terrifying, of which she herself was contemptuous.

"I think perhaps I will help you," she said. "You wish to find Miss Essex?"

"Very much," said Crane.

"Do you think Paul di Gregario may ha-ave her?"

"It is likely."

"Do you know where he is?"

"Yes."

"Good. If you like I will go with you to see him. I ha-ave an influence with him."

"That would be nice, but I believe O'Rourke and I could obtain more from him. Alone we can ask questions in a very direct manner."

"You do not know Paul," she said. "He is afraid of no one . . . but me."

CRANE remembered the count's expression when he had encountered the dancer at the Essex table in the Blue Castle. The man had been frightened.

"Maybe you *can* help us," he said.

"I can, señor," she said. "When . . . ?"

"Imago, dear!"

Sybil Langley, the actress, was approaching them from the other side of the patio. Her long, horsy face was set, as though she were concentrating on the job of walking; her violet eyes were glazed. She moved cautiously, making a great circle around a deck chair and then barely avoiding a palm on her way back to the line of progress.

"Holy smoke!" whispered O'Rourke.

Completely black, Miss Langley's clothes hung from her as they would from a wire hanger, taking no shape except that caused by the action of gravity on them. Heavy powder whitened her face. She halted abruptly by their table. They stood up.

"Talking to the nice men?" she said.

"Yes," said Imago.

"Such a terrible thing to happen." Miss Langley's mellow voice cracked a little. "A terrible thing." Abruptly, she sat down, almost missing the chair Crane held for her.

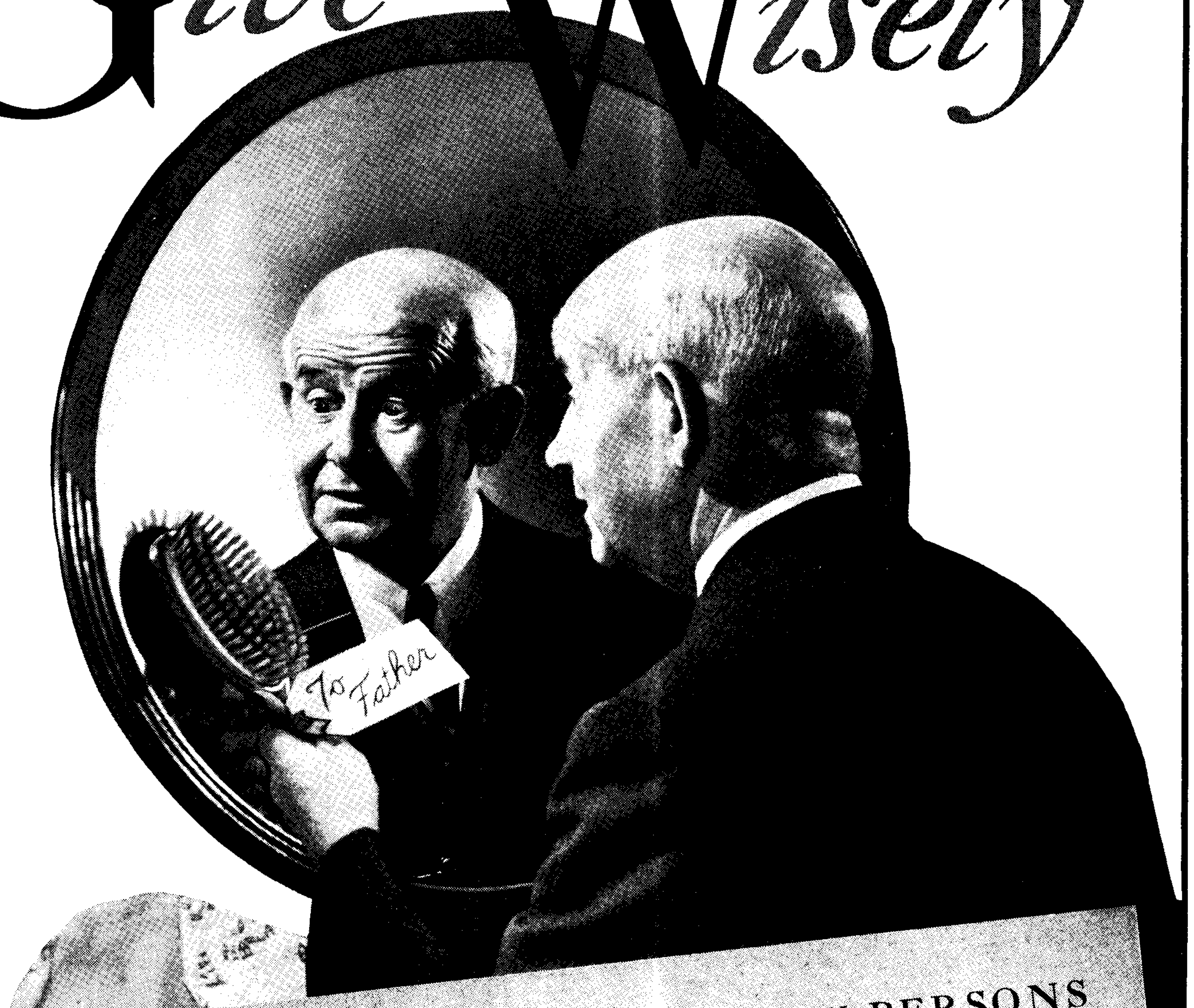
"Mr. Cra-ane and Mr. O'Rourke have asked me to go to Miami with them," said Imago.

"You are going to leave me?" Miss Langley put her hand on Imago's arm. "Alone in this house?" Her face was alarmed.

Imago shrugged off the hand. "Yes. It is necessary."

"The house is full of police, Miss Langley," said

This Christmas be sure you Give Wisely

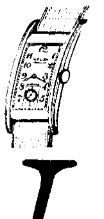


CHECK THIS LIST OF GIFT-WORTHY PERSONS

FAMILY
- Brother
- Brother-in-law
- Cousin (male)
- Father
- Father-in-law
- Grandfather
- Husband
- Nephew (over 30)
- Son (over 30)
- Uncle

FRIENDS & ACQUAINTANCES
- Boss
- Business acquaintance
- College chum
- Neighbor
- Customer
- Doctor
- Landlord
- Lawyer
- Man-who-did-you-favor
- Man-you-want-favor-from

THOSE WHO SERVE YOU
- Barber
- Chauffeur
- Cop-on-the-beat
- Elevator man
- Employee (male)
- Gardener
- Helper
- Janitor
- Letter-carrier
- Nightwatchman



Win a $50 *Gruen Gift Watch*

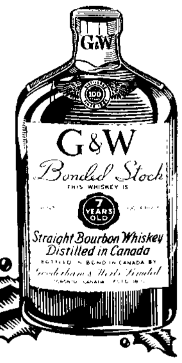
FREE! $50 Gruen Watches for the 10 best lists of 10 "G & W" names or expressions (like *Good Work*, *George Washington*) plus your comments on G & W whiskies or gins. Get entry blanks at dealers or use own stationery**. Mail entries before December 31 to G & W, P. O. Box 887, Detroit, Mich.

Give Wisely..give G&W ...it Goes Well

CHECK THIS LIST OF GIFT-WORTHY LIQUORS

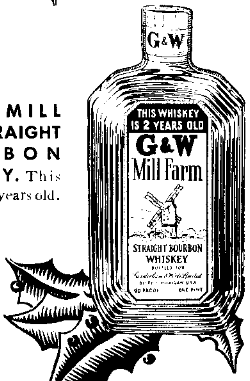
A TYPE FOR EVERY PERSON,
A PRICE FOR EVERY PURSE

G & W BONDED STOCK STRAIGHT BOURBON or RYE WHISKEY. These whiskies are 7 years old at the price of many 4-year-old whiskies. Bottled in bond in Canada. 100 proof.



G & W 5-STAR BLENDED WHISKEY* Expertly blended, superbly mellow at a popular price.

G & W MILL FARM STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. This whiskey is 2 years old. 90 proof.



G & W DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN — the perfect *Ground-Work* for any gin drink. Distilled from grain. 90 proof.

GAELIC OLD SMUGGLER BRAND BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKEY — beautifully packaged in a 4-pinch bottle. All over 8 years old. 86 proof.

---

*G & W Five-Star Blended Whiskey — the straight whiskey in this product is 6 years old; 23% straight whiskey, 77% neutral spirits distilled from grain. 90 proof. **This contest limited to adults other than liquor industry employees in states where such contests are permitted. Entry blanks are available only in such states. Gooderham & Worts reserves the right to use in its advertising or promotion any material submitted. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Gooderham & Worts, Ltd., Detroit, Michigan, established 1832.

Crane. "You won't be alone a minute."

"Must you go, Imago?" pleaded Miss Langley.

The dancer ignored her, walked away. They followed. Miss Langley stared after them through her wide violet eyes.

"She likes you a lot," said Crane, coming up behind the dancer.

"That is because I speak Spanish with her," she said. "She loves to speak Spanish."

As they were getting into the roadster they met Miss Day. They told her they were going to Miami. She had on a tight black silk dress.

"Take me," she said.

"Where's Essex?" Crane asked.

"He and Tony Lamphier and the major have gone into Miami to see about an airplane."

"To look for Camelia?"

"Yeah. They think she's being held in a boat. Tony's idea is they can spot it from the air."

"How're they going to know it?" asked O'Rourke.

"Search me."

"Why don't you come with us?" asked O'Rourke.

"I will if Miss Paraguay doesn't mind."

"I do not mind."

"Then let's be on our way," said Crane.

IT WAS a nice ride into Miami. The sun was hot on their heads, but the air stirred up by the movement of the roadster was cool. Along part of the road there were lime trees and later they saw truck gardens. There were many red tomatoes on dark green vines.

In the front seat O'Rourke was telling Miss Day a highly colored version of the previous night's chase. He pointed out the place where Essex had collapsed over the wheel. "I was just about to jump from the running board into the sedan," he said, "when Essex keeled over. It was an awful close thing."

"Your friend is very heroic," said Imago Paraguay softly. She was smiling a little.

"Don't think he's not," said Crane. "He's just fooling now."

"Oh, yes. I know. I have se-en many brave men. I have seen many die."

"Where? In China?"

"You think I am Chinese, señor?"

"Well . . ."

"Perhaps a thousand years ago there was a Chinese ancestor. But no later, of that I am sure."

"You know your family a thousand years back?"

"Why not? The English do not alone keep records."

"Yes, I know. The Spanish are very proud of their blood."

Her eyes always gave him a nervous thrill. "I am of two people older than the Spanish," she said. Pride warmed her flat voice.

"Older?"

"My father was of Granada, a Moor. The people of my mo-ther lived many years ago—a thousand years—in Guatemala, in the city Piedras Negras. It lies now in ruins."

"They were Indians?"

"If you wish." Her flawless face was serene. "My ancestor was the priest of Yum Kax, god of the harvest. When barbarians conquered the Old Maya Empire he fled with his family, carrying the sacred corn and many temple ornaments."

"That was when the Spanish came under Cortez?"

"That was six hundred years before Columbus."

Sliding from vitreous palm leaves, the sun's rays tinged white sidewalks with green. Heat waves made the pavement ahead a moving river of dark water. There were elaborate signs on vacant lots. They were nearing Miami.

"I bore you," Imago said to Crane.

"No. Please tell me the rest."

She smiled and said in her flat voice: "The gra-andson of my ancestor led the family to Paraguay. There the corn was pla-anted and to this day grows."

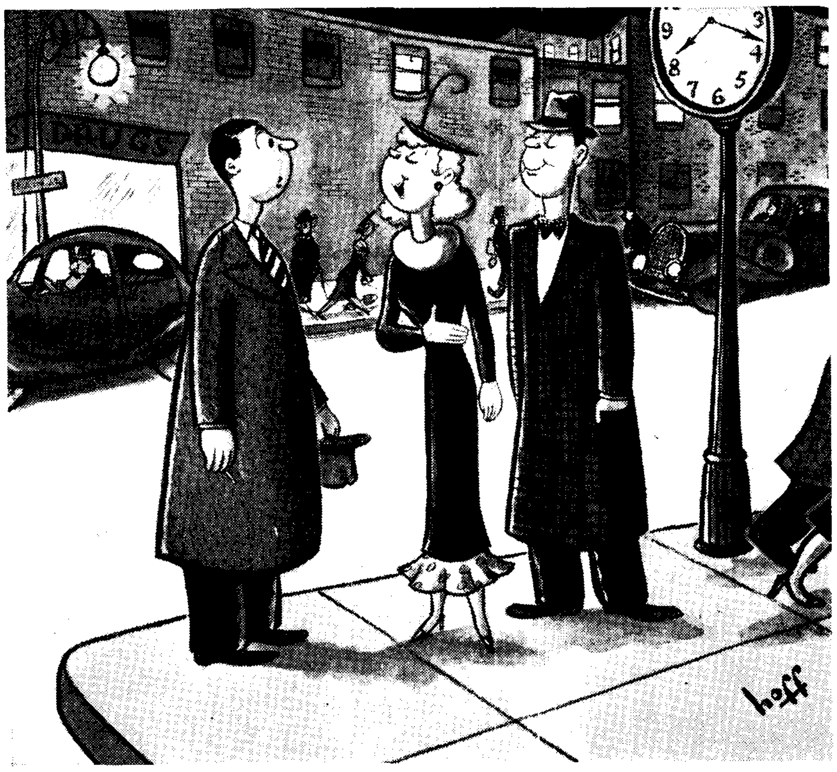
"And the ornaments?"

"My mother's father has them. The temple robes, of cloth much finer than silk, are gone, of course, and the quetzal feathers in the headgear, too. But there is much gold and silver and jade."

"Some museum would pay plenty for them."

"Never! My grandfather would not sell."

She was looking at the Miami River. Her face was cold, composed, oblivious. The curve of her jaw under her creamy skin, the perfect arch of her brows, the clean line of her red lips, the soft hollows in her cheeks, the strange black hair, so completely without life, gave her an appearance at once alien and aristocratic. He felt her strange allure. He wondered if she had been telling him the truth.



"I brought him along in case you gave me a stand-up"

SYDNEY HOFF

Miss Day looked around at them. Her henna-blond hair was rumpled from the wind. "Where are we going?" she asked.

"The Glorioso," said Crane.

"Oh, boy," said Miss Day. "Let's have lunch there."

THEY left Miss Day, very demure, on a red leather cushion in the bar, sipping pink planter's punch through a straw. Crane asked her if she would be all right while they were gone.

"Anybody bothering me better watch out," she said.

He bet they had, too. Anyone lured by her limpid blue eyes, by her dimples, by her egg-yellow hair, cut long so the curls hung nearly to her shoulders, was likely to find himself buying her champagne and the two-dollar lunch in the main dining room.

She smiled at him. "Hurry back."

O'Rourke was in front of the elevators. "On the eighth floor," he said. "I used the old telegram gag."

In the elevator Imago Paraguay stood between them. "You thi-ink it wise to bring her?" she asked. Her body gave off an odor of sandalwood.

"She's very good company," Crane said.

"Eight," said the elevator man.

O'Rourke led the way. Their footfalls were muffled by a thick rug on the corridor's floor. They were walking toward the ocean, and from a window at the end came cool air. A stocky man in a brown suit, looking out the window, turned toward them.

Two paces back of Imago Paraguay, Crane shook his head violently at the man. He was Eddie Burns and he had been watching the count.

CASUALLY, the man put a cigarette in his mouth, lit a match, held it in cupped hands to his face. His brown eyes strayed over them, lingered for an instant on the dancer, then passed on to the window. His cheek bore a crescent-shaped scar.

O'Rourke turned left down another corridor and halted at the third door on the right. He knocked with the knuckle of his forefinger. He knocked again, loudly.

"Who is it?" a man's voice demanded.

"The telegram, sir," O'Rourke answered.

"Come in."

Imago Paraguay paused in the corridor. O'Rourke opened the door and Crane went into the room. It was bright with sunlight and the two large windows framed blue sea and sky. The bed had not been made. A pair of yellow silk pajamas, trimmed with blue, lay across a chair.

Almost beside him, in the door to the bathroom, wearing trousers and an underwear top of ribbed silk, appeared di Gregario. Creamy lather covered the left side of his face; in his hand was a safety razor. His dark eyes were surprised.

"Who . . . ?"

Before Crane could speak, di Gregario recognized him. His fist caught Crane's mouth, sent him sprawling against the ivory-white wall. Crane attempted to grapple with him as he came out of the bathroom door, but the Latin shook him off, ran for the bed. O'Rourke followed on his heels, hit the back of his head with a revolver, club-fashion, as his hands pawed the linen sheets. Like a celebrant about to pray, di Gregario's knees folded, slipped down on the floor. His outstretched arms, his head and chest rested on the bed. O'Rourke felt the sheets with his left hand, found an automatic pistol, thrust it in his pocket.

Blood was trickling down a corner of Crane's mouth. He found a handkerchief and wiped it off. He tested his teeth with his fingers to see if they were loose. They weren't.

Turning his body so that he slipped off the bed to a sitting position on the floor, di Gregario scowled at them. His left eyebrow, his sideburn were smeared with the shaving lather. Hate smoldered in his eyes, made the brown pupils glow like garnets.

"What do you want?" he demanded thickly.

"You oughtn't to leave your pistol lying about like that," said O'Rourke. "Very careless."

Di Gregario's eyes were on Crane. "Why do you follow me?"

"We'd like to talk with you."

Suddenly di Gregario looked beyond Crane. Anger faded from his face; fear drained his color, left him gray. He gasped, "You!"

Crane turned and saw Imago Paraguay leaning against the hall door. She was smiling, but her jet eyes were cold. "Si," she said. "Imago."

Crane watched the count with surprise. He had thought him brave, very brave. He hadn't been afraid of the major, nor of him and O'Rourke. Why was he so afraid of the dancer?

"We're not going to hurt you," he said to him. "We'd like to ask some questions."

Hooking one elbow onto the bed, the count got to his feet. His eyes reflected terror, but he was making an effort to control his fear. His skin was yellow.

"Señor . . ." he said, ". . . if I could write one last word to my family?"

Crane said, "I don't understand."

Imago Paraguay's laughter was brittle, like an old man's. "He thi-inks we are of the Cuban secret police . . . that we will kill him."

Crane daubed amazedly at his cut lip. "What makes him think that?"

SHE had both hands on her hips now. "For the government once I wa-as an agent." Light gleamed from her glossy red fingernails.

Di Gregario's voice exploded shrilly. "Liar!" His fingers fluttered. "You do not have to lie to me. Everyone in Havana knows the bed Imago Paraguay sleeps in." His face was wild. "Where is he . . . your Corporal Cabista? Or has he murdered so many schoolboys that he is a general now?"

Imago Paraguay hissed at him in Spanish.

"No, I am not afraid." His body was shaking, but his voice traveled down the scale. He pressed his hands to his outer thighs. "I die but once. How will you kill me, Imago? As you did my cousin Roberto? With that sharp little stinger you carry on your garter?" He faced O'Rourke. "Or is it to be this man's pistol?"

She said something to him in Spanish.

"Speak English," Crane said.

She said, "I tell him he must learn to hold his tongue or he will lo-ose it." Her voice was barely above a whisper.

"Listen," Crane said. "We are not going to kill you, di Gregario. We won't hurt you if you answer our questions."

The Latin's face showed no relief.

"We want to know what's happened to Camelia Essex," said Crane.

As shiny white as bathtub porcelain, a steam yacht nosed across the rectangle of blue water bound by the left window. Up to them floated the cries of bathers on the Glorioso beach, in the Glorioso pool. The window curtains moved in the ocean breeze.

"Camelia Essex?" di Gregario whispered.

"Yeah, Camelia Essex."

The count stepped backward, sank

GOD'S COUNTRY

"Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?"
—SCOTT

SURE we've taken it on the chin! Sure we've had our duststorms, droughts and depressions! So *what?* The gilt frame may have been broken, but the picture remains *unchanged.*

◆ ◆ ◆

If you ever feel your knees getting a little shaky, try this simple experiment . . . repeat these words . . . *slowly:*

"Before the world, I AM AN AMERICAN! I envy no man. I fear no man. No man has anything I covet. No man can take away from me anything I have.

"Mine is a nation of *youth,* made out of a new kind of steel, alloyed with the blood strains of many peoples . . . not too stubborn to bend, but too strong ever to be broken.

"With its far-flung frontiers, mine is a land so broad, so rich in its hidden treasure, so vast in its resources that, if we had to, we could build a fence around ourselves and live forever . . . *alone.*

"Mine is a people of common stature, uncursed by class . . . vaccinated against all isms, cults and imported crack-pot philosophies . . . noisy at a ball game, but dangerously silent in battle.

"My people *think!* Over the roar of wheels, in thundering subways, in factory and field, in the depths of mines, amid the clank of tin dinner buckets, behind the drawn blinds of their thirty million homes, wherever they are, even now they are thinking . . . thinking out the answers that others cannot find. And, when the time comes, they speak . . . without stuttering.

"I am proud of American inventive genius; if there had never been *but just these few* Americans . . . Franklin, Fulton, Bell, Edison and the Wright Brothers . . . this would *still* be the greatest nation on earth.

"But most of all I give thanks for American Industry and for American business brains that have found a way to pay better wages . . . to work shorter hours . . . to pay more for their raw stuff . . . and still, with the help of mass production and mass distribution, give the people what they want *at prices they can pay.*"

◆ ◆ ◆

So long as machinery continues to ease the strain on muscle, and Americans after a day's work aren't too tired to *play* . . . nothing really serious is going to happen to . . . GOD'S COUNTRY.

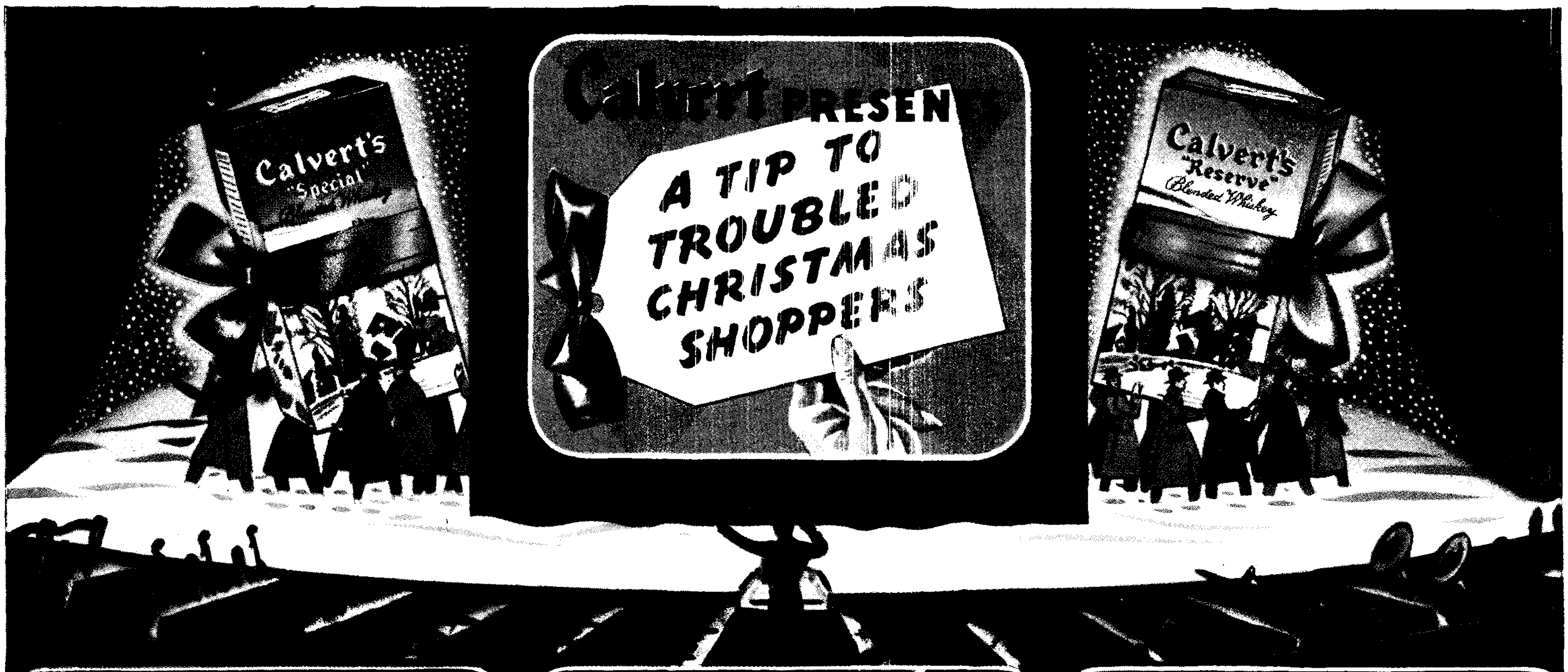
Published in the belief that there is more to Business than just selling goods—

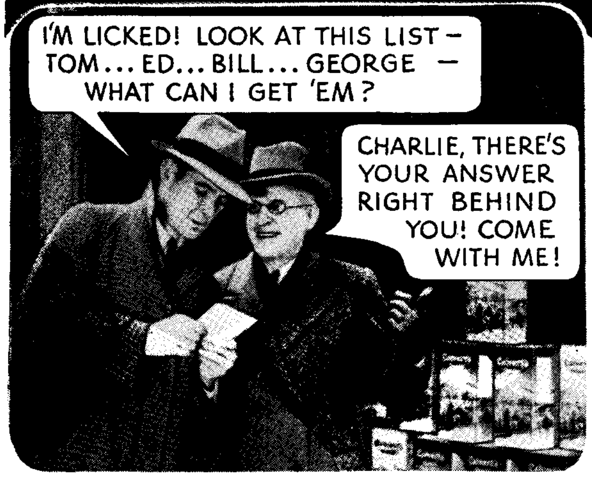
LINK-BELT COMPANY

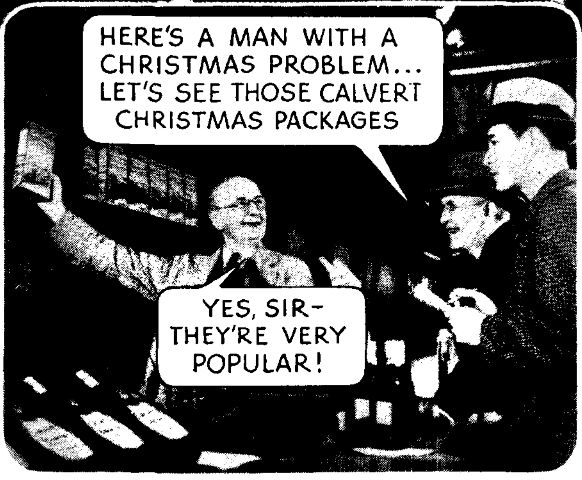
The Leading Manufacturer of Equipment for Handling Materials and Transmitting Power

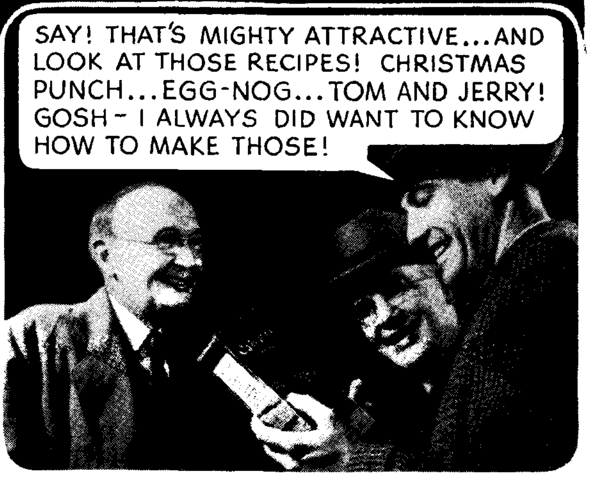
INDIANAPOLIS • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO
ATLANTA • SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO
7204

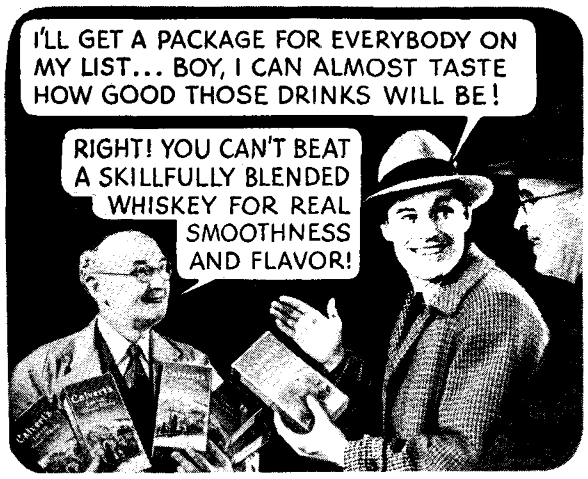
Copyright 1937 by Link-Belt Company

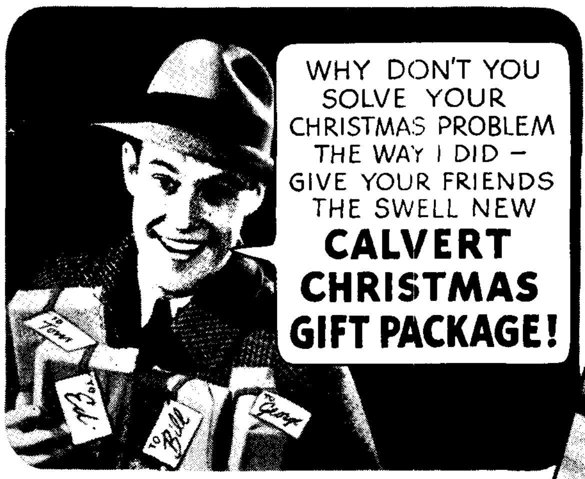

Calvert PRESENTS
A TIP TO TROUBLED CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS
Calvert's "Special"
Calvert's "Reserve" Blended Whiskey


I'M LICKED! LOOK AT THIS LIST— TOM... ED... BILL... GEORGE — WHAT CAN I GET 'EM?
CHARLIE, THERE'S YOUR ANSWER RIGHT BEHIND YOU! COME WITH ME!


HERE'S A MAN WITH A CHRISTMAS PROBLEM... LET'S SEE THOSE CALVERT CHRISTMAS PACKAGES
YES, SIR— THEY'RE VERY POPULAR!


SAY! THAT'S MIGHTY ATTRACTIVE...AND LOOK AT THOSE RECIPES! CHRISTMAS PUNCH...EGG-NOG...TOM AND JERRY! GOSH— I ALWAYS DID WANT TO KNOW HOW TO MAKE THOSE!


I'LL GET A PACKAGE FOR EVERYBODY ON MY LIST... BOY, I CAN ALMOST TASTE HOW GOOD THOSE DRINKS WILL BE!
RIGHT! YOU CAN'T BEAT A SKILLFULLY BLENDED WHISKEY FOR REAL SMOOTHNESS AND FLAVOR!


WHY DON'T YOU SOLVE YOUR CHRISTMAS PROBLEM THE WAY I DID — GIVE YOUR FRIENDS THE SWELL NEW CALVERT CHRISTMAS GIFT PACKAGE!
To Tom
To Ed
To Bill
To George

SEE IT TODAY! **The Calvert Christmas Gift Package**

Calvert's "Special" Blended Whiskey
1 QUART BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE CALVERT DISTILLING CO., RELAY, MD. 90 PROOF
Calvert's "Reserve"
Calvert's Special

CLEAR HEADS

[CLEAR HEADED BUYERS]

CALL FOR

Calvert

WHISKIES

BUY BETTER WHISKEY

COPR. 1937 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., DISTILLERIES: RELAY, MD., AND LOUISVILLE, KY., EXECUTIVE OFFICES: CHRYSLER BLDG., N. Y. C. CALVERT'S "RESERVE" BLENDED WHISKEY—90 PROOF—STRAIGHT WHISKEY IN THIS PRODUCT IS 5 YEARS OLD. 32% 5 YEAR OLD STRAIGHT WHISKEY; 68% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT'S "SPECIAL" BLENDED WHISKEY—90 PROOF—STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 2 YEARS OR MORE OLD. 25% STRAIGHT WHISKEY; 75% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 10% 2 YEAR OLD STRAIGHT WHISKEY; 15% 5 YEAR OLD STRAIGHT WHISKEY.

down on the bed. There was sweat on his forehead. "I did not know anything had happened to her."

"You didn't know she had been kidnaped?"

"No!" He stared up at Crane. "And you think I know something of it?"

"We're asking you."

"I know nothing."

"You don't even know she is gone?"

"I tell you I know nothing." The passion faded from his eyes, was replaced by fear as he looked at Imago. "This is a trick . . ."

"No," said Crane.

Imago started to say something in Spanish.

"Speak English," Crane said.

"I try to tell him re-ally Miss Essex is kidnap last night."

O'Rourke said, "Get a newspaper. That'll prove it for him."

A SMALL bag of navy blue suède hung from Imago Paraguay's arm. "There is no need," she said. She took a piece of paper from the bag, tossed it at di Gregario. It fell on the floor, half under the bed, and he had to go down on one knee to reach it. His fingers had trouble unfolding it.

It was the front page of the morning's Miami Herald. While di Gregario read the Essex story under O'Rourke's watchful eye, Crane went into the bathroom and bathed his lip in cold water. Blood, now thicker, still oozed from the cut. He felt the hair rise on the back of his neck and turned to find Imago Paraguay's inscrutable eyes on him.

He tried to smile, but his lip throbbed. "Big as a balloon tire, isn't it?" he asked. "Is what di Gregario said true?"

"What did he say?"

"That you are an agent for the Cuban government."

"Once I was." Her shoulders lifted in a shrug. "But no longer am I interested."

He turned off the water. "And di Gregario's cousin?"

"Roberto Gomez?" Her teeth were small and very even. "Yes, I kill him. Why not? He did not ca-are to give me some papers he had, so . . ." She made a small, deadly movement with her wrist.

He felt again the peril that was so strange a part of her allure. That was her charm; to be as dangerous, as cold as a coral snake; and yet to be passionately seductive.

She was still smiling. "Now you fear me?" she asked.

"I'll keep out of the way of your stinger," he promised her. He tossed the bloody towel into the tub. "What is di Gregario?"

"His family once own much la-and in Cuba." She spoke the country's name as if it were spelled Coo-ba. "They lose all in the la-ast revolution. Now, I think, he heads a junta."

"A junta?"

"Men who wish to overthrow the government."

"Ah," said Crane.

In the bedroom O'Rourke spoke. "Now d'you believe us, Count?"

"Yes. But I know nothing of it."

Crane came out of the bathroom. "Mr. O'Rourke and I are in the employ of the Essex estate," he said. "We thought you might know something about Camelia. Miss Paraguay heard we were coming to see you and said she would come along. She said she knew you."

The curtains fluttered in the breeze. The yacht had gone and there was only blue ocean in the window.

"What do you want me to tell you?" asked di Gregario.

"Where are the three men who were with you?"

Surprise widened the Latin's brown eyes. "Gone . . . in a boat."

"Where?"

For an instant di Gregario's eyes rested on Imago Paraguay. "I do not know."

Imago said, "Liar!" Her voice was lazy. "Tell them the truth. I am no longer interested in Cuba."

"But the man with the lobeless ear didn't go with them, did he?" Crane demanded.

"The man with the lobeless ear?" Di Gregario held the palms of his hands open, as though about to catch a bundle. "I do not know such a man."

"All right," Crane said. "Where'd the boat go?"

Di Gregario shrugged his shoulders. "A fishing trip, perhaps."

"Look," said O'Rourke. "You come clean, dago, or I'll bat you right on the nozzle with this." He brandished his revolver.

The drying lather made foamy splotches on di Gregario's face, showed the dark stubble on the unshaven left side. "I give you my word, señors, the men in the boat have nothing to do with Camelia." His voice was vehement. "I know nothing about her."

"Come on," said O'Rourke, "start clicking."

"What does he mean, click?" di Gregario asked.

Crane ignored the question. "You don't seem very worried about her . . . not for a guy who was so hot to elope a month or so ago," he said.

"I am sorry, of course." Di Gregario's brown eyes were frank. "But it was over between us—she likes another."

"Who?"

"I do not know. She told me last night that one was in her party."

"Good lord! Not the major!" Crane exclaimed.

Imago laughed. "Somebody younger, I thi-ink."

"Why, she hardly knew me," said Crane.

"Nuts," O'Rourke said with disgust.

"Your friend lo-oves to joke," Imago Paraguay told O'Rourke. "He forgets Tony Lamphier."

Di Gregario leaned against the foot of the bed. "It is the truth when I say about Camelia I know nothing."

"But the boat," said Imago. "Where is the boat?"

"I will not tell you." His eyes were defiant. "You are a spy for that devil Cabista." His courage had returned and Crane thought he looked quite handsome with his regular features, his big dark eyes, his smooth skin and his glossy black hair.

"Want me to work on him?" asked O'Rourke.

DI GREGARIO stared defiantly at Crane. "Kill me, but I will not tell you where the boat has gone." Words popped from his mouth, brought flecks of spittle with them. "I would not trust even an enemy to the mercy of this viper." He pointed an elbow at Imago. "My friends on the boat trust me."

"That's just dandy," said Crane.

"Should I go to work?" asked O'Rourke.

"No."

"You will not ma-ake him tell?" Imago asked.

"Not if he doesn't want to."

"You believe I know nothing of Camelia?" asked di Gregario.

"I think I do."

O'Rourke reluctantly opened his linen coat, pushed his revolver in the underarm holster. "Then we're through with this guy?"

"Yes," said Crane. "Let's go."

He held the door for Imago. As she passed she smiled a little at him. Di Gregario came as far as the bathroom door.

"I'm sorry I struck you," he said to Crane.

"That's okay," said O'Rourke. "We're sorry we struck you."

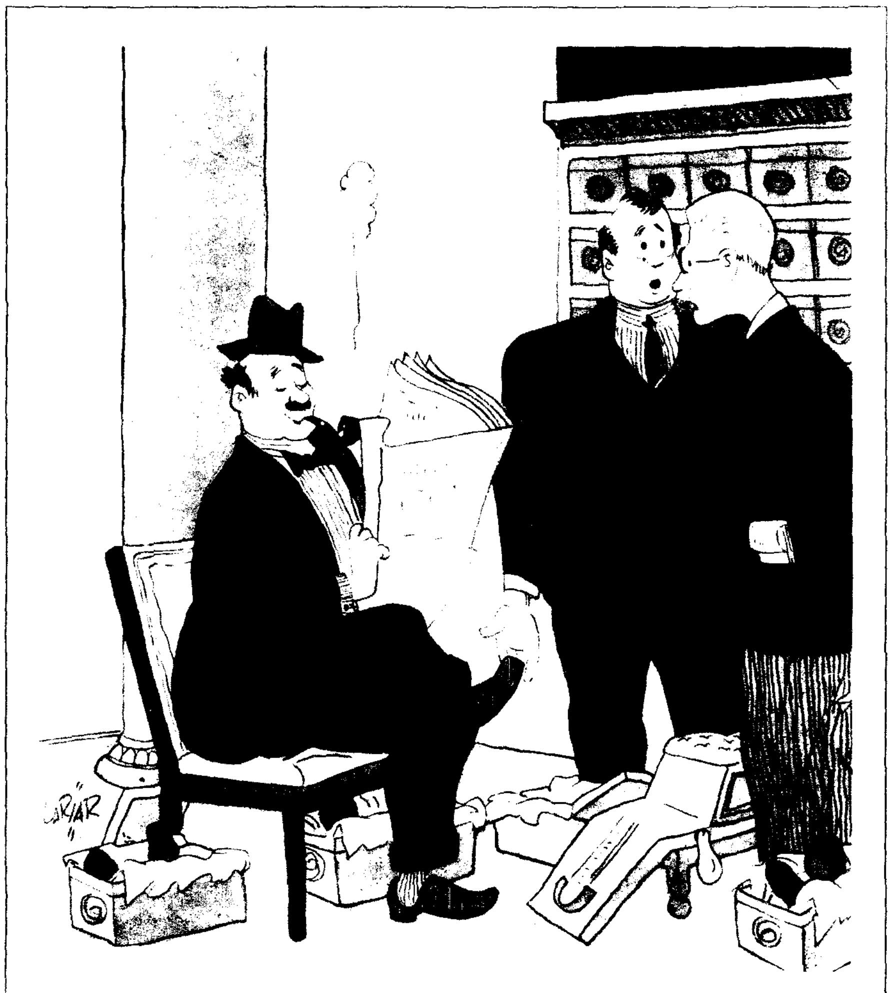
"I've been punched before," Crane said.

"I am really sorry," said di Gregario.

"That's all right," said Crane.

"See you again," said O'Rourke.

(To be continued next week)



"Every time I try to close the sale, he says, 'What's that, dear?'"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

AVOID WINTER CURSE

END FREEZE-UP WORRIES WITH AN

ALKOSAVE

The worst curse of winter, radiator freezing, is usually the result of anti-freeze evaporation. You can stop this loss of alcohol, be free from sickening alcohol fumes and forget your freeze-up worries by installing an ALKOSAVE. An effective sealing valve, the ALKOSAVE fits over the lower end of your radiator overflow pipe. It is quickly installed. Thousands of motorists are enjoying ALKOSAVE protection against alcohol evaporation, expensive refills and costly repair bills. Buy an ALKOSAVE at your nearest garage, gasoline station or accessory store and save money every winter month.

LIST PRICE 89c

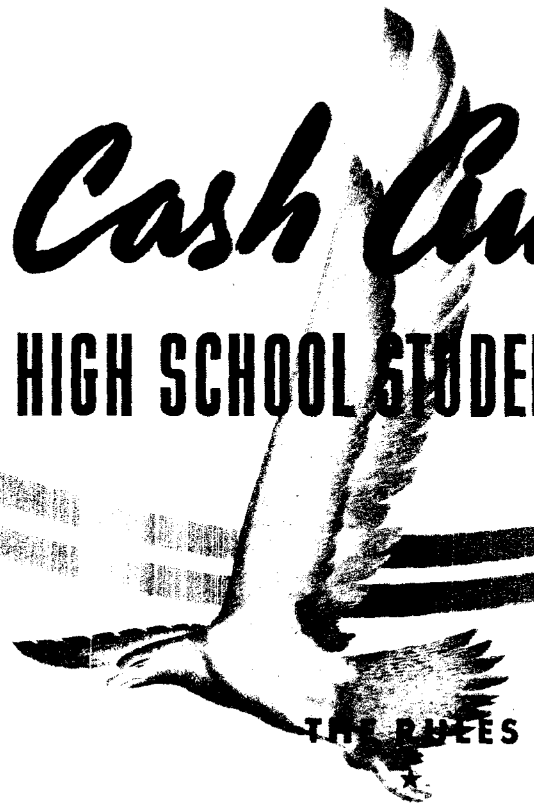
(Slightly higher in Canada and west of Rockies)

EVANS PRODUCTS CO.
392 BROAD STREET
NEWARK, N.J.

EVANS

$7,500 in Cash Awards

TO HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS



The American Magazine establishes

THE AMERICAN YOUTH FORUM

to stimulate constructive thinking about America!

THE AWARDS

★

$7,500 in cash awards to students,
$800 in honorariums to principals and teachers,
Expense-free trips to New York for eight persons,
four winners and four sponsors.

The American Youth Forum is offering $7,500 in awards in an open competition among the students of high-school grade throughout the nation. It is inviting the youth of the country to express in words or in art their best thoughts and feelings about themselves and the America of their hopes.

In this way, The American Magazine is setting out to discover, among the 10,000,000 high-school and preparatory-school students of the United States and its territorial possessions, those young men and young women most capable of planning constructively for themselves and for their country.

So is established a new and significant institution—to stimulate in the 30,000 high schools of the land creative thinking about the nation and its future. The competition will not close until 5 P.M., April 25, 1938. That leaves the whole winter for preparation. There are no entry fees. The *only* qualifications for participants are those stated under "The Rules" in the two columns to the right.

THE RULES

★

1. Every student regularly enrolled in a high school (junior or senior) or a comparable grade or form in any public or private secondary school in the United States, its territories, and the Panama Canal Zone is eligible to compete for The American Youth Forum awards. Excepted only are employees of The American Youth Forum and The Crowell Publishing Company (publishers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE) and members of their families.

2. The awards are as follows:

ARTICLE

$1,000 for the best article, not to exceed 2,500 words, on the subject, *The America I Want.*
$500 for the second best.

SHORT STORY

$1,000 for the best short story, not to exceed 3,000 words, on the general theme, *My Place in America,* the specific title to be chosen by the author.
$500 for the second best.

POEM

$1,000 for the best poem, not to exceed 60 lines, on the subject, *My Hope for America.*
$500 for the second best.

GRAPHIC ART

$1,000 for the best expression in graphic art on the subject, *My Vision for America.*
$500 for the second best.

The artist may choose one of these media for expression: painting, water color, pastel, sketch, photograph, etching, wood block, and linoleum block.

ADDITIONAL AWARDS

$1,500 to the student whose winning entry in any one of the four classes is adjudged, regardless of the medium of expression, the most *original* and most *constructive* in the entire competition. This student's total award will be $2,500.
A week's holiday in New York City, as guests of the Forum, with all expenses paid, for the winners of the first four places.

3. Each entry must be certified as original by *the principal or a teacher of the school regularly attended by the entrant.* The principal or teacher sponsoring a winner of any award, either first or second, will be given an honorarium of $100. Sponsors of the $1,000-award winners will be *invited to chaperon* these successful entrants on the New York trip at the expense of the Forum.

4. Entries will be received at the offices of The American Youth Forum, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., at any time until 5 P. M., April 25, 1938, when the *competition will close. No acknowledgment can* be made of the receipt of individual entries.

5. Manuscripts must be written in pen and ink or typewritten (if typewritten, double spaced) on one side of the paper only. In the upper left-hand corner of the first page there must appear the name of the competitor, his *high-school grade, his home address, the name* and location of his school, and the signature of the principal or teacher sponsoring him. Entries in the graphic art section must have pasted or written on the reverse side the same information required on manuscripts.

6. The results of this competition will be judged by a board of three, appointed by the Director of the Forum, and their decision in all matters affecting the conduct of the competition and the making of awards will be final. All entries will be judged for their sincerity, clearness, and individuality of thought. In the case of ties, each competitor will be given the full value of the award for which he is tied.

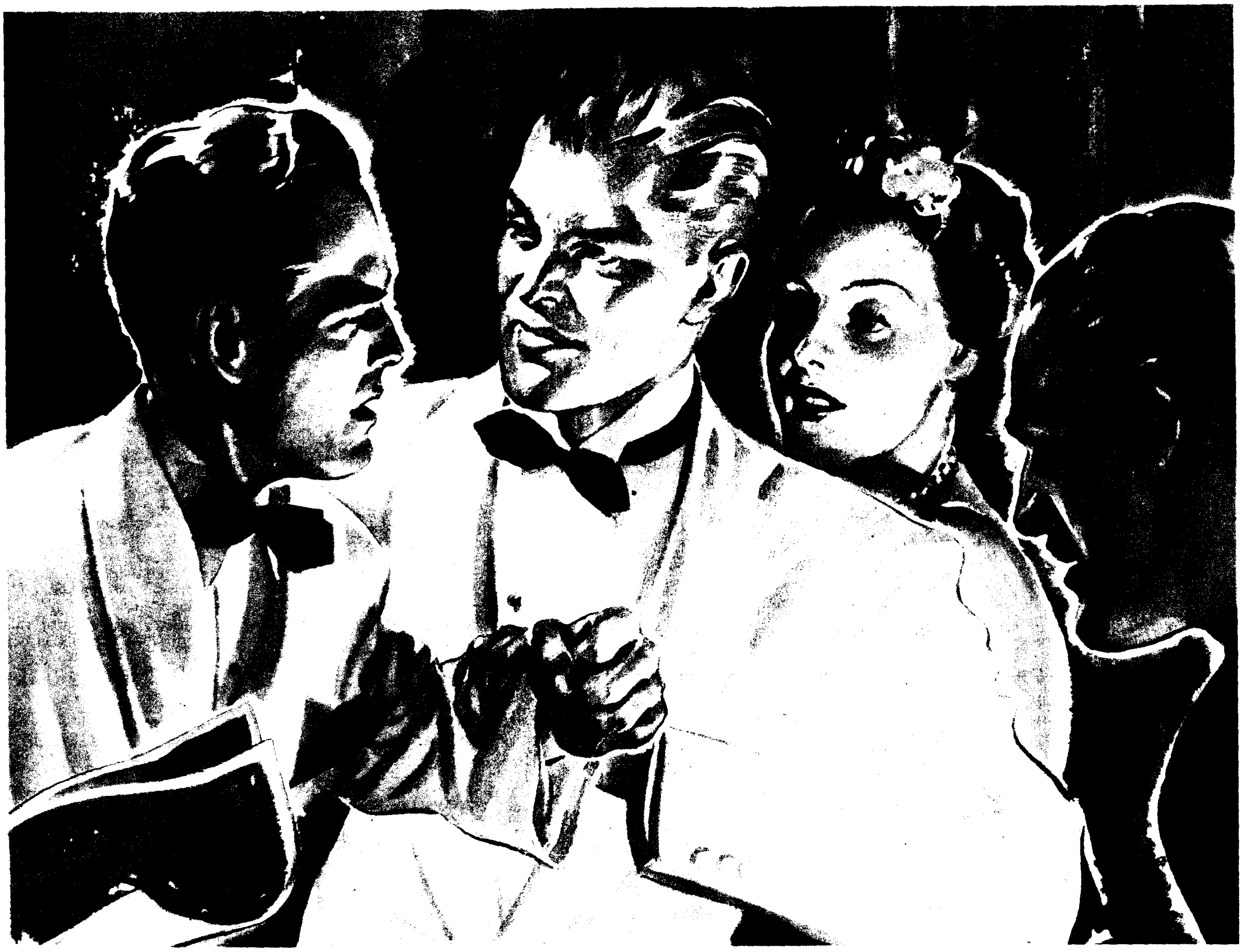
7. The Forum will return no manuscripts entered for the awards. It is suggested that competitors retain copies of their submissions. Graphic art entries which win no awards will be returned following the judgment, provided the entries are accompanied by letters setting forth the method of return shipment desired and sufficient funds in postage stamps or money orders to defray the transportation costs.

8. The American Youth Forum and The American Magazine reserve the right to publish any nonwinning entry submitted for the awards, provided, however, that The American Magazine shall pay space rates for any entry so used. All entries of students to whom awards are made will become the outright property of The American Youth Forum and The American Magazine.

The American Magazine

250 PARK AVE., NEW YORK CITY

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING CO., PUBLISHERS OF THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, COLLIER'S, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE



ELMORE BROWN

Eric reached out a long arm and seized his wrist. "Remember those knuckles, Barney," he said

Conclusion

Smart Girl

By George F. Worts

The Story Thus Far:

ORDERED to deport Stefan Zorane, a labor racketeer, Guy Van Arden, a government agent, "sells out" to the man, forms an alliance with him in New York City, with the object of preying on industry. Then, in need of a spy, he blackmails Sally Porter, a clever newspaper columnist, into taking his orders, on the threat that, unless she co-operates, he will ruin Barney Teel, a young reporter to whom she is engaged.

Another girl, Coral Mayberry, is also in love with Teel; she, too, succumbs to Van Arden's threats, agrees to assist in his schemes. Before Coral enters the picture, however, a senatorial committee, headed by Senator Larsen and investigating the Zorane-Van Arden activities, learns that a "mystery woman" (Sally Porter) holds the key to the situation.

But the committee does not find that woman of mystery; Eric Larsen, the senator's son, does—and falls in love with her! Whereupon, pursuant to a carefully formulated plan which he believes will enable him to expose the conspirators and at the same time save Sally, he forces her (under threat of arrest) to pretend to be his fiancée!

Sally explains to Teel her "engagement" to the senator's son; Teel is suspicious, jealous. Nevertheless, he still loves her. . . . Zorane orders Sally to come to his apartment for a talk. Sally arrives. The racketeer, intoxicated, kisses her; as he does so, Barney (who has followed Sally) bursts in, knocks Zorane down, takes Sally away. A short time later, Pop Kresco (an enemy of Zorane and Van Arden) visits the crook, *finds him dead!*

It is Van Arden who breaks the news to Sally and Teel. He informs them that one of his men, spying on Zorane, had actually witnessed the tragedy, had seen Zorane die. But he says he can (with the co-operation of Sally and Teel) pin the crime on—*Senator Larsen and his son!* At about this time Eric Larsen (who has been investigating Teel's past) learns that a man who calls himself "Lester Teel" is living in Indiana. "Lester Teel" is Barney Teel's father. "Lester Teel" is a bank absconder from New Zealand!

For a time, Van Arden had hoped to drive Senator Larsen out of public life by making it appear that he had had an ugly secret love affair with Lolita Monterey, a beautiful adventuress. Now, however, he has a chance to deliver a far more serious blow. . . .

Sally confesses to the senator that she is the "mystery woman." The senator is, naturally, shocked, amazed. Then Coral Mayberry, Teel and Van Arden appear at his Long Island home, and accuse him and his son of murdering Zorane. Then the butler enters the room. "A Miss Monterey is here, Senator," he announces.

IN SPITE of his swollen, waxy face and the bandages which covered his head, Eric Larsen knew the man in Cot Seven was John Featherly.

The interne said: "He has a severe concussion, but the X-rays and his symptoms don't indicate a fracture. His pulse and respiration are normal, and his eye reactions are normal."

Eric asked him how long Featherly might be unconscious.

"It's impossible to say. He'll awake suddenly."

"Will his brain be normal?"

"Perhaps and perhaps not. It may be normal when he awakes. It may take a few hours, even a few days. A concussion is a nerve shock and that makes it hard to make predictions."

"Even if he should wake up tonight," Eric said, "he wouldn't be in shape to do much talking, would he?"

"We wouldn't permit anyone to talk to him."

"Is there any question of his not pulling through?"

"Not unless there are internal injuries, and his symptoms don't indicate them."

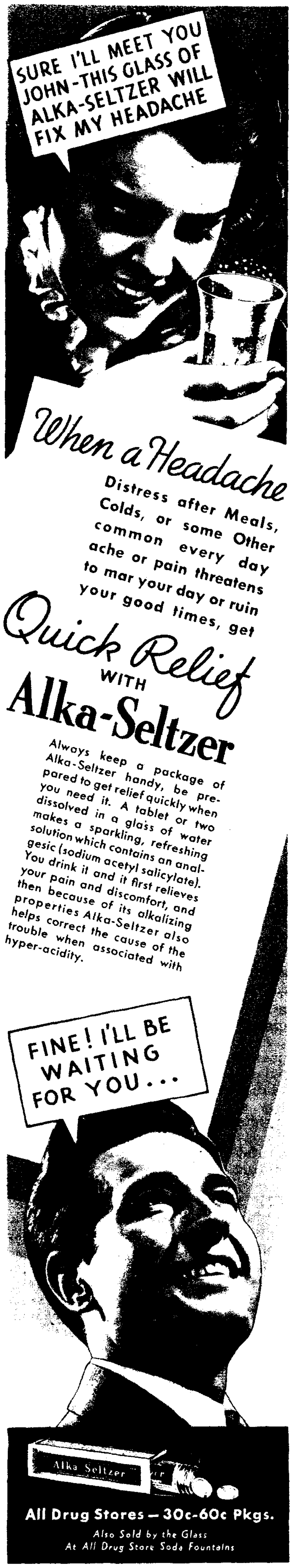
Eric returned to the superintendent's office. He made arrangements for Featherly to be moved to a private room and to have special nursing, and he asked to see Featherly's effects. They consisted of two keys, a pocket knife, and a small empty yellow box which had contained a film of the size used in candid cameras.

Eric left the hospital as quickly as possible. He did not want to meet Lieutenant Ackerson. Zorane's murder might be discovered at any moment. The mystery surrounding it and the mystery surrounding Featherly's discovery, unconscious, in Central Park would mean a ruthless police investigation. He had no time for questions now.

HE DROVE to his address and returned to Zorane's apartment by taking the elevator to the nineteenth floor, walking down the hall past his own apartment to the service stairway and down the stairs to the fifth floor. He let himself into the kitchen and began a search for Featherly's candid camera. He searched Featherly's room, the living room. He went through the desk. Zorane's bedroom he left until last because it seemed illogical that Featherly would have hidden a camera there. He found it, however, under the blanket folded across the foot of Zorane's bed, just within reach of the living-room doorway.

He dropped the camera into his pocket and started for the kitchen, then changed his plans and picked up the telephone directory. He looked up the number of Boris Kolaris, and dialed it.

When the photographer answered, Eric said, "Boris, it's Eric Larsen. Can you


SURE I'LL MEET YOU JOHN-THIS GLASS OF ALKA-SELTZER WILL FIX MY HEADACHE
FINE! I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU...
Alka Seltzer

When a Headache Distress after Meals, Colds, or some Other common every day ache or pain threatens to mar your day or ruin your good times, get Quick Relief WITH Alka-Seltzer

Always keep a package of Alka-Seltzer handy, be prepared to get relief quickly when you need it. A tablet or two dissolved in a glass of water makes a sparkling, refreshing solution which contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it first relieves your pain and discomfort, and then because of its alkalizing properties Alka-Seltzer also helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with hyper-acidity.

All Drug Stores — 30c-60c Pkgs.
Also Sold by the Glass At All Drug Store Soda Fountains

develop a roll of candid-camera film and make enlargements from the wet film? It's a matter of life and death."

"It can be done, Eric."

"Get things ready. I'll be right down."

A bell in the kitchen began to ring. Eric looked at the living-room door. He ran into the kitchen. There were two electric bells high on the wall. In his apartment, one was a bell, the other was a buzzer—one for the front door, the other for the service door. Which bell, he wondered, was which?

It rang in long, insistent peals. He opened a window and looked down on Park Avenue. There were two cars parked at the curb in front of his roadster. Both looked like squad cars.

The bell continued to ring. Its identity was established when a banging began on the front door.

Eric opened the kitchen door and slipped out. He started at a run up the stairs. He climbed to the nineteenth floor, went down the hall and rang for the elevator.

Downstairs, as he started through the lobby, the doorman said, "A police lieutenant just went up to your apartment, Mr. Larsen. Did you see him?"

"I'll see him later," Eric said.

"Two policemen just went up to the fifth floor, to Mr. Zorane's apartment. Do you know what's going on, Mr. Larsen?"

"It's highly mystifying," Eric said.

LOLITA MONTEREY wore the same dress she had worn at the Hey Nonny No Club last night—a slim gray gown that revealed her beautiful shoulders and arms. Her shining black hair was slightly disarrayed. Her creamy skin was white. Her black eyes were enormous.

Her breast was rising and falling with her quick gasps. She looked about the study, from the senator to Barney to Coral Mayberry to Guy Van Arden, then to Sally.

She cried: "What are you doing here? Mr. Teel, did you know that Stefan Zorane is dead? Did you know that he was murdered last night?" She spoke so rapidly that the words formed a high trilling sound.

Barney said, "Yes."

The Mexican girl cried, "And he did it!" She pointed with a shaking hand at Senator Larsen.

Barney advanced on her with his cat-about-to-pounce smile. "How do you know he did it?"

"He said he was going to do it!" she cried. "He said he was going to do it!"

Miss Monterey sat down and began to cry. She put her hands to her face and sobbed. She looked up at Barney. "He telephoned me from Washington."

"The senator?"

"He told me he was coming to New York."

"When was this, Miss Monterey?"

She answered shrilly, "A few days ago! I told him I would not see him because Stefan had made me promise I'd never see him again. The senator was furious."

Barney had taken out a pencil and an envelope. He was making notes on the envelope.

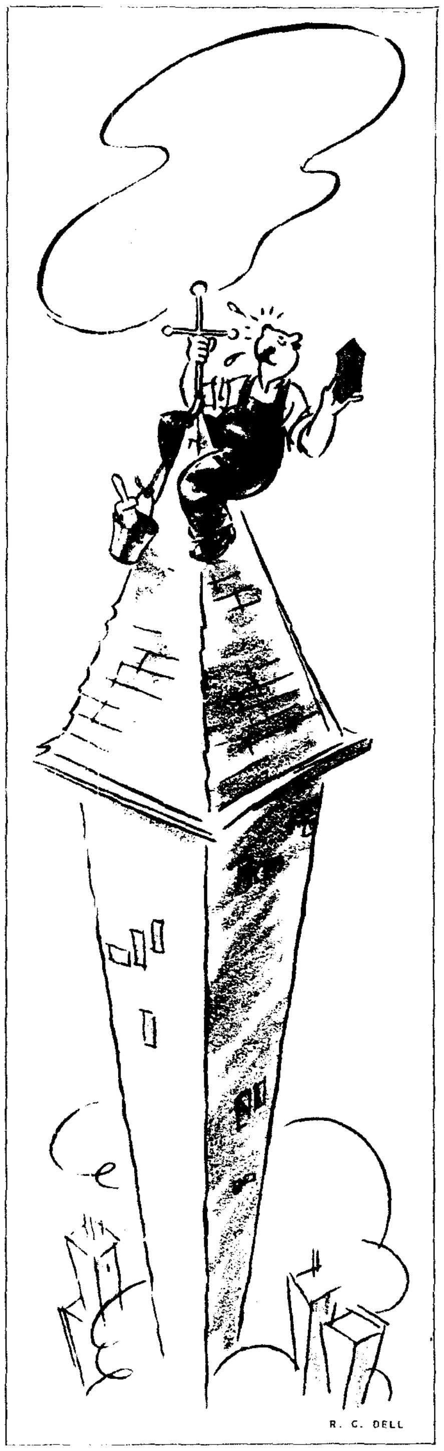
"He said, 'If you don't get rid of him, I will.' I said, 'What do you mean? You must not do anything foolish.' And he said, 'If he doesn't leave you alone, I'll kill him with my bare hands!' "

With a shudder, Miss Monterey dropped her face into her hands again. Barney began to question her, but she was paying no attention to him.

The senator watched Barney scribbling. A sort of numbness was creeping over him.

"Were those his exact words, Miss Monterey?" Barney was saying. " 'If he doesn't leave you alone, I'll kill him with my bare hands'?"

"Yes, yes."


R. C. DELL

The senator was seeing all of it in print. Banners of black type. His photographs. There would be the visit to his Long Island home by this well-known night-club girl, and her sobbing accusation; the corroborative testimony of Coral Mayberry, whose eccentricities were always in the headlines—all written by the man who claimed to have seen him and Eric leaving the scene of the murder. It was a perfect story, rich in scandal.

HE THOUGHT: "It's bad enough for me, but dragging Eric into it! I've got him into this—after all he's done to help me! And he's not even here to defend himself."

He saw Van Arden's grave, solicitous eyes on him. He thought, "Ah, he knows this will keep me so busy I can't finish my job on him. He's back of it all. And now it's my word against three of them."

Barney said briskly, "I can't wait any longer, Senator. I have a deadline to make. Have you a statement?"

"Keep away from that telephone."

Van Arden said mildly, "Wait just a moment, Barney. After all, the one important thing that's been said here is what you said; that you saw the senator leaving Zorane's apartment. And what the senator says is quite right. It's merely your word against his."

The reporter shook his head. "I'm afraid it's more than that. You see, I wasn't alone."

"Suppose you tell us about it, Barney. Just how you saw the senator and what the circumstances were."

"Yes," the senator said wearily, "by all means, let's have details."

"Very well. We went up to Zorane's apartment to ask him about you and Lolita Monterey. I knew she was Zorane's mistress, and I wanted to ask him about you."

"Not mistress," Miss Monterey interrupted, "fiancée."

"Okay. Fiancée. But we didn't see Zorane. We heard voices when we reached the apartment door. I recognized the senator's voice and Zorane's and later Eric's. I tried to hear what was being said, but I didn't have any luck, so we went down the hall and waited. I wanted to make sure it was you, Senator. I wanted to see you when you left."

The senator was nodding. "Yes. I see."

"It was you. You and Eric came out furtively and went down the hall to the service stairs. I thought, here's a bigger story than I'd hoped for. Senator Larsen and his son having a row with Zorane. I expected to get a hot statement out of Zorane. We rang and rang. There was no answer. We supposed Zorane was furious and wasn't having any more callers. I went out and tried to telephone him. I tried at intervals all night. I've been trying all day."

"Wait a minute," the senator said. "You keep saying 'we.' Who was with you?"

"A young lady. I hate to drag her into this."

Van Arden said firmly, "It's necessary, Barney. Who was it?"

Barney hesitated and answered: "It was Sally."

THE senator turned and looked at Sally. They all looked at Sally. She lifted her head a little. Her eyes came up and moved about their faces.

The senator said bitterly, "So this is where you come in, my dear."

Sally looked up at him and her eyes were full of misery.

"She was with me," Barney said. "She heard the senator's voice and Eric's voice, and she saw them sneak down the hall to the service stairway door."

The senator was thinking, "Now it's my word against four of them."

Lolita lifted her tear-stained face again and cried: "Then he did do it! He said he would and he did!"

Coral wailed, "Oh, why in the world did you do it?"

Van Arden had walked slowly toward the settee until he was standing over Sally. He said sternly, "Sally, is this true? Did you see the senator and Eric leaving that apartment?"

Sally raised her head and looked into his eyes. She said clearly, "No. I did not."

Senator Larsen started toward her. His face was suddenly red. "Why, Sally!" he exclaimed. "Why God bless you, Sally!"

Barney said angrily, "She's lying! She was there!"

Van Arden glanced quickly at Barney and said, "Miss Monterey, I want to ask you one question. Just exactly what was the senator's threat against Zorane?"

Barney reached the settee and said, "Come outside."

"All right!" Sally snapped.

POP KRESCO was slumped down in his corner of the seat, chewing at a dead cigar, staring at the taillight ahead.

"Listen, Steve," he said. "We're going back. I'm going to make him believe it if I have to shove it down his throat. Turn around!"

Barney was not trying to control himself now. A porch light showed his face ash-white and his eyes black, with dilated, long pupils. Sally involuntarily took a step backward in the grass. She thought he was going to strike her. He was angrier than he had been last night when they left Zorane's apartment.

He said in a cold, deliberate fury: "What a time to pick to turn yellow! When I really need you, when I give you a real chance to make up for all the lying and cheating and double-crossing you've been doing, you let me down! Do you realize what you're doing? Don't you realize what it means to me?"

Sally could not see his face clearly because the light was in her eyes, but she wasn't afraid of what might be there. She wasn't afraid of him at all. She seemed to have reached a place in the emotions where everything neutralized everything else.

"I couldn't let it go on," she said. "I can't help it, Barney. I can't do it and I won't do it."

"You've got to do it," he said. "You've got to go back in there and back me up."

"I won't, Barney."

"You don't know what you're saying. You can't let me down."

HIS voice was furious but it was desperate, too, yet none of its shadings moved her now.

"I won't let you put the blame on him."

"Is that it?" Barney said. "You'll stand by him. You'll drop me and stand by him and that son of his?"

She said stubbornly, "I won't let you frame him."

"Why?" he demanded. "What's happened? A while ago you were willing enough. You said you were. You said you'd stand by me."

"I didn't realize what it meant."

"I forget," Barney said, "that you're the girl who does a column called Let's Be Smart because you're so smart."

"Barney, please listen. You'll do better going straight to the police, telling them what you know and not letting Van Arden influence you any more."

"You don't know what you're talking about," Barney said. "I killed that man. You don't get out of killings by going to the police and saying, 'I'm a good boy. I did it.' "

"You'll stand a much better chance than if you let Van Arden use you. He's using you the way he's using Coral and that Mexican girl, the way he used me. He's got himself into a corner and he's just using us to try to crawl out. His schemes are all like this—crazy and top-heavy and wrong. He isn't thinking straight. He's just grabbing anything to cover up a mistake that's the result of a series of mistakes. He's through. Being through makes him reckless and dangerous."

"What you're saying," Barney answered, "doesn't deceive me for a minute. You have decided to stand by that pompous old fourflusher, because you're a smart girl. What happened to me wasn't of any consequence. My life isn't important. My career isn't important. Let it ride! I don't need you, but it's up to you to take the consequences. It's my story against yours. You can lie and say you weren't with me last night, but it won't help you. I'll have witnesses who saw you go up and who saw you come out. No, by God, I don't need you, you dirty double-crossing little liar!"

"Don't say that again," Sally said.

"Okay. I'll put it in the form of a question. Are you going to be sensible and decent and go back in there and stand by me, or are you going to be a rotten little traitor?"

"I'm going to be a rotten little traitor."

Barney said, "I see," as if he were confused. Then he said more firmly, on a note of scorn, "I should think you'd feel like crawling off and hiding. Look at Coral. Coral is standing by me."

"Yes, Barney. And look at Lolita."

"I'll get out of it," he said angrily. "Don't worry about me. But I won't forget the way you've let me down. I should have been ready for it. You've been on the make for Eric Larsen ever since you met him!"

Sally was growing angry. His deliberately insulting voice went on: "You don't deny it, do you? I'm disgusted with you and I'm disgusted with myself for having been such a sucker. I'll be frank."

"Yes," Sally said. "By all means, be frank."

"I will be," he said with that coldly flowing ugliness. "I know the path I'm following and you were merely interference. You've got the right idea. You've got the same idea I have."

Headlights in the drive glowed momentarily on the hedge beside the porch, but Sally paid no attention to them. Nor did Barney.

"Naturally, you want Eric Larsen more than you want me, and it's better for me that you do. This little interlude of ours is the only time I've ever stopped being practical, and you've done me a favor in going ahead and being just as practical as I should have been all along."

Sally was looking up into his face without the sensation of hurt. She suddenly, for the first time, clearly saw Barney for what he was, and the last trace of her fondness for him flowed out of her, but not her anger.

"You needed my leadership," she said.

"I did. You're an awfully clever girl and you've made me realize what a sap I've been. Now I know that you're nothing but a cold-blooded chiseler."

Sally said, "If I were a man I'd knock you down."

Eric's voice, out of the darkness behind her, said, "That ought to simplify everything." He came across the lawn and pushed her aside. He said, "Barney, you've said all you're going to say." And Barney said, "Really? Is something stopping me?"

He swung his fist as he said it. Eric stepped aside and drew his head back, so that the swing went wild. He dropped the large flat package he was carrying and hit Barney with his right fist somewhere in the lower part of the face. Barney fell down. When he got up, he looked for a moment as if he intended to carry on the fight, then said, "Save it, Larsen. You may need your strength."

"Barney," Eric said, "you'd make a wonderful comedy character. You really ought to write a play about yourself."

ANOTHER pair of headlights glowed on the hedge and a car made a grinding noise in the gravel.

Sally said, "Eric, Zorane is dead. They say you killed him. They say you and your father killed him."

"Who says so?"

"I say so," Barney said.

"It's Van Arden," Sally said. "Barney claims he saw you and the senator leaving Zorane's apartment last night. Lolita Monterey says that she was having an affair with the senator and that the senator killed Zorane because he was jealous."

"She says so! Is he here?"

"Yes. They're all here. Coral—"

He said in a shocked voice: "Coral isn't in on this!"

"In on what?" Barney snapped. "She knew your father was having an affair with that girl."

Eric uttered a single hard bark of laughter. "Isn't that just dandy! So the senator and I killed him. With what? Kindness?"

The soft whispery voice of Pop Kresco said: "What's this about Senator Larsen killing Zorane?"

Eric picked up the package he had dropped. The contractor and the sun-

Get a Delco Battery for quick starting in cold weather

Delco-Remy

MANUFACTURER OF DELCO-REMY STARTING, LIGHTING, AND IGNITION KLAXON HORNS • DELCO BATTERIES AUTOMATIC CARBURETOR CONTROLS.

DELCO-REMY PRODUCTS AND GENUINE PARTS ARE AVAILABLE AT UNITED MOTORS SERVICE STATIONS EVERYWHERE...WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN.

UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

World's Largest Manufacturer of Automotive Electrical Equipment

burned man in the black hat walked up.

The sunburned man said to Eric, "Remember me, pal?"

Eric looked at him. "Aren't you the old pal who chased Miss Porter up the stairs and into my kitchen?"

"Yeah! And I'm the guy who saw her and this guy on the sidewalk outside the apartment right after Zorane was killed last night."

"Take it easy, Steve," Pop said.

"I am taking it easy. Anyhow, we just picked it up on our short wave that Zorane was rubbed out last night. Are they framing you, Mr. Larsen? Ask this guy, pal, what he was doing coming outside of Zorane's apartment around half-past two with a bruise under one eye and a lot of bloody knuckles."

"Sally," Eric said, "were you there last night?"

"Sure, she was there," the sunburned man answered. "She went up there a little after two. This guy Teel followed her in and when they came out his knuckles were bleeding. He shoved this dame into a cab, and just before that, she said, 'Zorane was gonna talk.' "

"Sally," Eric said, "what did Zorane say to you?"

"She wasn't in there," Barney snapped.

"And you weren't either," the sunburned man said.

"I *certainly* was not!"

"Then how did you get those bloody knuckles? Pounding on his door? And what hit you under the eye—the doorknob?"

Eric said: "Barney, wait a minute. Did Van Arden accuse you of killing Zorane? Is that it? Is that why you've all ganged up on the senator?"

Sally was staring at him.

Barney said, "What the hell do you mean?"

"Van Arden scared you into thinking—" Eric began. "I want to see that master mind."

He crossed the lawn to the porch at a run, sprinted up the steps and went into the senator's study. The first person he saw was the night-club girl in the gray dress. She was pacing up and down beside the desk, with the gray gown dancing about like toy balloons. She was saying hysterically, "Why did you kill him? Why did you—" She saw Eric and stopped.

Guy Van Arden was standing beside the desk, looking somewhat grim. Coral was huddled in a corner of the settee, haggard and worried.

THE senator was sitting in a chair, with his arms hanging down, his head bent down. He was gray. He was apparently in a state of collapse.

He glanced up as Eric came in. He said in a trembling voice, "Eric, they've ruined me."

"No, they haven't," Eric said. "What's it all about, Van Arden?"

Van Arden answered gravely, "Eric, a very shocking thing has occurred. Zorane was murdered last night."

Barney came into the room with an air of bounding.

"This young man," Van Arden went on, "claims he heard you and your father quarreling with Zorane and saw you leave his apartment. Zorane was never seen alive again."

Eric glanced at Harry Seifert, who was standing in the hall doorway, then at Van Arden.

"Van Arden, you're careful, you're thorough, you don't overlook anything. And there's probably only one thing wrong with your idea. It doesn't match the pictures."

He tossed the flat package on the desk. Barney walked quickly over to the desk. "What pictures?"

"Probably the best pictures ever taken of a murder. Three swell pictures, Van Arden, of you swinging that chair on Zorane's head."

Barney was tearing the package open. He took out three damp enlargements separated by sheets of white blotting paper. All three photographs showed Zorane facing the camera, and Van Arden in profile, with the chair in his hands. In one he was picking it up. In the second he was lifting it. In the third he had brought it down on Zorane's head, and in this photograph, Zorane's hands were raised to ward it off and he was falling.

Van Arden reached across the desk for one of the damp enlargements. Barney started around the desk toward him. Eric saw the beginning of anger in his face. He had seen it last night when Barney was walking toward the senator's table in the Hey Nonny No Club and suddenly recognized Sally. But he had not seen it develop. Barney had checked it. He was not checking it now.

He brought up his fist. Eric reached out a long arm and seized his wrist. "Remember those knuckles, Barney."

The reporter twisted his arm free. "Do you realize what he's done to me?" he said furiously. "He tried to hang that murder on me! He actually made me think I did it. He made Coral think I did. He made Sally think I did. I was sure I did!"

Eric said mildly, "Just what did you do?"

"I went up there and found Zorane making passes at Sally and I knocked his teeth down his throat!"

"What made you think you'd killed him?"

"I didn't! That was Van Arden's cute little wrinkle. I knocked him out. He was out cold when I left."

The senator said heavily, "Eric, who took these pictures?"

"Featherly."

"Then he's an eyewitness to this murder. Where is he?"

"In the Flower Hospital, unconscious. He was picked up unconscious in Central Park at five this morning."

Van Arden was standing close to the desk looking down at the enlargement, with his hands flat on the desk, one on either side. The light from the table lamp on the desk was shining up into his face. Eric saw a pulse beating rapidly in his left temple. He was conscious of his hardness and lack of resilience. The sweat on his forehead caught a highlight. The fine lines beside his mouth were black. Eric guessed what was happening in that active brain. It had probably never in his life been busier than it was now. He had always retreated so cleverly, had covered up so thoroughly, and now he was running into a stone wall no matter where he turned, and it showed in the sweat on his forehead. It showed, too, in his eyes, when he turned to Barney.

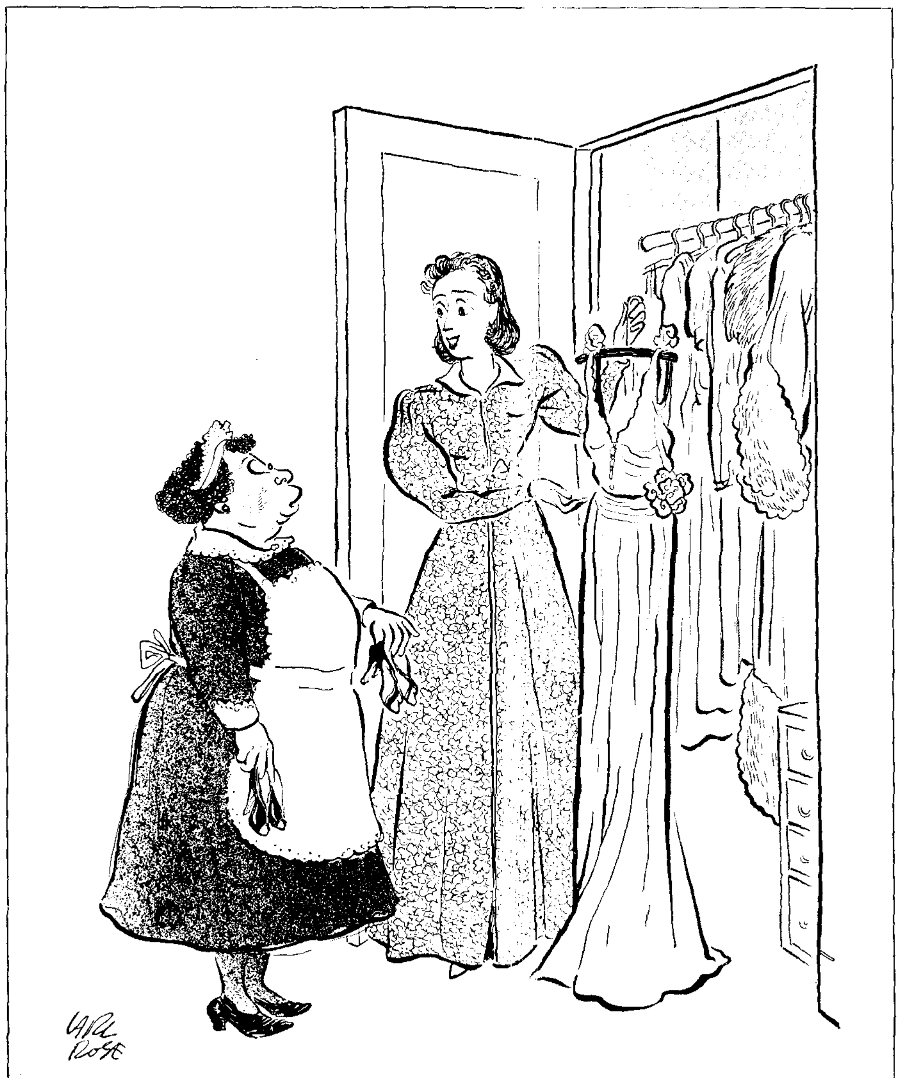
HARRY SEIFERT left the doorway and came over to Eric on tiptoe and said, very low, "How about it, boss?"

"I don't think he'll do anything, but he might. Keep close to him."

Van Arden was studying the enlargement again. He looked up. Harry Seifert edged a little closer to him. Van Arden, frowning, looked about the room until he found Sally. Her eyes were large and dark. One of his eyebrows went up a little. He turned to a chair and sat down. He reached into a cigarette box on an end table, selected a cigarette and lit it. His hands were steady.

Eric glanced at Sally. He was surprised by something in her face that he had not seen since the afternoon he met her—a sureness and a self-possession. There was a curious impression of her face having pulled itself together.

He looked at Coral. She was getting up from the settee. She was staring at Barney and smiling with such radiance that her dark, slim face was transformed. Her eyes glowed. She opened her mouth as if she were about to cry out, but she only took a breath and her shoulders lifted in a sigh of relief and happiness.



"And here's a lovely evening frock you can have, too" CARL ROSE

Barney said briskly, "Are you going to tell us about it, Van Arden, or are you going to be the big sinister mystery man to the bitter end?"

Van Arden put the match carefully in an ash tray. "If you mean, have I a statement, I haven't." His voice was controlled.

"You mean, you won't talk at all."

"No. Not at all."

"Except to your lawyer?"

"Except to my lawyer."

There was a thump of something falling to the carpet. Lolita, white-faced, with steady shiny black eyes suddenly small and mouselike, had knocked an ash tray from a table as she dropped into a chair. She was staring at Van Arden, speculating. She did not, Eric thought, look particularly frightened. He knew what was in her mind, if she was as shrewd as he believed her to be. She was estimating just where she stood in this new arrangement. She had said that the senator was in love with her. She had said he was jealous of Zorane. No one could prove that she was lying, and certainly the senator would not prosecute her. The inevitable aroma of scandal would prevent him. However, Eric reflected, this was not Lolita's first job for Van Arden. A much more thorough investigation of Miss Monterey was indicated.

"Putting the pieces together isn't very easy," he said, "because too many are missing. But what happened was, I think, something like this. Yesterday, Zorane came to you, Senator, with a phony offer to sell Van Arden out. You offered him a handsome reward to come clean. Zorane decided to double-cross Van Arden and accept your offer. So far, I'm sure. Sally, what were you doing in Zorane's apartment last night?"

Sally said crisply, "He sent for me. He telephoned. He said it was very urgent. So I went. He'd been writing. There were pages scattered all over his desk. He said he was going to give me a wonderful break. Then Barney came in."

"I went in," Barney laughed, "and I knocked him cold."

"THE moment you left the apartment," Eric took it up, "Featherly, who happens to be the senator's chief investigator, took advantage of Zorane's unconsciousness to grab the confession he had written, and photograph the pages. When he'd finished, he put the pages back on the desk.

"By the position of the pictures on the film, Featherly photographed the confession before Van Arden murdered Zorane. Van Arden must have come in while Zorane was still unconscious. Or when he came in, Zorane told him Barney had left him unconscious. Somehow Van Arden knew it or he couldn't have hoodwinked you so cutely, Barney.

"Also, if Zorane was unconscious, Van Arden must have had a pass key, because Van Arden didn't know that Featherly was there. Any details we want cleared up will be cleared up by Featherly. One glance at the desk was enough to show Van Arden what Zorane was up to, and that was that.

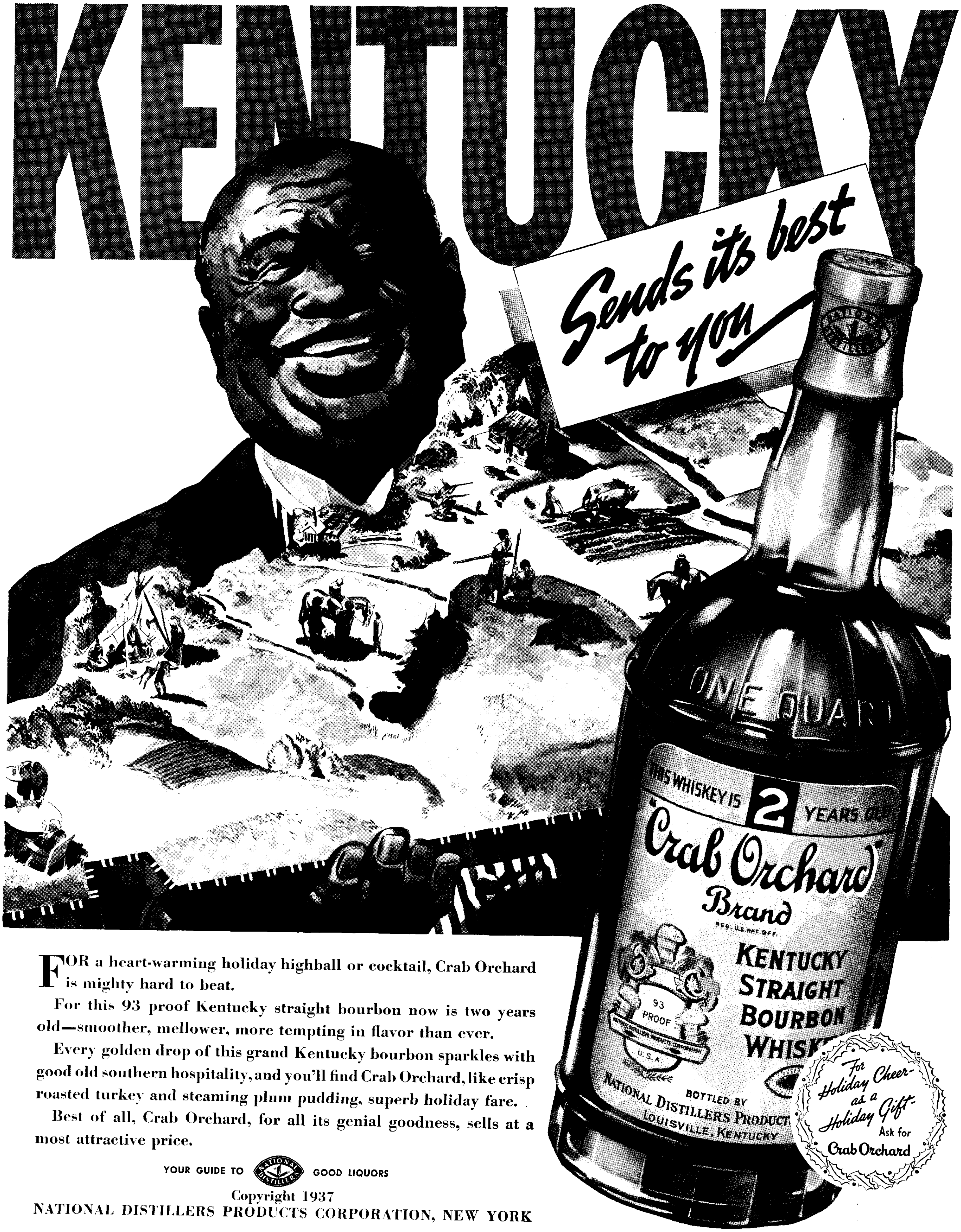
"Featherly must have been standing just inside the bedroom, in the dark, when Van Arden picked up that chair. He took these three pictures before Van Arden saw him but, obviously, not the camera. Featherly got rid of the camera by dropping it under the folded blanket on the foot of the bed. What happened then is pure guesswork. All we know is that Featherly was picked up unconscious in the park at five this morning."

"Come on, Van," Barney said breezily, "let's have a nice hot statement."

Van Arden's eyebrows went up a little. "You'll get your statement."

"Well, let's have it."

"In time." *(Continued on page 46)*


KENTUCKY
Sends its best to you
NATIONAL DISTILLERS
ONE QUART
THIS WHISKEY IS 2 YEARS OLD
"Crab Orchard" Brand
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
93 PROOF
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION
U.S.A.
BOTTLED BY
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
For Holiday Cheer-as a Holiday Gift-
Ask for Crab Orchard

FOR a heart-warming holiday highball or cocktail, Crab Orchard is mighty hard to beat.

For this 93 proof Kentucky straight bourbon now is two years old—smoother, mellower, more tempting in flavor than ever.

Every golden drop of this grand Kentucky bourbon sparkles with good old southern hospitality, and you'll find Crab Orchard, like crisp roasted turkey and steaming plum pudding, superb holiday fare.

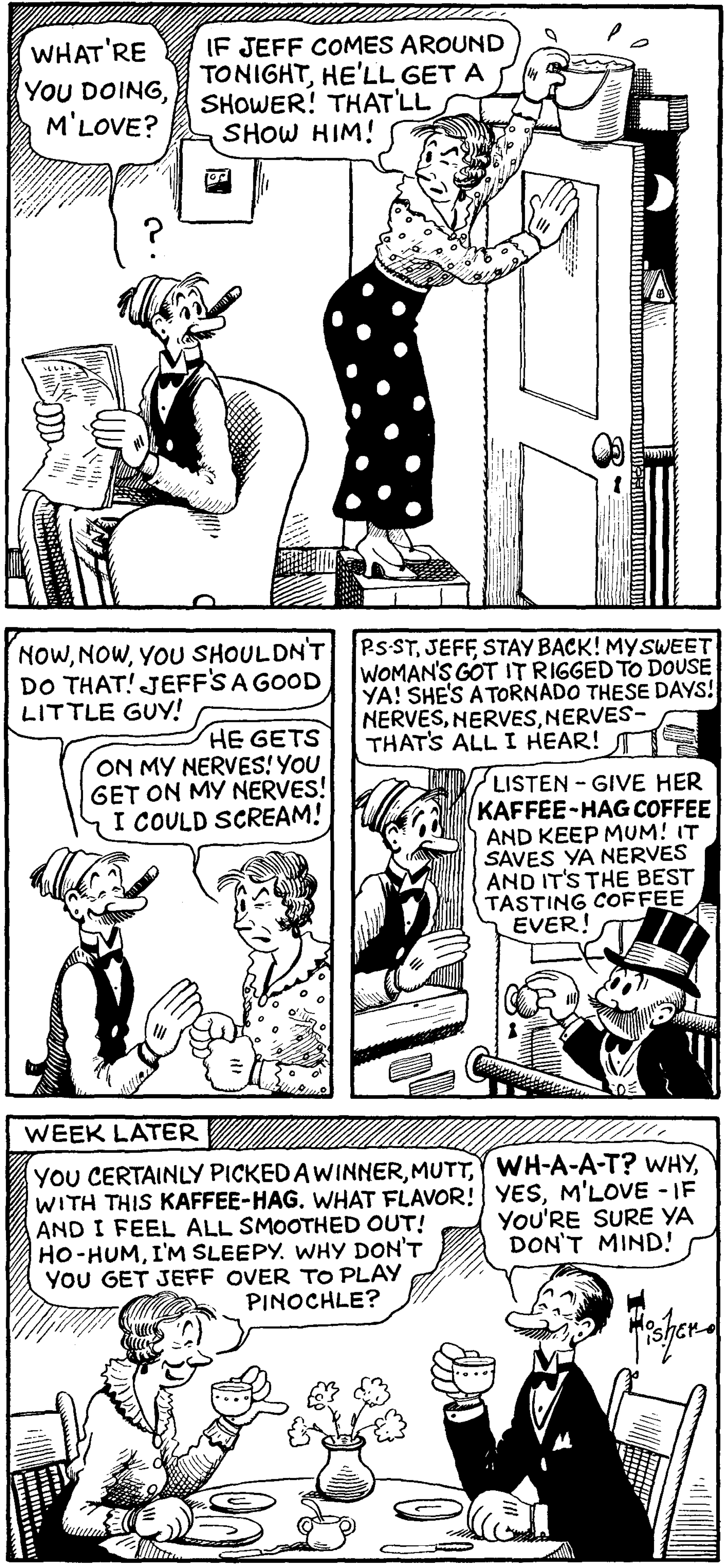
Best of all, Crab Orchard, for all its genial goodness, sells at a most attractive price.

YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS

Copyright 1937
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

]

MUTT AND JEFF —by Bud Fisher


WHAT'RE YOU DOING, M'LOVE?
IF JEFF COMES AROUND TONIGHT, HE'LL GET A SHOWER! THAT'LL SHOW HIM!
?
NOW, NOW, YOU SHOULDN'T DO THAT! JEFF'S A GOOD LITTLE GUY!
HE GETS ON MY NERVES! YOU GET ON MY NERVES! I COULD SCREAM!
P-S-ST, JEFF, STAY BACK! MY SWEET WOMAN'S GOT IT RIGGED TO DOUSE YA! SHE'S A TORNADO THESE DAYS! NERVES, NERVES, NERVES-THAT'S ALL I HEAR!
LISTEN - GIVE HER KAFFEE-HAG COFFEE AND KEEP MUM! IT SAVES YA NERVES AND IT'S THE BEST TASTING COFFEE EVER!
WEEK LATER
YOU CERTAINLY PICKED A WINNER, MUTT, WITH THIS KAFFEE-HAG. WHAT FLAVOR! AND I FEEL ALL SMOOTHED OUT! HO-HUM, I'M SLEEPY. WHY DON'T YOU GET JEFF OVER TO PLAY PINOCHLE?
WH-A-A-T? WHY, YES, M'LOVE - IF YOU'RE SURE YA DON'T MIND!
Fisher

Kaffee-Hag is real coffee—glorious coffee. All the mellow flavor of the choicest coffee beans is there, but—97% of the mischief-making caffeine has been removed. So cleverly spirited away that none of the heartening coffee taste is lost. Make Kaffee-Hag strong. Enjoy its rich goodness. Refill your cup—your nerves will stay smooth as cream. Roasted and vacuum-packed by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

KAFFEE-HAG COFFEE
Saves Your Nerves

Barney swung about. "How about you, Senator?"

The senator shook his head. "Eric, you say it for me."

"We'll prepare a statement later," Eric said.

"How about you, Lolita?"

She said in a reedy voice, "I have nothing to say."

Eric said, "Barney, in some respects, this story of yours must be carefully censored. I mean, there won't be any references to the frame-up."

"Why the hell won't there be?" Barney said indignantly. "That's one of the best angles."

"I know," Eric said mildly, "you'll keep Coral and Sally out of it."

Barney stared at him with amazement. "Keep Van Arden's girl out of this story? Do you think I'm nuts?"

Eric shrugged. "Then, of course, you won't leave anything out, including your belief that you killed Zorane and your attempt to hang it on the senator."

Coral said quickly, "Of course, he won't mention any of it."

"I don't trust him," the senator said.

"This is one time you can trust him, Dad. Harry, keep an eye on Van Arden until we decide what we're going to do."

Barney sat down at the desk, and began making notes. He wrote rapidly. His face was flushed.

Eric crossed the room to where Sally stood. He said quietly, "You'd better take Coral up to your room. There's something important I want to talk to you about."

The senator got up. He looked better. Some of his color had returned, and some of the bristle had returned to his mustache.

He said, "Eric, I want to have a word with you."

They went out on the porch. The senator grasped Eric by the shoulders and shook him a little.

"Eric, I'm proud of you. The way you went about that!"

"Dad," Eric said, "I'm proud of you, too. The way you held that pack of wolves at bay!"

THE senator chuckled. "Well, I had to do some pretty fast thinking, Eric. Shall we call in the police now?"

"I was thinking," Eric said, "of a better plan. Why don't you and Harry take Van Arden to New York and turn him over to the police commissioner? Call him up. He'll be glad to get out of bed and meet you in his office. You might call up the Associated Press and the United Press, too. And take in these photographs."

The senator said, "Eric, that's not a bad idea at all. As a matter of fact, I had something like it in mind myself."

Eric grinned. "I suspected you had, Dad. You can give out the complete story of your investigation. I'll phone Boris Kolaris and have him meet you at headquarters with the rest of the enlargements — Zorane's complete story. You are going to wake up Monday morning to find yourself the most famous senator alive."

The senator said soberly, "That's fine, Eric. But before we do anything else, there's something I must discuss with you. Immediately after you left, something happened that distressed me more than anything that has happened to me in years. Harry Seifert accused Sally of being Van Arden's girl—and she admitted it. I trusted that girl, Eric, and I trusted you. And when I realized that all this time, you had deliberately—"

"But Dad, you must have guessed the truth."

"Harrumph! What truth?"

"That Van Arden was blackmailing her into running his errands. He had certain information about Barney's father that would have ruined Barney if it had come out—information that Barney himself was in ignorance of. Certainly you suspected that."

"Now that you mention it," the senator said, "I did suspect something of that nature." He scowled. "But I'll never forgive her for deceiving me in order to protect that worthless young bounder."

"But, Dad, can't you see why she was doing it? Sally used to be fond of Barney before she found out what he is, and she's a very tenderhearted girl. Barney is really a very pathetic object, and of course you know what a good sport Sally is."

"Of course, Eric, of course."

"When it came to a choice between protecting Barney and injuring you, Sally didn't hesitate."

"Of course! I suspected what was back of it all."

"So you really weren't deceived about Sally."

"I wasn't deceived by Sally," the senator said blusteringly, "for one single moment! She is the finest girl in the world. And I was the first to say so."

ERIC went up to Sally's room and knocked. Sally opened the door. He went in and closed the door. Coral was lying on the bed with her face in a pillow. She lifted her head, looked at him and resumed her weeping.

"Cut it out," Eric said.

"Why?" Sally said with spirit. "It's the best thing in the world for her."

He said, "Snap out of it, mug. Everything's going to be all right."

Coral turned over and sat up and glared at him.

"How can everything possibly be all right? How can you even tolerate the sight of me?"

"I've tolerated the sight of you a good many years. I'm used to it. Sally, you're in this, too. A couple of days ago, at Coral's request, I had one of the best investigators in the country sent out to Fort Bend, Indiana, to try to find out what the trouble was about Barney's father. He phoned me tonight at my apartment with the facts in the case. Van Arden told you the facts in the case, didn't he?"

Coral cried passionately, "He told me Barney's father was a bank absconder, wanted in New Zealand, and that if I didn't do what he told me to do he'd expose him and disgrace Barney."

"On the night you came to see me and asked me to have Barney's father looked up," Eric said, "Van Arden had told you about it. What did he want you to do?"

"He wanted me to hide Zorane in my apartment until this trouble with Kresco blew over. It wasn't necessary. Then, next day—"

"I know. The Lolita business. And tonight, he told you Barney had unintentionally killed Zorane."

"Yes, Eric."

"And, of course, he told you the same thing, Sally."

"Yes."

Coral said, "But what's to happen about Barney? Will this come out? Will he and his father be deported?"

"You needn't be alarmed," Eric reassured her. "Something can be done."

"I'll pay anything," Coral cried.

"I'd suggest this," Eric said. "I'll have a talk with Van Arden. I don't believe he's vindictive. He's through. He knows he's through. He's reconciled. I don't believe he wants to ruin Barney's life or your happiness. He'll gain nothing by talking. I'd suggest that we put the case in Sam Green's hands. He's *the* man who went to Fort Bend. Featherly swears by him. You can authorize Sam Green to go to New Zealand and pay off the bank at a fat rate of interest."

"They're so ruthless, Eric!"

"I *think* it can be fixed. Money can fix anything that has to do with money."

"Barney mustn't know!"

"No one need know."

"Where is he?"

"I think you'll find him on a telephone. Try the butler's pantry."

When she was gone Eric said: "We have several things to discuss, haven't we?"

Sally said thoughtfully, "Yes. At least two things."

"Shall we go back to the dance? They'll still be going strong. We can discuss things on the way over."

"All right," Sally said. "I'd love to go back to the dance."

BARNEY TEEL, at the telephone in the butler's pantry, was saying peevishly, "Hello, hello! I want the city desk! I want to talk to Mr. Marshall."

A voice said, "There's nobody here."

"You must be nuts. Tell Mr. Marshall it's Barney Teel with the whole story of the Zorane murder."

"I tell you, brother," the voice said, "there's nobody here but me."

"They can't all have gone," Barney shouted. "Let me talk to a rewrite man."

"They're all gone, I tell you. I'm all alone."

Barney looked at his watch. It was 3:35. He clapped the receiver on the hook. He replaced the telephone on the shelf with violence. His face became white and his hands shook. He put the sheaf of notes on the shelf beside the telephone. He stared at the pages and his lips became thin and hard. Then he snatched up the notes. He tore them down and he tore them across.

He felt sick. He was too late with the biggest story of his career. By morning, the sensational arrest of Guy Van Arden by Senator Larsen for the murder of Stefan Zorane would be anybody's story.

Sally looked through the windshield at the winding concrete road, bright with moonlight. "The most pressing question," she said, "is, what's to happen about Van Arden's use of my column?"

Eric took his eyes from the road a moment and said, "Is that the most pressing question?"

"You've been telling me at half-hour intervals for days and nights that I can't possibly avoid a federal indictment."

Eric glanced at her and thought how lovely she was—even lovelier now with that crisp look back. Where her hair in back curved down to the long roll low on her neck, the moonlight caught in a gleaming arc which changed shape when she turned her head and her hair swung. He had never seen anything so beautiful as her hair in the moonlight.

"That's changed," he said. "Zorane's confession doesn't mention you. I read it all with a magnifying glass. Everything the senator needs is there, and what isn't there is in the alligator briefcase."

"But where is the alligator briefcase?"

"It's back. One of Van Arden's men got it and started to New York with it. Jim Bothero, one of the senator's men, overtook him this side of Flushing, shot a hole in his rear tire, and got it back. You're simply going to say nothing about the way Van Arden used your column. The senator won't need it.

"Before Van Arden goes to trial for Zorane's murder, he'll undoubtedly have a federal trial, perhaps even a senatorial trial, or at least a federal court will investigate all his activities. You'll be called on to testify at the murder trial, I'm afraid, but you won't be otherwise involved.

"Because you made a hit with Zorane, he selected you to spill the beans, to make a hit with you. The very fact that he selected you made him write his confession without referring to you. You see, there never was a Van Arden's girl.

"But if the issue does come up, of his using Let's Be Smart, the senator is going to tell a whopping lie—that you were a special investigator on his pay roll."

Sally sighed. "It seems incredible. I was in such a mess and now I'm in no mess at all. But how does the senator feel about me? And how about Coral and that night-club girl?"

Eric glanced at her hands in her lap. They were crossed, with the left one uppermost, and the emerald gleamed greenly on her slender finger. He glanced up and saw her lower lip shining.

He thought: "Yes, but how about me? What's this girl going to do about me?"

He said: "He'll never forgive Coral for taking part in that frame-up. She's the child of divorced parents, and Dad practically brought her up. He's through with her and he despises Barney. He says they're well-matched, and when they're married they'll be well-punished. I don't know what he'll do about Lolita. He knows that Van Arden blackmailed you and Coral into jumping through burning hoops. But Van Arden wasn't blackmailing Lolita. And Lolita didn't take part in that frame-up because she loves Barney. A frame-up of some kind was in the wind hours before Van Arden killed Zorane. This isn't Lolita's first job for Van Arden. There are references to her in Zorane's confession. But I don't know what the senator will do about her."

"And how about me?" Sally said.

"How about you? You, my dove, are the golden-haired girl of the hour. When the showdown came, you were the one who stood by him."

The country club was just ahead. The terrace was still crowded. Eric parked his roadster and they crossed the lawn to the terrace. As they started to dance, Sally said, "You know, you're pretty obvious."

"That's odd. I hoped you thought I was pretty subtle."

"All you had in mind was to make me realize, by rubbing it in, time after time, just what Barney is."

"That wasn't entirely all," Eric said. "I was giving you the chance, time after time, to compare us. I hoped you'd realize I was your dream man."

She said huskily, "What did they call you in dancing school?"

"Prince Charming. Have you the courage to tell the senator it was all a job? I haven't."

"I feel guilty enough about him," Sally said. "I don't think I like you very much. You're too devious."

"First I'm too obvious, then I'm too devious."

"I'VE had too much of devious people. And I'm not at all grateful for your showing me, by all these elaborate gags, what a louse Barney is. I hope you don't expect me to be grateful."

"No," Eric said. "I wanted to be loved for myself. I wanted to be loved because I'm attractive and irresistible. I wanted the Larsen emerald to acquire, in you, a modern heroine. Of course, I had to prove incidentally that Barney is the wrong horse. I've done my utmost to make you see what a swell guy I am. If you don't see me now, you never will, will you?"

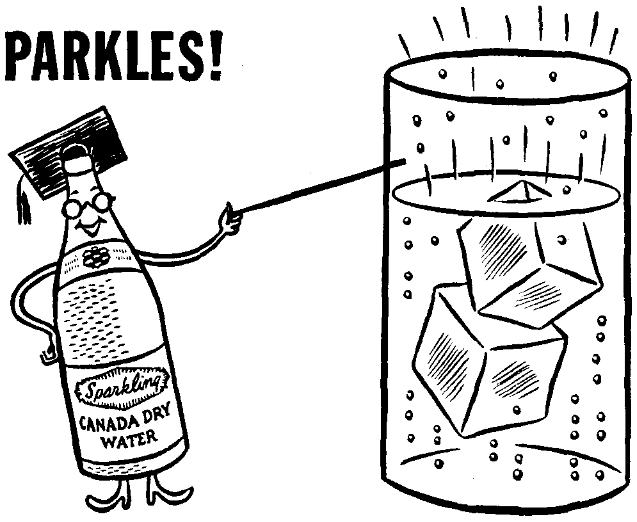
"I don't suppose so," Sally said.

"By the way, have you ever really seen me, or is my face just a blur and a pair of eyes? Take a good look at the rugged Larsen pan. Note the honesty in the eyes, the integrity of the ears, the devotion in the very lines of the jaw. Sally, you'll never know how it has stung me when you've accused me of being cruel. I am not cruel. I am just a guy with an obsession named Sally. Sally, I love you. Look: Is this passive resistance? Can't we go out into the dark and woolly night and patch things up properly?"

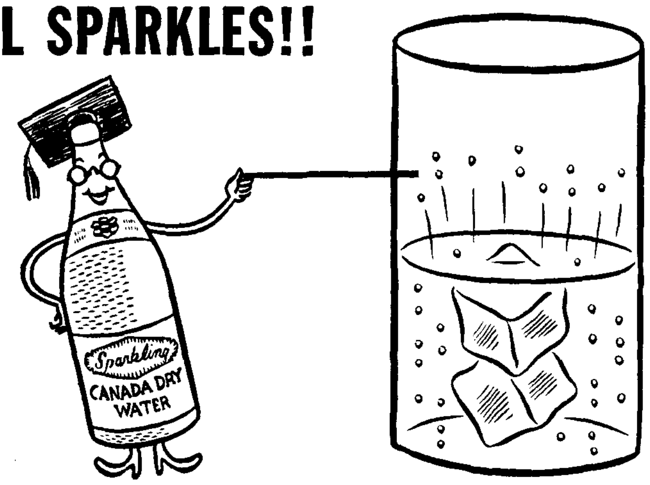
"Certainly," said Sally.

THE END

IT SPARKLES!



IT STILL SPARKLES!!



AND STILL SPARKLES!!!

Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER

. . . AND THAT MEANS a fresher, zestier, long, tall drink. Canada Dry Water is so lively, you can leave an opened bottle in your refrigerator. Twenty-four hours later its sparkle will still be there. Or pour Canada Dry Water into a champagne glass and notice its brisk, steady effervescence. That is the famous "Champagne" Sparkle . . . the result of Canada Dry's own process, PIN-POINT CARBONATION.

Now at new low prices.

THE WATER WITH THE "Champagne" SPARKLE

Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER

SOME LIKE IT SWEET...
SOME LIKE IT DRY...

All LIKE IT WHEN IT'S GARRETT WINE

● Enjoyment begins the moment you lift a glass of Garrett Wine to admire its brilliant color. Slowly—bring the wine toward you and appraise its delicate bouquet. Leisurely—sip by sip, enjoy its delicious flavor. Whether it's dry, sweet, fortified or sparkling, the excellent quality of any Garrett Wine is sure to please. The widely popular 27 Garrett American Wines include Virginia Dare light Wine, American Sauternes, and that festive favorite, Paul Garrett American Champagne! Let the Garrett label guide you to America's finest wines, sold at leading wine dealers in round bottles or flasks. Garrett & Company, Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.

A FEW OF THE POPULAR 27 GARRETT AMERICAN WINES

Virginia Dare (light) Red Wine, Old North State brand Blackberry. American Chablis, Claret, Burgundy. American Port, Sherry (alcohol 19-21% by vol). Paul Garrett American Champagne.

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS VIRGINIA DARE LIGHT WINE

AMERICA'S LEADING HOTELS SERVE GARRETT WINES
– Antlers Hotel, Colorado Springs
Blackstone, Ft. Worth • Claypool, Indianapolis
Cosmopolitan, Denver • Henry Grady, Atlanta
Hotel du Pont, Wilmington
FINEST AMERICAN WINES SINCE 1835

Eight Hours

Continued from page 21

ever asked for a liqueur or a cocktail in vain.

There was no known drink that wasn't behind that bar. They were all there in neatly pyramided bottles and as he walked past, Mark felt a thrill of pride. It was, he reflected, the best-equipped bar in the world. He shuddered at the thought of allowing Glen Ayr whisky back of that bar.

Mark walked to the back and then through the kitchen. The head chef said, "Boss, we got an order tonight we couldn't fill."

Mark frowned. "What was it?"

"Stone crabs." The chef waved his hands despairingly. "You get stone crabs only in Florida. There are none in New York. No one serves them."

Chuck had been following Mark, a shadow waiting for Mark's word to bring him to life.

"Chuck," Mark called sharply, "tell Miss Matthews to arrange for stone crabs to be flown up from Florida fresh every day. Tell the press agent and the advertising man about it. We'll give them stone crabs if they want them."

"Okay, boss." Chuck made a mental note. He never forgot things that Mark told him to do.

MARK walked up the one flight of stairs that led to his office. It was severely furnished: The walls were paneled and the huge desk behind which he sat was stern oak. On the desk were typewritten reports. The name of everyone who was downstairs at the moment was listed. The receipts from the luncheon business and the dinner business were there.

There were three phones on Mark's desk. One led directly to the lobby, another to the kitchen and the third to a central switchboard in an adjoining office. He picked up the third.

"Get me George Delaney who owned that place on 48th Street. Get me Raoul Lapiere who owned that Club Francais. Try their places and their homes and the spots around town. Tell them to be here sharp at one. It's important, tell them. I got a good proposition for them."

He hung up the phone, confident that Miss Matilda Matthews would find both men. Plump, middle-aged, Matilda Matthews was, he reflected, the best secretary in the world. She was the only secretary in New York whose day began at ten in the evening and ended at five in the morning.

"Chuck, you listening?"

"I'm always listening, boss."

"Spivildi, Raiss and Calvo will be here at two. Before that have two bottles of champagne up here iced. Have some of those little sandwiches, too."

"Are you going to feed these guys or slug them?" Chuck asked in dismay.

"Both," Mark said sharply. "But in a different way. After you bring them up here you breeze."

"I breeze." Chuck nodded.

"You and Big Mack stay outside of the door listening. When I call you, bust in here. No rough stuff, but maybe you better have a convincer in your hand, just in case."

Chuck nodded happily.

"It's like old times, boss," he said ecstatically, and went out grinning. The boss was himself again. He wasn't a guy to let heels like Spivildi scare him. Life was good again to Chuck.

Mark opened the top drawer of his desk, and pulled out a large framed picture of Dora and the baby. It had been taken when the child was a year old. He looked at the picture and his lips moved wordlessly. Soon he'd get out of this business. Already he was worth more than a million dollars. It would be two million in another year. Then he and Dora and the youngster would travel. They'd see all the places he had wanted to see when he was a kid.

His money was all in bonds that couldn't fail. Except, that is, for the cash he carried in his pocket. He always carried forty or fifty thousand dollars in cash with him in ten-thousand-dollar bills. No one could steal a ten-thousand-dollar bill. You couldn't walk in casually to a bank and ask for change for a ten-thousand-dollar bill. Not a race track or gambling house in the country would accept a ten-thousand-dollar bill without knowing from whom it came. Besides, his initials in red ink were on every bill. Safe? Safer than putting it in a bank. Yes, a stolen ten-thousand-dollar bill was a very hot package.

He pressed the button for Miss Matthews.

For an hour they worked together. Then Mark went down to mingle with his patrons. He wasn't conceited; he was slightly puzzled by the fact that people, big people, liked to have him sit with them. They liked to talk to him and to listen to him.

He sat for a while with a Hollywood director; he chatted with the current ruling moving-picture queen; he bought a bottle of champagne for a Supreme Court judge. All the time, he was thinking of how he would handle Spivildi. . . .

Finally he had stopped at every table at which he was expected to stop. A little weary, he walked up to his office.

Chuck came in with a waiter and placed two buckets of ice with champagne imbedded in it on a table near the desk. The waiter put a large platter of small sandwiches, caviar, smoked turkey and Prague ham on the table. Finally the phone rang.

"Mr. Delaney and Mr. Lapiere are here."

"Send them up." He turned to Miss Matthews. "One more thing. Spivildi, Raiss and Calvo will be here soon. I'll talk to them for maybe fifteen minutes. Then I'll call you. When I do that come in and . . ."

QUICKLY, tersely he talked and the pleasant face of the secretary never changed. "Got it?"

"Of course, Mr. King." She nodded and left.

Delaney was a tall, rawboned Irishman whom Mark had known in the old days. Lapiere had once worked as a captain in Mark's place. He had saved his money and had opened the Club Francais, an expensive but excellent restaurant with a bar that had attained immediate popularity.

They stood in front of his desk, a little puzzled.

"I know both of you have had some tough breaks lately. Delaney, did they force you to close because you wouldn't sell Glen Ayr?"

The Irishman flushed. "I wouldn't sell that rat poison they wanted me to sell. Yet, Mark, I can't prove it was them that closed me up. All I know is that a lot of things started to happen—all bad. I owed a few bills. They were called in and I had to pay quick. A couple of bombs—what the papers call stench bombs—dropped in the place one night. Then three customers got ptomaine poisoning bad and sued me. Even my own lawyer advised me to settle out of court. And so help me, I run the cleanest kitchen—beggin' your pardon, Mark—in New York. One thing happened after another and all of a sudden I'm in there at night feedin' the waiters. There's nobody else in the joint. If I could prove it was Spivildi I'd kill him."

"And I, Mr. King." Lapiere, slim, debonair. "Good food and good liquor to me are a religion. They told me to use Glen Ayr as my bar Scotch. I say, 'You are crazee,' and the next night I find my velvet hangings all over acid."

"They're after me now, too," Mark told them. "I don't like Spivildi. He and his two partners are coming here soon. You will be in the office next to this listening to what they say. When I call you, you'll come in here. You won't get rough. My men will take care of any rough stuff."

The Frenchman nodded gravely. Delaney growled. "I don't like it."

"Maybe you can open up again, Delaney. Maybe I can find the money to help you get started. That goes for you, too, Lapiere—but remember, I'm giving orders."

MARK was tight-lipped now and his face was bloodless. Dark, angry glints kept flashing in his eyes.

Delaney shrugged. "You're the boss, Mark."

The phone rang. "Mr. Spivildi and a party of gentlemen are here, Mr. King."

Mark smiled a little at that "party of gentlemen." He said, "Have Chuck bring them up." He turned to Delaney and Lapiere. "Go in there. You'll find chairs. You can hear everything we say, but don't come in until I give you the order."

They went into the next office and Miss Matthews looked up with mild interest. Mark shut the door, then tilted the transom open an inch. Just before the door opened he snatched the picture of Dora and the baby from the desk and put it into a drawer.

"How are you, Joe?" Mark's smile was friendly. He stuck out his hand.

Spivildi was short and stocky and he had huge hands. His fat mouth smiled and his jowls shook a little but his eyes didn't smile. They were wary and they were quick and black. Joe Spivildi wasn't pretty to look at.

"It is good to see you, Mark. Say, I ain't see you since the days of the Hush Club back in '30. You travel a long way since then, hey, Mark?"

"Sure. It's just as easy to make it now as it was in those days, Joe."

"You know Mario Calvo?" Mark shook hands with Calvo. Calvo's eyes were two dull, lusterless grapes set in a pasty face that looked dead. He nodded curtly to Mark.

"And my fren', Johnny Raiss." Mark smiled a greeting to Raiss. Raiss looked cold, bloodless as though years of dangerous living had sapped the warmth and emotion from his body. He had thin hands that were never still, though the rest of him never seemed to move.

"What's on your mind, King?" His voice sounded as though he gargled with gravel.

"Nothing is ever on my mind until I have a drink on my stomach." Mark laughed. "Chuck, open a bottle and don't make too much noise."

Chuck filled the glasses and they all drank. "Chuck, breeze!" Mark said. "We want to be alone. Don't let anyone disturb us."

"Not bad." Spivildi smacked his lips appreciatively.

"I like wine," Mark said easily. "That Glen Ayr Scotch of yours may be good, but for me, I like wine."

There was silence for a moment. "What do you mean, Mark—'may be good'? It is good. It is good to sell. We can give you such a good price, Mark, and everyone in town is buying it." Spivildi's eyes hardened.

"If they all buy it, well, that's good enough for me, Joe." Mark suddenly turned toward Spivildi. "You know how I operate. I never bother with someone else's racket. I have my own. Now I don't care what you do with Glen Ayr as long as it don't bother my business. That's fair, hey, Joe? But naturally I want to know all about it first. Just for my own protection. Talk, Joe, and if it sounds good, there's no reason why I shouldn't do a lot of business with you."

Spivildi smiled and nodded. That sounded reasonable. "It's like this, Mark. I got the agency here for Glen Ayr Scotch. It's a good Scotch."

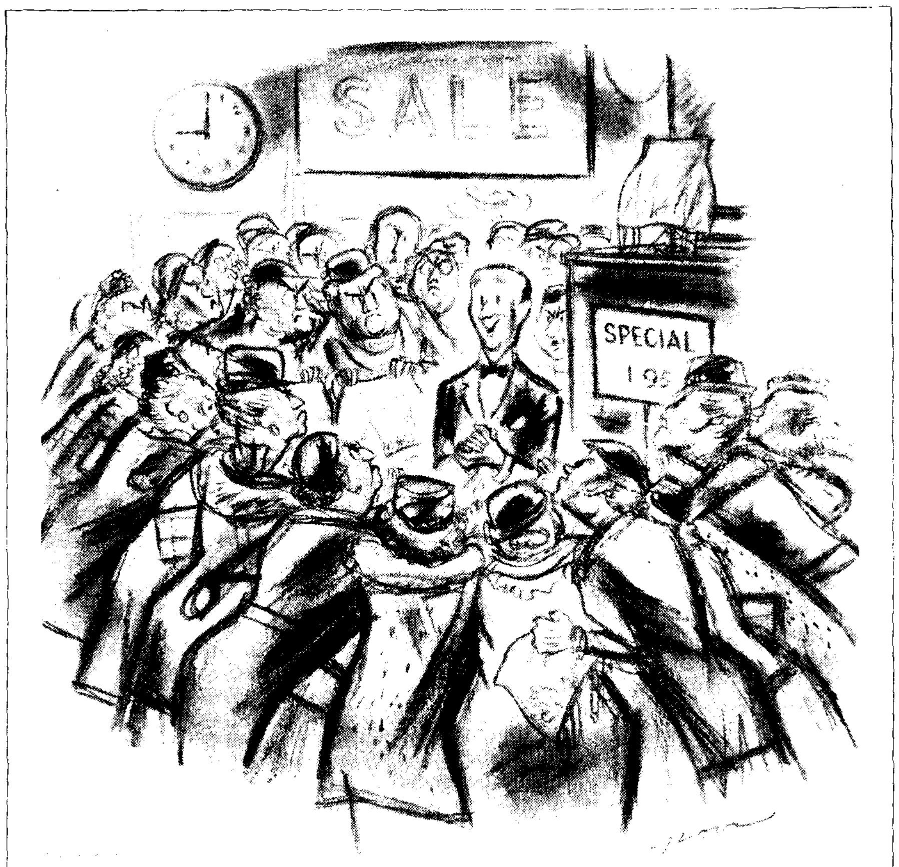
Mark nodded and refilled the glasses.

"So listen, Mark, one Scotch is like another. People who drink these days don't know the difference. I pay twenty dollars a case for Glen Ayr in Scotland. All right, I sell it to you at twenty-two dollars a case. Now maybe I do a little something to the Scotch. Maybe I cut it a little. Who knows the difference?" He shrugged his shoulders expansively.

"Get down to business," Raiss growled.

"You sell more Scotch whisky over your bar than any other place in New York," Spivildi went on. "More, I guess, than any place in the country, hey, Mark?"

Mark nodded.



"Now then—who's first?"

LEONARD DOVE

"WHEN people ask your bartenders for Scotch, what do they give them? They give them some very expensive whisky. So listen, Mark. They don't know the difference. Suppose when people say, 'Gimme a Scotch and soda,' your bartenders was always to give them Glen Ayr Scotch. At least fifty cases a week is sold at your bar—maybe more. In getting Glen Ayr from us cheap you could make a good profit on that. You pay thirty-six and thirty-eight dollars a case for that expensive Scotch you use as a bar whisky. So a drink is seventy-five cents at your bar. On a drink of that Scotch you make a profit of maybe fifty cents. On a drink of Glen Ayr you would make a profit of seventy cents."

Raiss looked up suddenly. "What's that noise?" His right hand traveled up to his left armpit.

Mark laughed. "That's my air-cooling. It isn't working right. Sounds good, Joe. Now, between ourselves, how is the whisky?"

Joe spread out his palm upward. "Like I was talking to my own mother, Mark, I promise you it won't kill no one. It tastes like any Scotch. I learned some tricks, Mark, in them old days."

"We'd better put you down for seventy-five cases a week," Calvo broke in.

CALVO looked like a man who has just been embalmed and who isn't satisfied with the job.

"King runs the best bar in New York." Raiss' voice was toneless. "He should sell a hundred cases a week."

Spivildi's small eyes glistened. "It would help your business, Mark," he said softly.

Mark waved a careless hand. "I'll go along, boys. We can arrange the details later. I'll find out just how much whisky we sell over the bar and take that much a week from you. Is that fair enough?"

The long fingers of Johnny Raiss stopped fidgeting with the wine glass. A slight grimace that was almost a smile flitted across Calvo's face. Spivildi's whole body shook with friendliness.

"Fine." Spivildi rubbed his fat hands together. "We all make money now. And it's legal, too—well, it's almost legal. It's like that gun Johnny Raiss always carries. Mark, this will hand you a laugh. Johnny has a permit to carry that gun. So we're all legal, hey, Mark? Yeah, he got it from Judge Minton. He told the judge that his mother was afraid of burglars, so he wanted a gun."

Mark joined in the laughter. "But he doesn't need a gun these days. How about those little bombs and starting strikes in places and maybe having someone fake getting poisoned by food with a phony doctor giving a certificate? That's much better than using guns, isn't it, Joe?"

Their laughter, as though cut by a knife, stopped. Johnny Raiss slipped his right hand under his coat.

"So . . . so, Mark?" Spivildi spoke quietly, and his voice was heavy with menace.

Mark laughed. "Listen, Joe. I'm all for you. But I heard about what happened to Delaney and to that frog who ran the Club Francais. More power to you, Joe."

Spivildi relaxed. A gleam of pride came into his eye. "Okay, Mark. Yeah, we did a good job on those two places. Johnny Raiss and Calvo here are good at dropping those little bombs and it takes two days after to get the smell out of the place. Then we got a couple of little acid guns and, Mark, what that acid does to night-club furnishings you have no idea." He chuckled.

"Good for you, Joe. By the way, aren't you afraid of Dewey? They tell me he's a hard prosecutor."

"What can he get on us?" Spivildi showed his white teeth. "If someone complains about the whisky we say, 'Too bad but we don't make it, we only sell it.' Then my boys aren't going to get caught with their little acid guns."

"You still got that same old place on Mulberry Street near Houston you had in the old days?" Mark's tone was casual.

Joe looked at him sharply. "You got a long memory. Yeah, we still do our cutting there. Mark, it's a great racket. We can make two cases of Scotch out of every one case we have brought in. Not bad, is it, Mark?"

"How about those federal men, don't they bother you?"

"If they could find our place at Mulberry and Houston they would. So would Dewey. But no one squawks, Mark. Delaney and that frog didn't squawk. You see, Mark, if you line them up one by one they are afraid. They know that my boy, Johnny Raiss, always carries that little gun and they know sometimes, if they have wives, why their wives might wake up with maybe broken faces. Johnny Raiss is good at that, Mark."

"Looks foolproof." Mark grinned.

"Sure it is." Spivildi smiled expansively. "You see if three or four big night-club men got together we would be licked. But they've all been legitimate for the last three or four years and they've forgotten how to be tough. They've forgotten how we used to work in the old days."

"I haven't forgotten," Mark said softly. "Miss Matthews"—he didn't raise his voice—"Chuck."

TWO doors flew open at once. Miss Matthews walked into the room, prim, unsmiling. Delaney and Lapiere were behind her, the Irishman's face red with rage. Chuck and Big Mack stood at the door leading to the stairs. There was a gun in Chuck's hand.

"What's this?" Spivildi rasped.

"A frame," Mark said softly. "A little frameroo."

Raiss' fingers were almost to his armpit when Chuck hit him in the face with the back of his hand. Chuck reached under the gunman's coat and took the ugly-looking weapon. Raiss kept his eyes on Mark. They were full of hate.

"You caught everything, Miss Matthews?" Mark's voice seemed almost casual.

She nodded. "Yes, Mr. King. The dictaphone caught every word that was said in the room. The records are being transcribed now in triplicate. If anything happens to you or to Mr. Delaney or to Mr. Lapiere the records sworn to by me and Mr. Delaney and Mr. Lapiere are to be forwarded to Prosecutor Dewey, Mr. John Edgar Hoover and to the police commissioner."

"You dirty rat," Spivildi cried. "I'll get you—"

Big Mack's right hand closed on his throat, choking his words. Big Mack, grinning amiably, held Spivildi for a moment, then flung him to the floor. Spivildi's head hit the edge of the desk. He

"UP POPPED
OTTO SCHMIDT"

"I WAS looking for a man named Smith or Schmidt. Couldn't remember the exact name. He's a roofer, and he once did a job for me.

"So I turned to my Classified Telephone Book and looked under roofers. There, up popped Otto Schmidt. Once I saw the name, with the address, I recognized it as the one I wanted."

WHEN YOU CAN'T REMEMBER, LOOK IT UP IN YOUR CLASSIFIED

Turn to the 'yellow pages' for help in remembering names, addresses and telephone numbers. Find your man in a jiffy. Save hours of Christmas shopping time. Save trouble.

WHEN YOU WANT TO KNOW "WHERE TO BUY IT," LOOK IT UP IN YOUR CLASSIFIED

Who sells the advertised product or service you want? Where is the nearest plumber, electrician or automobile service station? The 'yellow pages' will tell you.

sat up, wiping a trickle of blood away from his chin.

"So you're taking the place of the Dutchman and of Lucky?" Mark's voice was soft but dangerous. "You're going to be the big racket guy? If you're not out of town in twenty-four hours those records go to Dewey and to the G-Men and to the police commissioner. Johnny Raiss likes to muss up the faces of pretty girls? Raiss, you're dead and you haven't sense enough to know it. And you, greaseball, with your little acid gun. In my time we wouldn't hire a creep like you to draw beer. Now you're tough guys. Spivildi, you said if the big night-club owners got together we could lick you. Well, we're getting together from now on, see, heel?"

Big Mack jerked Spivildi to his feet.

"Rackets are dead in New York." Mark's words dropped into the room like hailstones on a roof. "We're legitimate now and make up your minds to it. You three are done—finished. Now get out. Don't let me ever see any one of you again or I'll turn you over to a policewoman. Help them down the stairs, Chuck."

Chuck still held his gun in his left hand, looking disappointed that none of them showed fight.

Mark was suddenly weary of it. "Get out, get them out of here." There was anger in his voice. At the door Raiss turned. "I'll be seeing you," he said to Mark.

THEY left and Mark poured himself a glass of wine. He took the picture of Dora and the baby out of the drawer. Then for a moment he lived and felt and breathed. He never felt in the club. He thought; he planned; he schemed. They were all creatures of another world, an interesting world, but not one of which he was a part. Oh, sure, sometimes he was sorry for people. Sometimes anger gripped him as it had tonight when he found what Spivildi and his gorillas were trying to do. But it was good business to get rid of them. Sure he'd framed them. What of it? You had to fight illegality with trickery. He met honest competition honestly.

The door opened and Chuck walked in. He looked like a cat that has swallowed two canaries.

"We helped them down the stairs, boss." He grinned.

"Okay, Chuck," Mark said absentmindedly.

"Listen, boss. I don't like the way Johnny Raiss looked at you."

"Forget about him, Chuck."

"I still don't like the way that guy looked at you."

"Chuck, calm down. Get that publicity man up here. Get me the chef, too. I want to talk to them. And, Chuck, tell *them* to buy a round of drinks at the bar."

Mark talked to the chef. He talked to the publicity man. He loaned a newspaperman five hundred dollars and told Miss Matthews to charge it to advertising. He dictated ten letters. He looked over receipts. It had been a five-thousand-dollar night, only ordinary, but then it was a Monday. Finally things seemed to be in order.

"It's after five, boss. Will I get the car?" Chuck had been sitting there for an hour waiting for Mark to finish.

Mark was suddenly tired. "All right, Chuck. We better go. I got a date for six anyhow."

Chuck held Mark's coat for him. The last thing Mark did was to take the picture from the desk and put it into the drawer. "I'll see you in a few minutes, darling," he whispered soundlessly.

He and Chuck walked through the deserted club. The orchestra pit looked like a forlorn group of toys deserted by children. Waiters were piling chairs on tables and the smell of disinfectant was heavy in the air. They walked to the door. Mark now began to feel a sense of happy anticipation. Within half an hour his life would start again. Within half an hour he'd be under the same roof with Dora. She'd be asleep and he knew just how she would look. The sleekness would all be gone from her hair now and it would be tumbled darkly about her face. She always smiled a little in her sleep and she slept quietly like a flower, hardly breathing. Then he'd go into the nursery and stand there looking down at . . .

"CAR'S ready, boss." Chuck led the way into the street. The car stood there at the curb. A soft dawn was nudging the darkness of the night aside and the faint sounds of the city coming to life after hours of sleep were in the air. Mark lifted his eyes. He breathed deeply, happily, and then stepped to the running board.

He heard, "Double-crossing rat," and saw rather than heard the roar of the gun. Automatically he flung himself not away but toward the flash and his fingers closed on flesh. The man had slipped from around the back of the car, evidently. Now Chuck and Big Mack had flung themselves on that crouched figure. Chuck's right arm raised and hurled itself down. He could produce a gun more quickly than anyone Mark had ever seen. He didn't shoot. He raised the gun again and brought it down and the impact was like that of a heavy stone falling on soft asphalt. Mark got up.

NO PARKING P.D.
POLICE DEPT.
von Riegen

"We'll only be a minute!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"It's Johnny Raiss, boss," Chuck panted. "Did he hurt you?"

Mark bent over and put his hand under Raiss' head. The back of his skull felt lumpy and when Mark took his hand away there was blood on it.

"You've killed him, Chuck," Mark said quietly.

"What do you think I was trying to do, love him up?" Chuck's voice was indignant.

Maloney, the cop on the beat, came running up with his gun in his hand. "What's up, Mr. King?" he panted.

"This is Johnny Raiss. He tried to stick me up." Mark took a roll of bills from his pocket. "I guess he heard I always traveled well-heeled."

Maloney nodded. "Everybody knows about you and your ten-thousand-dollar bills."

"Chuck fought him and killed him," Mark said. Then he added, "But that's between you and me. Say you found him acting suspiciously. You went after him and he pulled his gun. You had to crack him on the head or he would have gotten you. That's the story, Maloney. I'll see the captain tomorrow and put in a word for you. Chuck, have you Officer Maloney's address?"

Chuck nodded.

"You'll be hearing from me tomorrow, too, Maloney," Mark added.

He got into the car and Chuck sat beside him. Chuck was filled with shame that he had let this thing happen. The car rolled quickly through the dawn.

"Stop at 89th Street." Mark's voice was a little unsteady. "Get Tisdale. Tell him to bring his bag. Hurry, Mack."

Chuck looked at Mark wide-eyed. "He got you, boss? What's wrong?"

"Nothing much, Chuck. Hurry, though."

Chuck was out of the car running before it came to a full stop. In four minutes he was back with a tall, gray-haired man who was tucking his shirt into his trousers.

"TO MY apartment," Mark said. "How are you, Doc? Listen: I've paid you a yearly retainer now for six years. At last I'm going to get something for my money."

"Let me see it."

Mark pointed to his side.

The doctor's hands worked busily ripping away the shirt. "It hurts?"

"It hurts." Mark's teeth were clenched.

He rolled Mark's sleeve up and with deft, sure fingers pressed a needle home on its errand of mercy. In a moment Mark relaxed.

The car pulled up in front of his apartment. Mark stepped from it, waving aside Chuck's arm. Then he swayed a little and Chuck held him firmly. They got into the elevator: Chuck, the doctor and Mark.

"Got anything at Empire today, Mr. King?" the elevator boy asked.

"Chuck, give him something at Empire," Mark said a little unsteadily.

"Take us upstairs, quick," Chuck said, and when the boy, surprised, looked at Chuck his face, too, went a little white.

Mark opened the door with his latchkey. "Chuck," he whispered, "you beat it. The doc and I want to be alone."

Mark and Dr. Tisdale walked through the spacious living room. They walked past a bedroom door that was open.

"Wait here," Mark whispered. He walked into the room and the sun was pouring into it. He walked to the crib near the window and leaned over it. Then the baby opened her eyes. Mark solemnly looked at his watch. It was just six o'clock.

The child gurgled happily, emerging from that half-world between sleep and wakefulness.

"Daddy said he'd be here when you opened your eyes," he whispered.

His daughter was suddenly wide awake. "Kiss Janie, Daddy. Kiss Janie."

He bent and kissed her. "Daddy must go now, honey. You lie there until nurse comes. After . . . after, Daddy will play with you."

HE WALKED out of the room and went down the hall, the doctor following. They reached another open door. This was Mark's room. He shut the door and sat on the edge of the bed. The doctor stripped off his clothes quickly.

"It's only a small bullet," Mark said quietly. "From the sound of it, no bigger than a .22. It's bleeding a lot, isn't it?"

The doctor nodded grimly. He dipped cotton into antiseptics and washed the clotted blood away.

"Thank God for that," he finally said grimly.

"For what?"

"The bullet is in the side. It just missed everything vital. I'll get it out in a few minutes and then with a week's rest you'll be all right."

Mark sighed deeply, "I am a fool, Doctor. I thought this was it. And—"

"Darling," a sleepy voice came through a half-open door which led into another room. "Is that you, darling?"

The doctor was just putting a cruel-looking steel probe into a small hole. He was murmuring, "This will hurt but I suppose you won't let me take you to a hospital. Just be quiet now."

Mark stirred just a little. "Yes, honey. Did you count those stars tonight, honey?"

"Every one, sweet. And did you think of me twice for every star I counted?"

Mark gripped the coverlet hard so that his hands showed white. "I did, my darling," he said softly. "And you don't have to remind me to tell you how I love you."

"Were you busy tonight, darling?" Her voice was trying to survive against the sleep that was drowning it.

"Not very."

The doctor, with an exclamation of satisfaction, pulled out the probe and held a small leaden pellet between his fingers.

"Just another night, I suppose," her voice came faintly.

"Just another night . . . another . . . dull night. But now I'm home . . . darling . . . now I'm . . . home . . . and everything is all right." The doctor's hands were busy with dressings and tape.

"We're the only ones, darling." She was asleep but the words came from her heart and they cut through the sleep.

Mark smiled and even the pain felt exquisite because now he was at home again. He smiled and breathed happily, and he repeated, "We're the only ones, darling. . . . The only ones in the world."

One Without Icing

Continued from page 19

"refinement" instead. "She may be bright, but she's very tough in her attitude and speech."

So Florence got the job of special order girl, a hard job, entailing memory, tact and skill. She did it well, but in her own way. When she had a special cake on order, she didn't telephone the bakeshop, she ran up, saying, "Hi, Toots!" to a dozen people on the way, and personally consulted with Mrs. Siebolt, the head baker.

"Make it sumpin schnazzy," Florence would say, waving her hands and widening her eyes. "These kids gettin' married with the cake ain't society, they're splurgin', so make it good an' rich, get it?"

"Budder," said Mrs. Siebolt, her face lighting up. "Budder, eggs, cream, lods of frood, lods of spice."

"'At's a girl," said Florence. "An' lots of icing."

ALMOST every time Florence went downstairs these days, she saw Fred. She couldn't evade him and the little nervous feeling this gave her made her irritable.

"You'll get the can yourself," she told him. "Always hangin' around. You wanna get fired?"

"Sure," Fred said absently, watching her, thinking it was pleasant to watch a smart girl doing something.

"You don' know when you're sittin' pretty," she said. "Havin' a job. I got five brothers, an' only two's workin'."

Fred said, "Miss diStephano, would you go to a show sometime?"

Florence said, "I can't waste my time."

Fred said, "I'm gonna keep asking you."

Florence felt her nervousness increase to a lump in her chest. There was something about this tall, persistent porter that frightened her a little. She had run into a personality as strong as her own and she didn't like the result of feeling unsettled in her mind. She reminded herself that she had seen her sisters and friends marry plenty of fellers and for what?—babies and dishes and a lot of nuisance. She only wanted to be left alone.

"Don't," she said, "because I ain't gonna go."

"Oh, yes, you are," Fred said, having heard that firmness was necessary in handling coy girls. He didn't know Florence well enough to know that was the last thing in the world that would appeal to her.

Florence's eyes narrowed to slits and her hand came up so quickly it almost slapped Fred's face of its own accord, before it dropped, quivering, to her side.

"Scram!" she said, her voice sharp and rough. "Nobody ain't tellin' me what I'm gonna do, see? *Nobody!*"

She turned on her heel and click-clicked up the tin-edged stairs, slamming the door at the top.

The next night, which was Sunday, the doorbell rang at the diStephano flat's front door. It rang half a dozen times before anyone heard it, because Papa diStephano and Mamma diStephano were yelling at each other about the meat sauce, one of the non-working brothers was listening to a radio program, another two were interfering with each other's dressing because there was room for only one at a time to wash at the sink in that house, and the three younger diStephanos who were in school were reciting their lessons aloud. Florence herself sat at the window, looking absently down at the neighbors, wishing she were somewhere else, even at work. At Cragg's it was so clean, so quiet, so swell. A girl would be a fool ever to quit a job in exchange for a home. Home was always something like this.

"Boy," said Florence, "I wish that radio would bust its stummik."

But she said it sadly, without her usual spirit, and then she was suddenly aware of the doorbell ringing away, patiently, as if it were used to being paid no attention.

"Come on in!" she shouted.

Fred Dietrich walked in, looking so different in his own clothes instead of a porter's white suit that Florence hardly recognized the red-cheeked boy with the water-soaked brown hair and the hat turning in his hands.

"I come," he said, "to ask would you go to a show with me, please."

In the middle of the swarm and confusion and noise, Florence suddenly felt as though there were a quiet, restful place somewhere where the radio was permanently busted. She smiled at Fred and took a step toward him.

"Sure," she said. "I'd like to get out of here anyway. The noise is driving me nerts."

She didn't attempt to introduce Fred, but everyone was taking sharp notice of him because Florence was counted on as the breadwinner.

"Hey!" Papa diStephano shouted. "Where you t'ink you goin' dis time de night—who dis feller—some bum—no girl my house goin' out wit no—say, lissen, you—"

Florence closed the door after them. "Come on," she said. "My old man's kinda tough sometimes."

Fred said, "Gee, I'm glad you come out with me, Florntz. I was afraid after me bein' so fresh las' night—telling you you hadda go out with me like—"

"That's okay," said Florence. "Forget it."

AFTER the movie they went into a pastry store and had Italian coffee and little almond cakes, and when they got back to Florence's, the hallway was dark and smelly and full of baby carriages, but it was better than upstairs, so they stood in the shadow, not talking much. At last Fred said:

"Gee, you're a swell girl, Florntz," and pulled her toward him, but gently, without insistence. It was the first time in a situation like this that Florence had not backed away with hands and wits thrown out in quick defense. She let him pull her closer and closer, until they were kissing each other and until she did not move even an inch away from him between kisses.

"You better beat it," she said finally. "It's awful late an' you gotta go to Flatbush yet."

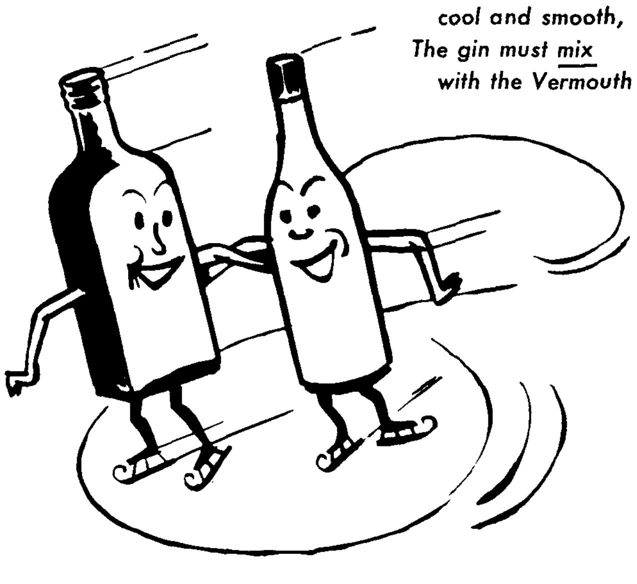
"I wish you was comin' with me," Fred said, and kissed her again. "You will sometime." It was not until he had gone, a long time later, that Florence thought of what his words meant. She shivered a little, now that she was alone, and shook her head.

"What would I do in Flatbush?" she inquired.

All the way home, Fred thought about Florence. He also thought about her family, and it began to be clear to him why a girl like Florence wouldn't like being bossed around, and why being let alone seemed important.

"I don't blame her," Fred said. "Only I don't wanna boss her, I just wanna have her."

"Look," he said to her a few weeks later, because she kept shaking her head when he asked her about getting married. "You could work still, if you



FLEISCHMANN'S
ESTABLISHED 1870
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
Distilled by
The Fleischmann
DRY GIN

To make a Martini
cool and smooth,
The gin must mix
with the Vermouth

Does it mix?

It is a **mixing** gin, we think, when you neither **smell** nor **taste** it in the finished drink

THE REAL AMERICAN MIXER
90 PROOF
4/5 Quart

GLIDING *in smooth-blended harmony over the ice in your mixing glass, gin and Vermouth combine to make a perfect Martini cocktail—but only when the gin is a mixer, never upsetting the drink with a heavy gin smell or gin taste.*

Mixed drinks are an American idea. To meet the American taste for smooth mixed drinks, Fleischmann's Gin is distilled especially for *mixing*—from American grain.

Fleischmann's is the original American gin, established 1870. Our secret formula makes it the real American Mixer. Buy a bottle. And when you order a Martini, say: "Make it with Fleischmann's." (Copr., 1937, by The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N. Y.)

Also Fleischmann's Sloe Gin, 65 Proof

The Only cough drop medicated with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub...
Throat Soothing
VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS
Medicated with Throat-Soothing Ingredients of VICKS VapoRub

Gloria Is Happier Now!

FOR a long time she had known what she wanted but she never had enough money. So, like the little gray mouse, she stayed at home; that is, until this friendly money-making department helped her buy the lovely frock that turned her into a charming Cinderella. Now she says:

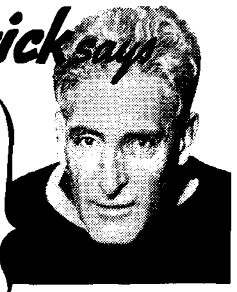
"I never thought I could earn extra money but you showed me the way. The $15.50 I earned in less than two weeks bought me the lovely dress I needed so badly."

What Do You Want?

EVERY dollar must go far these days. So send a letter or a card for our free booklet "An Adventure in Dollars and Cents." It tells girls and women how to make money at home in spare moments.

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's Weekly, Dept. 41
250 Park Avenue
New York, New York

Les Patrick says



I USE AQUA VELVA AFTER SHAVING!

N. Y. Rangers Hockey Manager

- Astringent action closes pores.
- Fights off pimples, sore spots.
- Conserves natural moisture of skin.
- Leaves face cool, clean, refreshed.

EXCELLENT AFTER ELECTRIC SHAVES

WILLIAMS
AQUA VELVA
FREE—2 weeks' supply
Good only in U. S. A.

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. C22, Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A. Please send me a trial bottle of Aqua Velva, the world's largest selling after-shaving preparation.

Name________________
Street & No.________________
City & State________________

wanted. Only you wouldn't have to, because I got something besides my salary to go on, and I got an idea you might like it out in Flatbush—the house and all."

He thought it would be nice to surprise her sometime with the store idea. She'd like running a store, not just being a housewife.

"Maybe," Florence said, her eyes glazed with thought. A house by themselves—that would be swell, even on a porter's salary. The only catch was that she'd be tied up with a man. Fred was easy to get along with, but that was now. Her sisters' husbands and her brothers, while courting, had been gentleness itself. It was the wedding ring that changed things, and Fred would be the same way and she'd be stuck. In Flatbush. She couldn't risk it.

"I ain't innerested, I guess," she said.

Fred said, "You're my girl, Florntz, an' I love you. I've been carrying a license around a long time already."

"Oh, you *have,*" said Florence with devastating calm. "I don' suppose you're tryin' to tell me what to do or nothin', are you?"

Fred flushed and groaned inwardly at the weeks of patient reassurance, now all gone to waste with one error of judgment. He said slowly, "I don't want you should do anything you don't want. Only—"

"Only what?" she asked sharply.

"Only I wish you'd change your mind," he said. "Maybe you will sometime. I'll wait a while, if that's oke with you."

Florence shrugged and was aware of a curious stuffiness in her throat. "Don't blame me if you get stuck, sucker. I ain't so apt to change my mind."

And then one day the bakery and candy girls were all talking about a soda clerk who'd suddenly been fired. "Somebody squealed on him—he was swipin' a cup of coffee and a doughnut last night—he hadn't had no supper—and Mr. Smith caught him. They say some employee squealed."

It was an unsettling thought. Everyone tried to think of other people's suspicious behavior and Florence could not help remembering that wherever and whenever she looked she saw Fred. He always had time to talk to her about what was going on and he never seemed to worry about getting fired. He was forever asking all sorts of questions. He had known about Miss Green's dismissal before Florence had, and he had even seemed to know that she might *like* to get the vacant job.

SHE told herself, "Fred wouldn't squeal," but the evidence piled up in her mind to show that he might. The thought troubled her. She wanted to ask him about it, right out in the open, and watched for the familiar tall figure in the white suit without success. It was getting very near Christmas, there were a lot of special orders and Florence was too hurried to waste time looking for Fred. She hadn't seen him, she realized, for several days.

At ten minutes to ten a customer came in demanding iced cupcakes and Florence, muttering under her breath, ran downstairs again. Her legs ached with running, her wrists and arms were tired of lifting and carrying and tying and for some reason she felt like crying. It was unreasonable and crazy, but it was all she could do not to bawl right out loud. "And why?" she demanded of herself angrily. "Because you ain't seen a guy a couple days? Because maybe he makes a little extra shootin' off his mouth to the boss? What's it to you?"

She couldn't find the cupcakes. Galvanized containers were piled up all along the walls of the stock room but there were no cupcakes. She stood still and swore. Her language turned Fred's already pale face paler as he came in, but he had long ago learned that Florence's language was a lot tougher than her feelings.

"Lookin' for something, Florntz? You oughtn't lift stuff so heavy."

Florence whirled around. "Why the hell not and how'd you get here? You ain't been around all night."

Fred smiled a little, but he looked worried, as though he had something on his mind. "Did you look for me?"

"No," said Florence, but her rage at herself because she *had* looked for him would not let her stop there. She asked, with misleading quietness, "Did you know Tommy, the soda jerker, got canned las' night?"

"Sure I know," Fred said.

Florence's eyes, first on his face, then on his new brown suit, were brighter than Fred had ever seen them. She said, "Mr. Smith never makes rounds that time, an' las' night he did an' Tommy got fired. You seem to know all about it. You been talkin' a lot about quittin' and havin' something besides your porter's salary. Maybe you got dough in the bank you made snitchin'? Maybe for gettin' Tommy canned, you got promoted—don't have to wear your white suit no more?"

"Say, look here, Florntz," Fred said. "What you pinning onto me?"

"Nothin', only I never look around without seein' ya, an' ya always got time to talk, is all," Florence said. She whirled away from him and climbed up on a chair so he would not see that her eyes were ready to spill over with tears as she looked for cupcakes. "Beat it, snoop," she said, over her shoulder.

She stretched herself and reached for the last, farthest container. It was very heavy and her arms could barely encircle it, it was so big around. Then a dozen things happened at once.

Fred, sounding very near her, said, "You needn't worry about that, Florntz! If that's the way you feel—" She was startled and the chair suddenly tipped as she shifted balance. She tried to clutch the shelves for support and forgot that her arms still held the heavy cake container. It plummeted down and as Florence grabbed at a shelf while the chair seemed to disappear from under her, there was a thick crash and Fred was piled up on the floor against the steel table, with blood dripping from his forehead where the cake tin had cut him and with a hail of sponge cupcakes falling over his inert body.

For an instant Florence stood, uncomprehending.

"Fred," she whispered. "Fred!"

But he didn't answer, and she sank to her knees beside him, mopping at the blood with a clean apron snatched from the pile on the table.

"Fred!" she said. "Please. Please, Fred. Please, honey."

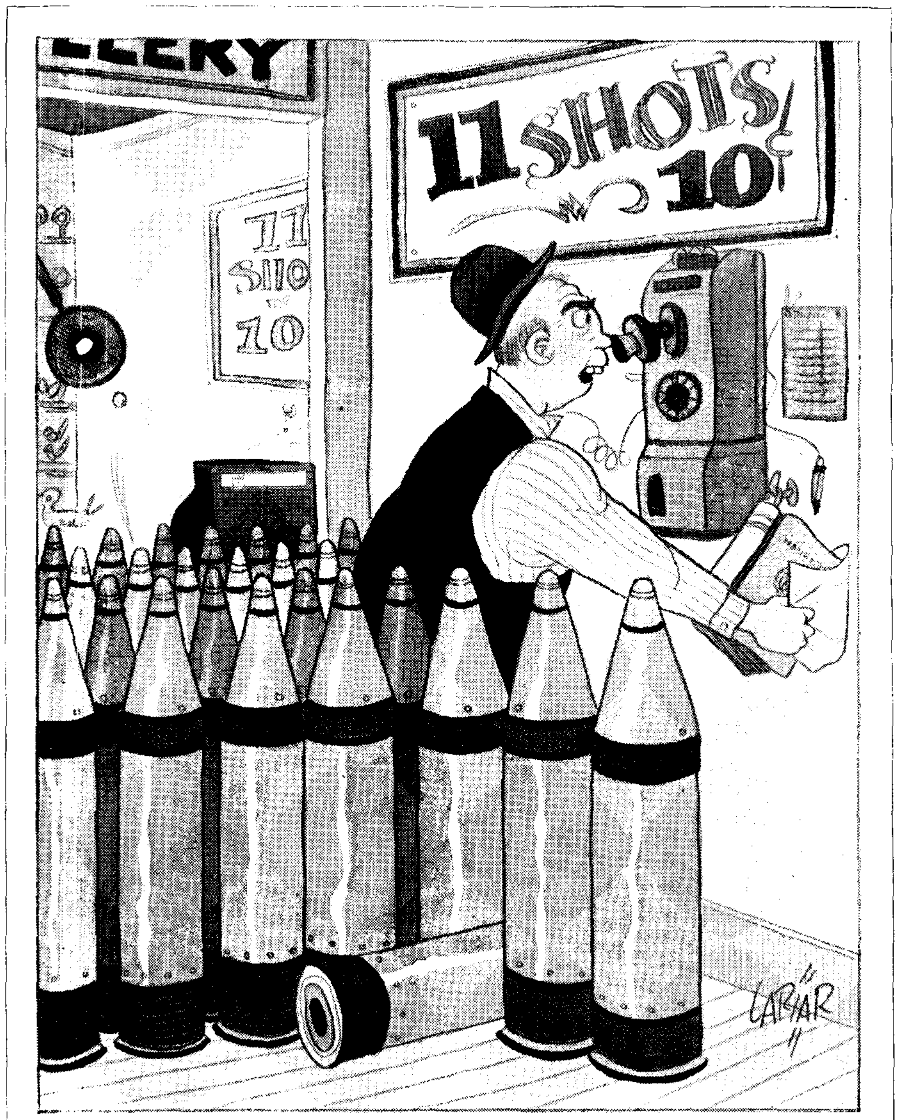
He still didn't answer and she rushed wildly to the door, screaming for help, for Mr. Smith, for someone to come. Mr. Smith clattered down the stairs.

"What's the matter?"

FRED was lying on the floor, blinking his eyelids as if he had forgotten just how it was done. Mr. Smith gave a quick glance at him and then at Florence.

"So you're here again, Dietrich?" he asked. "Making trouble, I suppose, or just plain drunk. Male and female employees aren't supposed to mingle this way, as you both know, and when you're discharged from Cragg's, you've got no further right on the property. Get out now, and stay out, or there'll be a cop putting you into a wagon for trespassing."

Florence flew at him so suddenly he hardly saw her coming.



"You know perfectly well what caliber I ordered!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

"He's hurt, you dope, you! Can't you see him bleedin' or are you blind, besides bein' deef and stupid? Get a doctor an' make it snappy!"

She shook him with both hands and then, since he didn't seem to understand the urgency of the matter, reached out a hand for one of the great blunt spatulas on the table, as if—there being no better within reach—it would serve as a dagger. Mr. Smith went upstairs, calling back that he would send a doctor immediately and that Dietrich was fired and Miss diStephano could go with him.

"Gee, Florntz," Fred said, weakly, "I'm awful sorry. Maybe—"

"Skip it," said Florence gently. She mopped his forehead with another clean apron she had wet under the faucet. "How you feel?"

"Pretty good," Fred said, moving his head down so it rested against Florence's throat.

"I got fired last night," he said. "I don't care, only I can't get to see you so much, not working here—I didn't know I was goin' to get you fired, too."

"I didn't know I was goin' to bust ya head open," Florence said.

Fred smiled a little and went on. "I brought Tommy a cup of cawfee from the kitchen last night and Smith caught us and fired the both of us."

Florence hugged him fiercely to her, aware of a curious softening process going on all through her. She didn't care what happened. She didn't care about losing her job, she didn't care about being crazy about Fred, she just wanted to be with him. "You got the house out in Flatbush, and I'll get another job."

Fred grinned at her. "I still got a thousand bucks I been saving a long time—and I didn't make it squealing. I kept askin' so many questions because I made over the downstairs of the house into a store somethin' like Cragg's. I kind of thought maybe you'd like runnin' your own store, with me doing the heavy work, see? I think it would work out good."

HE LOOKED at Florence but she was leaning back with her eyes closed. A worried look came over Fred's face. He had been so sure, somehow—

In a low voice he said, "Besides, I thought maybe you'd like to live in a place of your own without a million people around all the time, yellin' and bossin', like in your house."

It was a nice, direct proposal. Theirs was an honest, simple, un-iced kind of love, like Florence herself, not made for show but with sweetness and flavor baked deep into its substance. Florence moved her face so Fred could kiss it easily, and gave him an answer as direct as his proposal.

"Leave my folks out of this," she said. "An' if the doc says that cut ain't affected the inside of your head, too, I'll marry you tonight. That damn' license rattlin' in your pocket annoys me."

Vocal Boy Makes Good

Continued from page 25

manna of contentment and happiness that permeates his being and purges his mind of evil. A man cannot lean up against the forks of his own apple tree and plan the destruction of his own government."

"Get the grease where the squeak is!" That was a favorite Lee slogan, meaning to put money into hands now empty. A Farm for Every Farmer and a Home for Every Family! Higher income taxes, higher inheritance taxes, higher taxes on luxuries and an end to tax-exempt bonds! And Motherhood *and* Peace. Before his rivals could gather their scattered wits, they found themselves in the position of holding Motherhood in small esteem, if not being actually against it, and were frantically denying that they had brought on the World War or that they planned another on a still larger scale.

A Good Listener

As for ground-covering, Josh was in a class by himself. There wasn't a corner of Oklahoma too remote for him, and he harangued the spit-and-whittle groups of the rural districts as enthusiastically as he did city crowds. It was nothing for him to speak from early morning until late at night, and, going on the sound principle that one should do a thing himself if he wants it done well, he distributed his own cards and placards.

The outcome was never in doubt. Poor Senator Gore never knew what struck him, Governor Marland still babbles about a hit-and-run driver, and as for Gomer Smith, rescue crews have not yet been able to locate him under the landslide. Josh led easily in the first primary with Marland a poor second, and in the runoff, although both Gore and Smith were against him, shouting "demagogue" and "blatherskite" at the top of their lungs, the master elocutionist beat the oil millionaire by 304,000 to 187,000.

Josh hates war, and wants America to go the limit in the maintenance of neutrality, but his pacifism has in it no touch of nonresistance. He believes in a sane, adequate program of national defense, and stands ready, as before, to take arms in defense of his country and its free institutions. What he does insist upon, however, is that in event of war, money and materials shall be conscripted as well as men, and that tax laws be enacted that will recover for the government 100 per cent of all war profits.

It is true, to be sure, that Josh's war cry, "A Farm for Every Farmer and a Home for Every Family," would seem to be by Frazier out of Lemke, but while admitting that he may be wrong as to some of his details, he stands like iron on the principle. There was no mistaking the man's passionate sincerity as he said, leaning across the broad desk in his office, "You cannot build a successful program of social security without basing it on home ownership. You cannot establish a successful farm-relief program on farms operated by tenants. Farm and home ownership fit into the whole program of social security and farm relief like the last block in a jigsaw puzzle."

It looks as if he had too much integrity to be a Huey Long, and too much common sense to be a Rush Holt. Unlike the young West Virginian, by way of illustration, the Oklahoman has not been in a hurry to make an ass of himself. After taking office on last January 3d, he spoke seldom, and then concisely and intelligently. On one occasion he supported the Nye neutrality measure, his keynote being "Don't put property in the scale with blood." On another occasion, he advocated the repeal of the so-called "Red Rider," an amendment to an appropriation bill that forced teachers in the District of Columbia to take monthly oaths that they did not teach or advocate Communism.

The Senate itself, despite its prejudice against "boy orators," is coming to have a very good opinion of Josh. Perhaps, however, this is due to the fact that he sits and listens eagerly to every speech.

You'll know how good it is when you TASTE IT!

2 YEARS
ONE QUART
90 PROOF
EST 1892
AMERICAN
OLD AMERICAN Brand
Straight Whiskies
THE AMERICAN DISTILLING CO.

TRY THE ONLY REAL TEST OF A WHISKEY

POUR SOME IN A GLASS AND DRINK IT

AMERICAN

STRAIGHT RYE OR STRAIGHT BOURBON

90 PROOF

A LEADER IN THE LOW PRICE FIELD

SEND FOR YOUR HORSE RACE GAMES

THEY'RE FREE!

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE enjoyed the Old American Horse Race Games during the past year. Now we are giving away the new games—"Old American Handicap."

. . . if you prefer a 100 proof whiskey, try

MEADWOOD

Straight Bourbon Whiskey

100 PROOF

THE AMERICAN DISTILLING CO., Inc.
135 East 42nd St., New York City. Dept. CI
Please send me my 6 *free* "Old American Handicap" games.

Name
Address
City *State*

THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY, INC.
PEKIN, ILLINOIS • ESTABLISHED 1892

COOK'S *Imperial* ... say, that's an idea!

A grand idea, if we do say so. Everyone from Aunt Kate to your lady love's dad welcomes Cook's Imperial—there's nothing like it to warm the heart and send spirits soaring. And just imagine, this bottle of joy, all dressed up in a handsome holiday box, costs no more than a good necktie or a box of sweets. So—this Christmas—give Cook's Imperial.

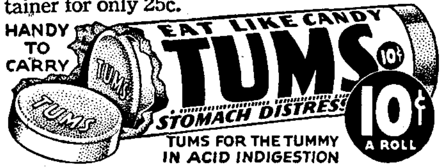
COOK'S *Imperial*
American Champagne
AMERICAN WINE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS, MO.

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITERS

YOU MUST HAVE A CAST-IRON STOMACH TO EAT THE RICH FOODS YOU DO.
NOT AT ALL. I EAT THINGS I LIKE. THEN IF I GET ACID INDIGESTION, I CHEW TUMS AND THEY FIX ME UP QUICK.

HERE'S PROVED RELIEF FROM ACID INDIGESTION

YES—TUMS, a remarkable discovery brings amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and constant burning caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS contain no laxatives; no harmful drugs. ***Guaranteed to contain no soda.*** Over 1½ billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Try TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists. Most economical relief. Chew like candy mints. Get a handy 10c roll today, or the three roll economy package with metal container for only 25c.



FREE Beautiful Six-color 1938 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of *TUMS* and *NR*. Send stamp for packing and postage to Lewis-Howe Company, Dept. 6-L-10, St. Louis, Mo.

Night Call

Continued from page 15

voice at all. "No, Rankin. Your baby needs more than medicine. Your baby needs a doctor."

He turned and went to the door of his baby's room.

His wife got up from her chair by the crib and stepped aside as he leaned over the baby, listening. "He's sleeping," she whispered.

They could hear Rankin pacing up and down in the hall. "His baby is delirious," the doctor said quietly.

Her hand dropped to her side. "You won't be long?"

"It's three miles." Then he spoke calmly, professionally, but they both understood. "If he wakes up, give him a teaspoonful of the green medicine in the glass."

Tonelessly she repeated his directions: "A teaspoonful of the green medicine—if he wakes up."

"Goodby, Kate," he said. Then—in the hall: "All right, Rankin." The doctor took down his overcoat from the hall tree, got out his heavy boots, his medicine case. He handed Rankin his hat. They were ready.

THEN he was outside, in the sharp air, in the whirling snow, running down the front walk after Rankin; then in the sleigh, gliding past the shadows of silent, white-topped houses. The horse's hoofbeats pounding, pounding on the snow-packed street, were to the doctor a small heart pounding, faster, faster, faster—running away from time. But at the edge of town, where the open country lay silent beneath an endless white sheet and the road was untraveled, the hoofbeats became fainter until the doctor could hear only the tired horse panting as he lunged on through the knee-deep drifts. Rankin stood in the sleigh, shifting his feet to keep his balance, peering ahead as he guided the snow-blinded horse between the rows of black fence posts dotting the roadside.

And the doctor thought: There is always a road ahead. Always ahead. But to see the road clearly. And to follow the road.

"How far is it now, Rankin?" he asked.

"Two mile, Doc. She was sick once before but not like this."

"Don't worry, Rankin. In a few days she'll be crawling around underfoot again." And he thought: A teaspoonful of the green medicine—if he wakes up. He leaned forward in the sleigh, silently urging the horse, and Rankin, thinking him cold, said tensely: "I'm going to pay you double for coming out tonight." They slipped on through the silent, white-flecked darkness, the doctor shielding his medicine case from the wet snow.

At the crossroads Rankin reined left and they rode on and on; past the white ruins of Bostain's Mill; past the sycamore looming beside the frozen creek. Halfway up the long hill beyond, the winded horse slowed to a walk and Rankin gave him free rein to breathe.

"How far is it now, Rankin?"

"Over the hill, Doc. Over the hill." He called to the horse and they started on. . . .

In the dim lamplight Rankin's wife was huddled on the edge of the four-poster bed in the corner, holding the unconscious baby close to her breast. As the doctor threw off his coat she struggled to her feet and moved across the carpetless floor toward him.

"My baby . . . my baby," she sobbed.

Gently he took the baby in his arms. "We'll put her right to bed," he said calmly. But his heart pounded beneath the small head sagging on his shoulders, and as he tucked the quilt around the baby's shoulders his fingers were trembling. He'd have to get hold of himself. He had a long, hard fight ahead. He snapped open his case. Without looking up from the baby's half-open, staring eyes, he said: "More light, Rankin, please."

Rankin's wife caught up the coal-oil lamp from the mantel and came to stand breathless at the foot of the bed while he adjusted the tubes of his stethoscope. With eyes closed, he moved the sound plate slowly over the baby's chest, hearing in every quick breath the sharp rasping in her lungs, hearing her small heart jar. While he examined, all his senses strung to hearing, Rankin tiptoed to the foot of the bed and stood beside his wife. In the upward flare of the lamplight their faces were drawn masks, pale and shadowed, with red, swollen eyes.

"A half glass of water, not too cold," the doctor said without turning his head. "And a teaspoon, please." Rankin rushed from the room. Rankin's wife was biting her lips hard. "Don't worry," the doctor said, "she'll be all right."

He took a bottle of lobelia from his case, and, holding the bottle over the glass in Rankin's unsteady hand, he counted the drops spattering into the water. He eased his arm under the baby's limp shoulders, dipped out a spoonful of the medicine. As he tilted the spoon, the baby struggled slightly, coughed, but swallowed.

"She'll be all right," he said, but Rankin's wife started sobbing again. He must keep her busy. "She'll need more covers," he said in a low voice. She set the lamp down on the mantel and went out, her face in her hands.

Then the doctor stood up and faced Rankin. "Your baby is very sick," he said. "But she has a chance. A good chance," he added, when he saw Rankin's jaw tighten. "But don't worry. I'll stay until she's better." He laid his hand on Rankin's arm. "You might put your horse in the barn, and bring some firewood back with you." Rankin went out.

Yes, he would stay. He couldn't leave until the baby rallied and slept. He took out his watch and for a long minute stared down at the hands. It was 1:30. He had been gone an hour and a half. . . .

WHEN Rankin's wife came in with the covers, he moved between her and the bed, and took the blankets off her arm. "You'd better try to get some sleep," he said. "If I need anything, I'll call you. You lie down a while. She'll be all right."

But when he spread the blankets over the baby he saw that she hadn't rallied with the medicine. Her eyes were still half open; her breathing was still too fast. Hurriedly, he gave her half a teaspoonful more of the lobelia, and listened again to her quick heartbeat.

Soon, Rankin sidled through the door with a wet log and laid it down on the hearth to dry out. He came and stood behind the doctor's chair.

"She'll come around," the doctor whispered. "Now if you'll keep the fire going, I'll sit here." But he thought, I'll have to watch her heart. And he checked his bag for the hypodermic case, then held his fingers on her pulse.

Rankin sat now by the hearth, big hands clasped between his knees, staring at the doctor's curved back.

Across the bed the doctor could see the snowflakes drifting past the window, screening the darkness out. He leaned closer in order to hear the baby's tired breathing; slowly her eyelids closed. She slept.

Again the doctor listened with his stethoscope, his fingers more relaxed, and soon he sat back in his chair. He started to look at his watch but caught himself. Regardless of the time, he would have to stay. The baby was only beginning to rally. Later, she might need a change of medicine. From time to time he took her pulse, feeling her heartbeat slowly improve as she continued to sleep. Then suddenly it was five o'clock! Where had the hours gone? The baby was better now. But he must stay another hour.

At a quarter of six her breathing was easier, her pulse slower. She was out of immediate danger. He went to the window and scraped away the frost. It had stopped snowing. But the road. . . . There *was* no road. The drifts were too deep now, even for the sleigh. If he *could* get home—he would have to try on horseback.

He laid his hand on Rankin's shoulder. Rankin woke up, startled, and lurched toward the bed. But the doctor whispered that the baby was better. "If you'll saddle your horse for me," he said, "I'll start home right away. I'll ride back here later in the morning."

Rankin's wife appeared in the doorway, and looked quickly at the doctor, but he assured her that the baby was better. She mustn't worry. "We'll let her sleep," he said slowly; "we mustn't disturb her, even for medicine."

AND while Rankin was gone to bring the horse, he folded the tubes of the stethoscope in his case, and buttoned his overcoat. Then he walked down the hall and into the front room.

Rankin's wife had hot coffee waiting for him. But he shook his head. "No, thanks, I must get home right away."

Then Rankin, covered with snow to his waist, stamped inside, blowing on his hands. "It's mighty sharp out, Doc. You better put something in your stomach. You'll be a long time getting through."

"No," he said. "I must get started." As he stepped out the door he turned and spoke the words that he dreaded; the words that had been in his mind all night: "If she wakes up, give her a teaspoonful of the medicine in the glass."

He rode slowly up the bleak, silent hill, under a dull, snow-cloud sky. He rode down the long hill. Along the frozen, silent creek. Past the gaunt sycamore. Past the shapeless ruins of Bostain's Mill. Past the crossroads. On through white silence.

Now, at last, he was riding at the edge of town; now up Main Street. But the horse's hoofbeats made no sound in the soft snow, and the doctor rode silently past white and silent picture houses hung in an even row along the dull wall of sky beyond.

Now he was at his own house, home, running up the walk. He strode across the front porch and turned the knob.

As he stepped into the unlighted hall the door of the nursery opened and his wife ran to him. He felt her trembling in his arms. And he could think of only *one* word, *a doctor's word, a question*: "Yes?" he said slowly. "Yes?"

"I thought you'd never come," she sobbed. "He's been so restless."

He caught at the word: "Restless . . ." He felt the strength come back into his shoulders. He went quickly into the nursery.

From the crib came the sound of tired but even breathing.

East of Broadway

Continued from page 11

appreciating his distaste for country hotels—had suggested that he and Mr. Martin might find Mrs. Waring's home and food most enjoyable.

Mrs. Waring was pleasantly—but visibly—excited. She stated that she was delighted — honored even — and wondered whether they'd mind sharing a room, since there was only one vacancy in her modest boardinghouse. Two beds, of course . . . and she did hope that they wouldn't miss the New York service they were accustomed to, and would ten dollars a week apiece be too much, because if it was, why, she'd be glad to talk to her husband about making it less.

Tiny said, "I'm sure that's going to be elegant, ma'am. And by the way, what are your meal hours?"

She beamed up at him. "We have breakfast about eight o'clock, dinner at one and supper about seven.

"And if you'd like to see your room . . ." Mrs. Waring called: "Parsley!"

"It's all food," murmured Tiny, but Eddie didn't even hear. He was looking at the doorway where the young girl was standing. Her clear voice—so clear and so quiet—came to him. She said, "Parsley's coming now, Aunty."

Mrs. Waring said, "Linda, this is Mr. Martin—and this is Mr. Lawson. My niece, Miss Waring."

THEY finished bowing and shaking hands just in time to hear Mrs. Waring say, "Mr. Lawson is a New York actor."

"And I," interjected Tiny, remembering the words of the farmer with whom they had hitchhiked into Karnak, "am a musician."

"Both," grinned Eddie, "being classic examples of overstatement."

"I've never met a real actor befo'."

"You haven't yet. I'm a dancer."

"He also don't sing," stated Tiny.

Eddie patted his friend's arm. "My public!"

Once again that impish glance from under demurely downcast lids; once again the quick, birdlike gesture of delicate hands—once again the virginal blush . . . then Linda turned away to fetch Parsley, leaving Messrs. Lawson and Martin wondering which of the contradictions to believe.

Parsley appeared and grabbed their suitcases. He was long and gangling and three shades darker than midnight. "I'll tote you-all gemmun's things up to yo' room." They bowed again to Mrs. Waring, promised to be on time for supper—or, as Tiny stated—perhaps an hour ahead of time—and followed Parsley into an upstairs corner room gay with patchwork quilt and chintz curtains. In the corner was an old-fashioned washstand and basin, and there were roses in a vase on the ancient oak dresser. Then Parsley spoke: "Y'all is actors, ain't you?"

"We-e-ell . . . there seems to be a rumor—"

"Modesty forbids his lying, Parsley," said Tiny. "As a matter of fact, he isn't. He's a dancer."

"Golla! Like Mistuh Astaire?"

"Sort of. Show him, Eddie."

EDDIE grinned broadly and his nimble feet twinkled a few intricate tap steps. Parsley said, "Hot ziggity dog! Ain't that somethin'."

"This is better," stated Eddie, and performed again. Parsley was almost tearful. "I sho' wish you-all'd learn me to do somethin' like that, suh. This heah is all I can do." With which Parsley tapped on the floor with one huge foot, clapped his palms together thrice and went into a very excellent shuffle. When he finished Eddie said, "You'll have to teach me, Parsley. You're terrific."

"Aw no . . ."

"Sure 'nough. You're crazy about dancing, aren't you?"

"Yassuh. It's the fondest thing I'se of."

They dismissed Parsley with a smile, and as the door closed behind him, Tiny said, "You sure made a friend of that lad."

"I'm going to make friends with everyone, Tiny. Every lad and lassie in the village. Then there'll be less chance of somebody getting the horrible idea of requesting our board in advance."

They located the bathroom and bathed. They shaved and dressed. Tiny regarded Eddie critically — "A bit Broadwayish, me lad—but impressive. Be sure you don't let 'em see the soles of your shoes. They might suspect something."

At 6:40 they were on the porch where they were introduced to the other boarders. Linda appeared two or three times, briefly—then vanished inside the house to help with the supper. At seven they sat down to a meal which promised to wreck Tiny Martin forever. There was fried chicken in inexhaustible quantities, rice and gravy, French fried potatoes, spinach, huge platters of light, flaky, golden-brown biscuits, lettuce salad, sweet milk, apple pie and coffee. Tiny collapsed on a chair in the sitting room and spent the balance of the evening smiling like a huge, overgrown cherub.

Eddie was considerably more active. Obviously he had embarked on his campaign of popularity. He was bright, gay, and modest. There was a young couple named Farnsworth who had an eight-year-old son named Julian. Eddie took Julian into a corner and taught him two steps of the waltz tap routine, thereby insuring the adoration of little Julian and his parents. And, whenever possible, he devoted himself to Linda, who sat demurely on the sofa, embroidering initials on towels. At ten o'clock the guests commenced to show signs of weariness. At 10:30 the upstairs trek began. At 10:40 Tiny faced Eddie in the privacy of their room.

"That food!" he exclaimed rapturously. "These beds! Our prospects—"

"And Linda."

"So-o-o. Already?"

"Don't be a sap, Tiny." Eddie was speaking half humorously, half seriously. "I'm not the village type. I don't go for small-town girls. But she *is* interesting."

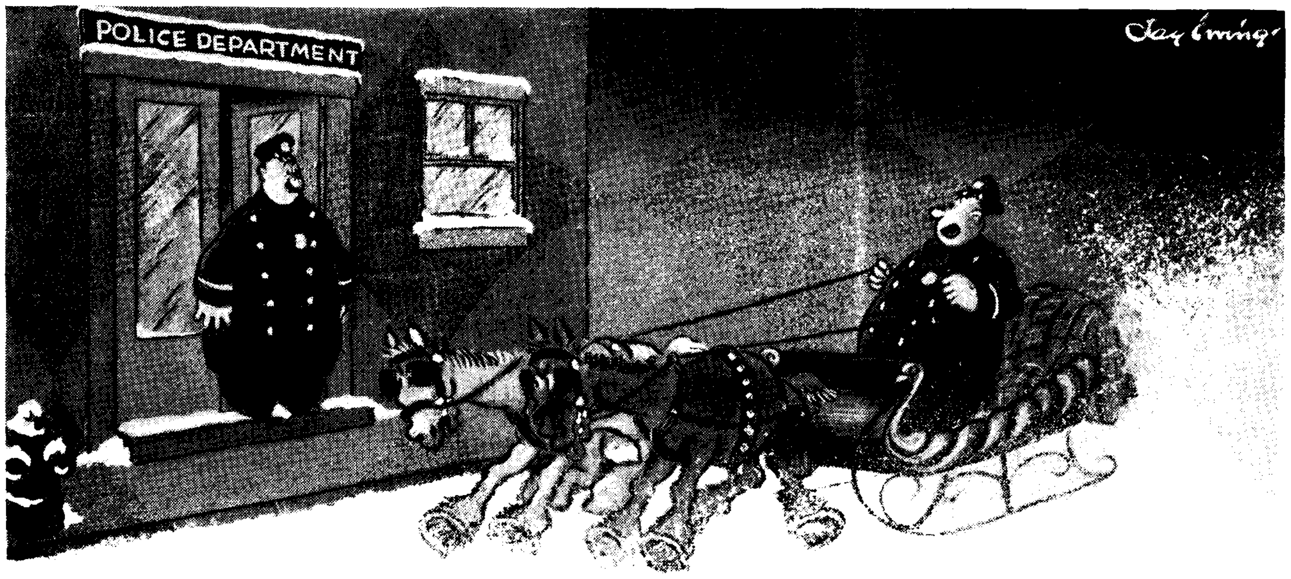
"And I suppose she'll just be a part of your campaign to become popular. Is that it?"

"Keno! Don't you remember the theme song of all smart but slightly indigent troupers . . ." Eddie sang softly:

"*Oooooooooooh*
You gotta be nice to the landlady's
daughter
If you wanta get a second piece of
pie."

ANYONE acquainted with Andrew North, or knowing anything about his spectacular career in New York, would have guessed that he dined every night at Mundy's.

Mundy's is not large, and its service is nothing to write home about, but the



"Come on! Quit gapin' an' get in! Th' car's froze up again!"

JAY IRVING

"What a Beautiful Dining Car!"

DU PONT PAINTS for EVERY PURPOSE in Home and Industry

—THANKS TO DULUX!
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MILLIONS of Christmas homecomers are riding in cars decorated with gleaming Dulux.

Diners, sleepers, coaches, lounges—thousands of them—are finished inside with Dulux. Not only to surround passengers with restful, harmonious colors, but because this finish saves money.

Many progressive roads have standardized with Dulux because it *keeps* its beauty a longer time. It is so amazingly durable it brings painting costs down to new lows.

Dulux has the same famous traits found in Du Pont finishes for *every* purpose: greater beauty, longer service, lower costs.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT OFF

Paints..Varnishes
Enamels..Lacquers
DUCO-DULUX
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

food is good and its clientele picturesque. There—amidst the violent odors of marinated herring, new dill pickles, bratwurst, pigs' knuckles, onions, charcoal-broiled steak and such dishes as Wiener rostbraten and chicken paprikasch—you will find the high and the low of Broadway: night-club, vaudeville and motion-picture topliners; nondescript performers from minor night clubs east of Broadway, race-track bookies and touts, managers of prize fighters and wrestlers, booking agents, gag writers, and vivid ladies.

Mundy's is Broadway and Broadway is Mundy's—at least to those who are in the know. And not the least profitable class of regular patrons are those gentlemen who were bootleg kings and gangsters before Repeal, and who are now indulging in the typically American pastime of racketeering. Of these, Andrew North was one of the most prominent and most feared—and there were none in Mundy's on this particular night who could have suspected that Mr. North was not optimistic about his future.

Facts, however, were facts—and Mr. North was uncomfortably aware that his bank account was dwindling fast, that racketeering had not met with the popular approval which had been accorded to bootlegging, and he—although magnificently lacking in morals or scruples of any sort—yet had a certain antipathy for prisons. True, he had several times been indicted for felonies, but each time he had escaped—thanks to shrewd legal assistance, plus a bit of influence. But these experiences had made him cautious—and if that natural caution was now becoming tinged with desperation, Mr. North's pink-cheeked countenance gave no hint of the fact.

HE SAT alone in a booth, sipping a mild cocktail. His clothes were considerably quieter than most of the raiment which shrieked from the other tables; his face was boyish despite his forty-four years; his figure was stocky and well-muscled under not-too-evident layers of soft flesh; his hair was sandy and rather sparse, and his eyes—

Andrew North's eyes were small and round and light agate in color. They showed no life, no emotion. They were eyes that could bore through you and make you fidget; eyes that appeared to see everything and to reflect nothing. They were the eyes of a hard gambler, of a conscienceless man—and when Andrew North wished to be friendly, he kept those eyes veiled.

He nodded to a dozen or so acquaintances who hailed him, but continued to sit alone. And then, above the tumult and din, above the raucous calling of waiters and conversation of patrons, a gentle voice came to North's ears. The voice said, "Pardon me, but isn't this Andrew North of Mill City, Ohio?"

North's eyes traveled up from the level of the table-top; up a slim, cheaply clad figure. He saw a man who was thin and obviously lacking in wealth. And then he saw the face: thin, too, and deeply lined—not with lines of dissipation, but with the deeper engraving of worry. He saw a kindly, lonely face; a face which was as friendly as that of a homeless dog—and as lonely; a face topped by a semibald head, and distinguished by kindly eyes. It was a face that meant nothing to Andrew North, and he was not disposed to be cordial. In a flat voice he asked, "What's it to you?"

"You *are* Andrew North, aren't you?"

"Who says so?"

The little man beamed. He said, "I'm Morton L. Bemis."

"So what?"

"Don't you remember, Andy? We went to school together in Mill City. Then you went away. I haven't been in New York for more than ten years. I'm all alone—and here I run right spang into you."

"Well. . . ?"

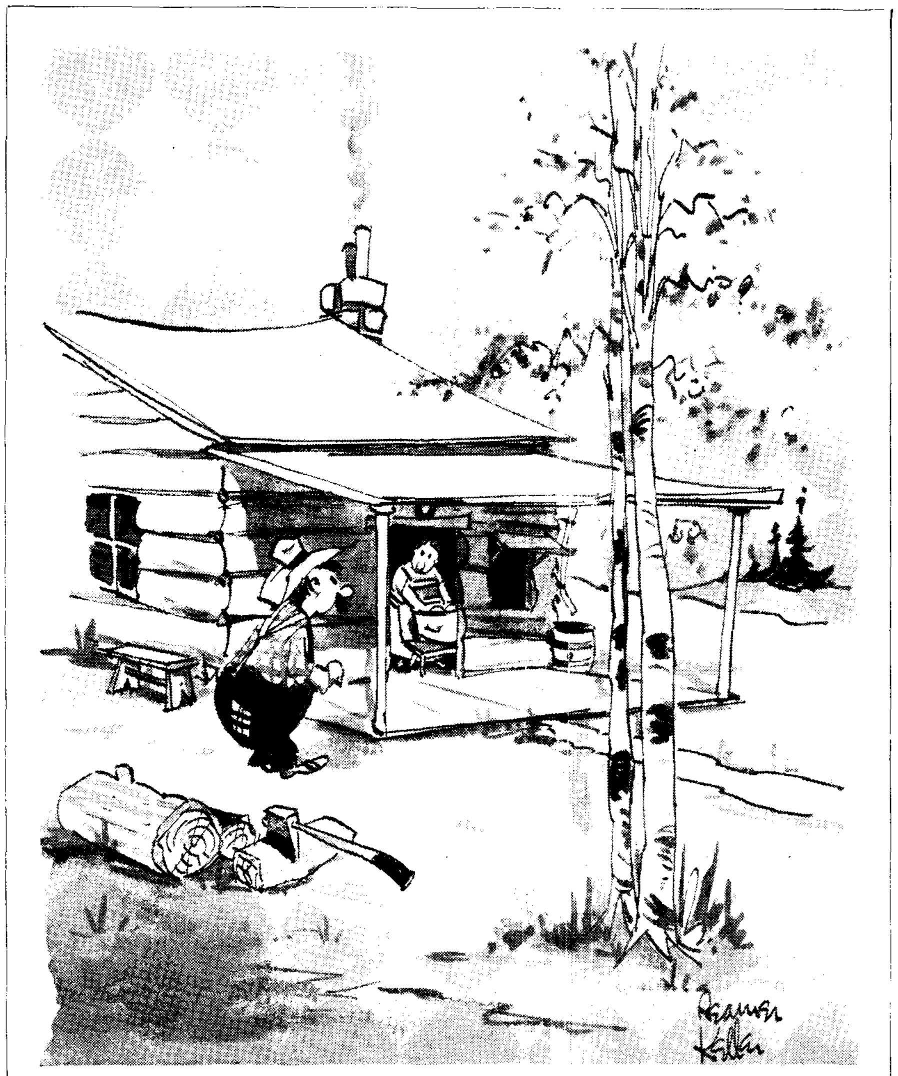
Morton L. Bemis was eagerly friendly, refusing to see the hostility in North's agate eyes. "You haven't been back to Mill City for more than twenty years, have you, Andy?" There was no answer and Bemis continued, as though fearful of having to relinquish this one human contact. "You wouldn't know the town. New buildings, fine new schools . . . things are humming. Remember Little Joe Reynolds? He's mayor now."

North said coldly, "I'm busy."

"I know. . . . Waiting for someone. I'll be going." Morton L. Bemis sighed. "Gee! I wish you'd have dinner with me."

"I always eat alone."

"But just for old times' sake. There's so much to tell." Bemis was floundering. He was being dismissed, and he knew it—but he was reluctant to go. New York was so big and he was so lonely. He leaned across the table and lowered his voice. He said, "Do you remember the Blunts that used to live on Basin Street? And the one kid they had—a lad named Oscar?"



"I kinda thought you were washin', Bessie—it smelled too good to be cookin'"

REAMER KELLER

"I suppose so."

"WELL, it's the queerest story. It's why I'm in New York. I guess things like that happen every day here, but in Mill City they're quite a sensation. Would you believe it, Andy?—there's this Oscar Blunt, just a kid nobody has seen since he was fourteen years old and, spang, all of a sudden they find out that he's worth more than a quarter of a million dollars."

There was just the faintest flicker of human emotion behind the arctic eyes across the table. There was just a slightest softening of North's voice. He said, "So . . . ?"

"Yes, sir—it reads like a storybook. Just imagine this young fellow, probably right here in New York—maybe sitting in this restaurant at this very minute—imagine him not knowing he's a rich man."

"What's it to you?"

"I'm a lawyer." Morton L. Bemis shrugged deprecatingly. "I haven't been terribly successful, so I had time to investigate. On my own, of course. That's why I'm here. To find Oscar Blunt. Maybe you know him."

"Maybe." North was no longer disinterested, nor was his manner so definitely antagonistic. "What's the setup?"

Bemis smiled, took off his hat and leaned back against the upholstery of the booth. "Gee, it's swell meeting up with you again. After all these years."

"Go on with your story."

Bemis said, "You know pretty nearly everybody around Broadway, don't you?"

"That's a big order. I know a lot of 'em."

"I'll bet you do. Listen: Did you ever hear of a young man—he's an actor, I think—about twenty-seven years old—named Eddie Lawson?"

"What's he got to do with Oscar Blunt?"

Bemis grinned triumphantly. He said, "Plenty! Eddie Lawson is Oscar Blunt!"

"You mean he doesn't know it?"

"Sure he knows it, Andy. But it doesn't mean anything to him. You see, what he doesn't know is that he's rich."

North said, "How about ordering a bite? You've got me interested."

"I thought you'd be. . . . You're sure it's all right for me to eat with you . . . that I'm not intruding . . . ?"

"No. Go ahead and order. Waiter!"

Over broiled sirloin steak, hashed brown potatoes and cole slaw, Morton L. Bemis expanded.

"I'll tell it to you the way it happened, Andy—I mean, what we know now *must* have happened. You see, Oscar Blunt had a grandfather—his mother's father—named George Morgan. Maybe you remember him."

"Maybe."

"He was a crazy old coot. Always on the go. Always having schemes for getting rich. Every time he got his hands on a few dollars he invested it in some wildcat scheme. He had enough worthless stock certificates to paper a house—except he never had a house.

"Well, Oscar was his first grandchild. So old George Morgan proceeds to celebrate. This was almost twenty-seven years ago, mind you. He goes to every bar on Basin Street, and sets 'em up. Then he lets a slick salesman sell him a hundred shares of stock in a new company they were just organizing. He insists that the stock is to be put in the name of his new grandson—in the name of Oscar Blunt. And it was done. Now I'm asking you, Andy: Guess what that corporation was?"

"You tell me."

Morton L. Bemis said reverently, "Nectaro! One hundred shares of original stock in the Nectaro Beverage Corporation of America!"

NORTH'S brain was machinelike. "And that stock, with all its dividends and split-ups, is worth how much today?"

"More than a quarter of a million dollars!"

"Oscar Blunt doesn't know he owns it?"

"Obviously not—else he'd have come back to Mill City to claim it. He's a stockholder of record on the Nectaro books. Has been ever since they organized. And that's why I've been investigating him."

"Who sent you?"

"Nobody. It was my own idea. It sort of happened."

"How?"

"Well—this stock was put in Oscar Blunt's name right after he was born, and nobody knew or cared anything about it. Then, before he was three years old, Grace and John Blunt, his mother and father, both died. George Morgan—that's Mrs. Blunt's father—put Oscar with some cousins, and walked off. He's never been heard of or from since. But before he went away, he took a packet of papers to Melton Fish and asked him would he take care of them. Mel knew what they were, just a bunch of worthless investments, so he bundled 'em up and put 'em in his strong box at the bank. And then he forgot them, too. About four months ago, Mel Fish died, and when his executors went through his effects, they found this packet of papers—all worthless except one stock certificate. And that was the one hundred shares of the original stock of the Nectaro Company—the stock that has always been in Oscar's name."

"Interesting. And Oscar?"

"Well, he didn't have a very happy time as a kid. His cousins had a million children and they were poor as Job's turkey. Oscar played around with the other youngsters and was always crazy about shows. When he was fourteen years old he got a job with a cheap carnival that was playing the Middle West—Maxwell Brothers Grand Amalgamated Shows—and he went off with them. Just a sort of chore boy, I guess. And I found out that he wrote one letter saying he was working in one of their sideshows and that he believed he could go far on the stage—but that the name Oscar Blunt wasn't any good for that sort of work so he was going to take the stage name of Eddie Lawson."

"And then?"

"Well, the money was enough to cause excitement in Mill City, but not large enough to get national publicity. And what little it got, Blunt obviously didn't see. So I figured—law business being as bad as it is—that if I could find the boy and straighten things up for him, I might get a nice fee. And I'd be happy to do him a favor, too."

North's eyes were cold and calculating. His brain was working fast behind his inscrutable countenance. He said, "What have you learned?"

"Well, I've found out that there is an Eddie Lawson about that age who has been playing engagements in vaudeville and night clubs for years. I reckon he's not very important, because nobody remembers much about him. They say, 'Oh, yes, I think I know him.' And I figure that he's been Eddie Lawson so long that he thinks of himself that way now . . . and he's never been successful enough for newspapers to write articles about his youth and what his real name is and all that sort of thing."

"He's in New York now?"

"No. But I'm expecting him any day."

"Why?"

"Because they told me in one place that he went down to Miami to be master of ceremonies at some little club. I learned that that club failed. So he must be on his way to New York, and I'm waiting to meet him with the good news."

"You ought to get a big split, Mort."

Bemis flushed with pleasure at the use of his boyhood nickname. "Naah!" he said. "Anything reasonable. . . ."

North said, "Does anybody in Mill City know where you are and what you're doing?"

"Oh, no. I wanted to keep it secret. Didn't see any use of letting someone else get the same idea I had."

"And all you want is a small fee?"

"That's all. Sure." Morton L. Bemis shook his head. "Can you imagine how surprised he'll be. Think of being an unsuccessful vaudeville actor—broke maybe—and suddenly finding out that you're worth a quarter of a million dollars."

"I *am* thinking of it." North's broad, strong, pink fingers thrummed on the table. He was thinking all right—thinking of how easy it would be to do things with such a young man as this Eddie Lawson must be, particularly if Eddie knew nothing of his amazing good fortune.

Andrew North kept his telltale eyes veiled from the pathetic little man across the table. There was much going on behind those eyes that he didn't want Bemis to suspect. And North smiled and tried to be friendly. He said, "Seems like old times to be chatting with you, Mort. Kind of takes me back to when I was a kid." He looked up. "Seems like we ought to make a night of it."

MORTON L. BEMIS was pitifully grateful. In all his monastic life he had never "made a night of it." And with Andrew North—a man who typified Broadway as Morton L. Bemis imagined it: a man who had all the cold confidence which Bemis believed was sophistication. He waited while North got a sleek roadster from a garage, bubbled over with gratitude as they crossed the 59th Street bridge and headed for the highways and byways of Long Island—and congratulated himself on his miraculous good fortune in having encountered so elegant a companion as Andrew North. Uh-huh, said Bemis to himself, it sure took fellows from small towns to know how to entertain their friends.

They visited roadhouse after roadhouse. North drank scarcely at all and Bemis even less, but there was this difference: that Morton L. Bemis was not accustomed to alcohol and even on an infinitesimal quantity his brain clouded and his tongue loosened. Before eleven o'clock he had told Andrew North everything he had learned about Oscar Blunt, who was now Eddie Lawson, and, what was more important, he made it quite clear that he was the only person in the world who possessed this information.

Andrew North's brain was clear, and he was glad that in the dim light of roadhouses and along the dark roads, Morton L. Bemis could not see his eyes.

North was thinking about a gullible and unsuccessful young trouper who owned a fortune about which he knew nothing. Apparently there was only one person in the world who had troubled to investigate—or ever would trouble. Of course, Bemis was on the right track. All he had to do was wait in New York until Eddie Lawson returned from wherever he was. And then. . . .

A moderate fee! North analyzed the man at his side, and decided accurately and contemptuously that Morton L. Bemis was incurably afflicted with the vice of honesty. No hope of making him a partner in any scheme which savored of the unethical.

A quarter of a million dollars. Once North asked, "Does anyone know for certain whether Blunt's grandfather died?"

Bemis said, "No. But that doesn't make any difference. This isn't a case of an inheritance, you see, Andy. The stock has actually belonged to Oscar Blunt since the day it was bought."

"There wouldn't be any red tape then, would there?"

"Certainly not. Blunt would just go back to Mill City, identify himself—which would be easy enough—and do what he wanted with his stock: keep it and collect dividends, or sell it on the exchange."

"Interesting story." Then North asked, "Having a good time, Mort?"

"Marvelous. Never had such a grand night in my life."

THERE were more roadhouses, more drinks. At two o'clock in the morning they started back toward Manhattan. Their road skirted the Sound and for several miles there were no houses. Andrew North swung the car under a clump of trees and said jovially:

"There's a grand view here I want to show you."

Bemis was responsive to any suggestion. They left the car and walked together to the bluff overlooking the Sound. The water was calm, the night was still, there was a full moon.

Andrew North was standing a trifle behind Bemis, and on his left. North's right hand went inside his coat. The fingers closed around the butt of an automatic which was held snugly in an armpit holster. North withdrew the gun and nuzzled it against the left side of the man in front of him so that it pointed straight at the heart.

"Looks like the lake back home, doesn't it, Mort?" Andrew North's voice was quietly conversational. "It's a beautiful spot."

"Sure is. You're being wonderful to me, Andy. . . ."

There was a sound on the still night air, and the dead body of Morton L. Bemis pitched forward and sprawled grotesquely on the grass.

Calmly, and without haste, Andrew North pitched the automatic far out into the water. Then he bent over the body of the little man he had just murdered and took his wallet and card case and letters, and removed all marks of identification from his clothes.

With never a backward glance at the thing on the ground, Andrew North returned to his car, swung back to the main highway and started at a moderate pace toward New York. His face was expressionless.

"Now," he said to himself, "there is only one man in the world interested in Mr. Eddie Lawson. I shall be very happy to meet him."

(To be continued next week)

Preferred*
for the season's celebrations
HEUBLEIN'S
MILSHIRE
DISTILLED
DRY GIN

* For many happy returns of the occasion, mix your drinks with MILSHIRE . . . its superb quality results from the finest ingredients . . . distilled by a slow, patient English pot-still process. G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., HARTFORD, CONN.

HEUBLEIN'S
MILSHIRE DRY GIN
BY THE MAKERS OF HEUBLEIN'S CLUB COCKTAILS
90 PROOF — DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Announcing!

A Fine Plan to Earn Extra Income in 1938

DO YOU want more money to make life more pleasant in 1938? Lack of money may not be a disgrace but it is very inconvenient. Here is welcome news for anyone with a little spare time and the ambition to use it.

EVEN if you have only a little spare time, you may add $10.00 or $15.00 a month or more to your income. How? By taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell Magazines. Your earnings start on your first order. There is no waiting—no red tape.

Of course, you must have the initiative to make the first move for an extra income. Then, we'll help you with personal cooperation from a competent Division Manager. You don't even need to write a letter. Just paste the bottom of this advertisement with your name and address on a penny post card and mail now!—*there is no obligation.*

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-79
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

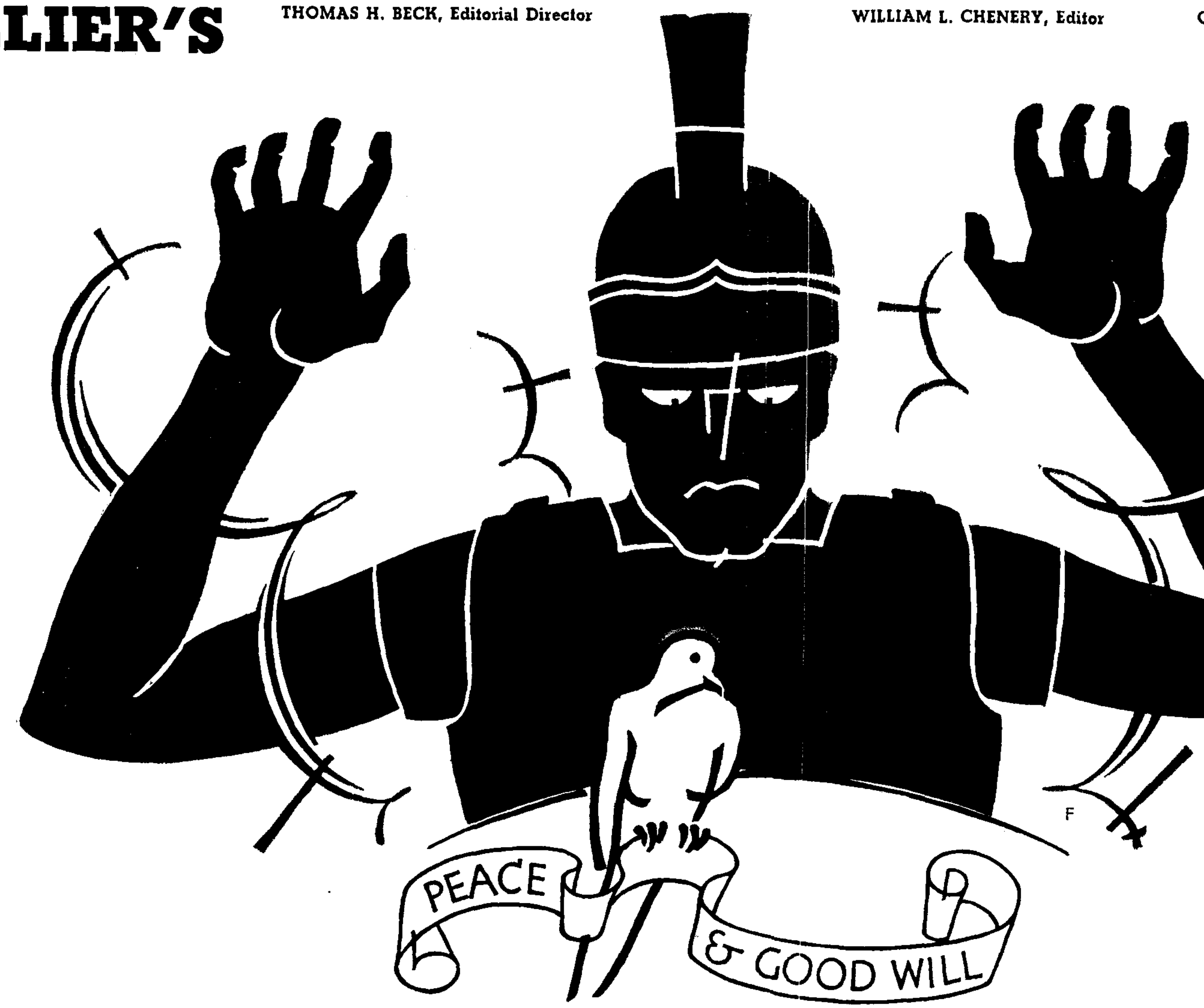
SAY "LUDEN'S"

LUDEN'S
Menthol
COUGH DROPS
Now
WITH ALKALINE FACTOR ADDED
5¢

From a MEDICAL JOURNAL: "The researches (of these doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition. To overcome this, they prescribe various alkalies."

Because BUILDING UP YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE HELPS YOU TO RESIST COLDS

COLLIER'S THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor



Good Will, Limited

WE NEED the reassurance of Christmas to remind us, at least once a year, of peace on earth and of good will toward men. Certainly the wars and rumors of wars which occupy so much of the news have little enough to do with good will, or with any of the other good things we celebrate at Christmas.

If we think of what has been happening in Spain or China or of what is threatened in so many other places, talk of good will does seem unreal. Millions of people hate one another. Many hundreds of thousands are energetically engaged in struggles to kill one another. Not much of the Christmas spirit there.

Yet we keep coming back to Christmas. Year after year we sing the same songs, extol the same virtues, show similar signs of generous instincts and in other ways vote our approval of Christmas.

The conflict between the faith we express on Christmas and much of our behavior the rest of the year is sharp enough. Also, we separate our standards of behavior. We have one set of rules which we think as individuals we should observe. We have quite another code to govern our public actions.

As groups of any sort we permit ourselves to admit much lower standards than those we profess as individuals. Governments and corporations and public bodies generally are said to be heartless. This explains much of the political unpopularity of corporations. Corporations are not permitted to infuse themselves with the Christmas spirit. They must attend strictly to business.

Governmental bodies, which represent the largest groups, profess the lowest standards of all. The most predatory corporation could never dare avow the rules of behavior which many governments proudly boast.

We see the defects of others more vividly than our own, and especially so if the others are foreigners. Look at the rules by which the more aggressive nations conduct themselves. The extreme exhibits are, of course, Italy and Japan. Try to square the Italian behavior toward Ethiopia or the Japanese attitude toward the Chinese with any ethical standards which any people anywhere would admit. Universally robbery and murder by individuals are forbidden. Drastic penalties are provided for violation of such laws. But strong governments may rob and kill for their greater glory.

Aggressive wars of conquest are the exception now, perhaps, but history is full of them. Our own American record is not unspotted.

If we examine the story of our behavior toward the Indians, whose rights in America were surely as natural as the rights of the Ethiopians to Ethiopia, or the Chinese to China, we have small reason for boasting of our superior virtue. We took lands we coveted. We broke promises we solemnly made. We killed the Indians who futilely protested. We have sinned our own sins.

Even now the most civilized government feels impelled to say that it is moved only by the most selfish standards. For a government to admit making an unselfish treaty would be interpreted as a betrayal of its own people. Even between neighbors as close and, naturally, as friendly as Canada and the United States an important treaty has to be justified on both sides of the border by the meanest variety of money arguments.

Yet for two thousand years we, and those who came before us, have been, as individuals, proclaiming quite different ideals. Christmas is very old. It didn't come with the department stores or even the toy manufacturers. It goes back into the dim shadows of our history.

We have gotten a lot of fun out of Christmas and put much emphasis and effort into it. It inspired the writing of some of the choicest songs and merriest music ever composed. It gave rise to some of our most generous customs.

During this season, more than at any other time, we have shared with others what we possessed. We have considered the need of others and we have been moved by good will.

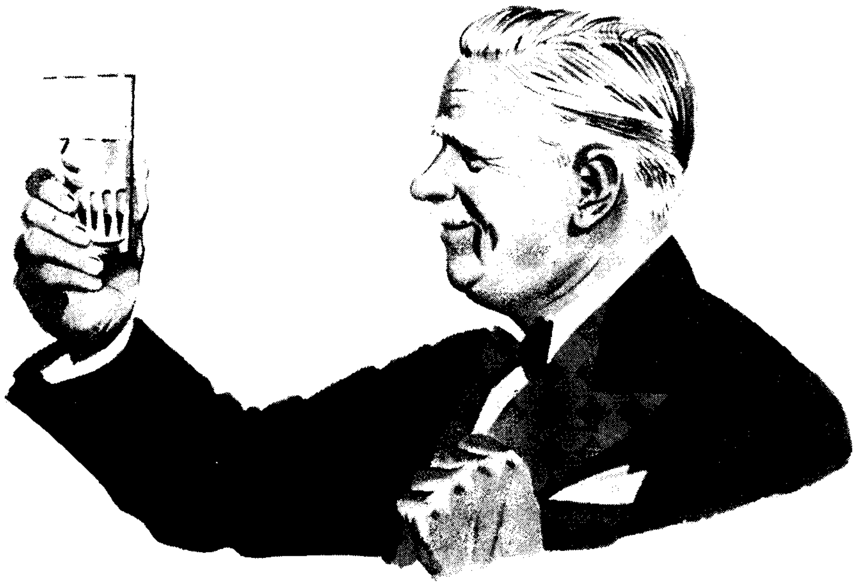
But the chasm continues all along between the ideals we honor as individuals and the rules we acknowledge in the conduct of public affairs. We are not conscious hypocrites in holding two such clashing standards.

Right now we feel kindly toward our fellow men. We want to give presents and to see happy children. We like to do good and to feel good. Then next week with another part of our mind we can give tacit consent to the application of quite another set of rules by some agency which speaks for governments and other representative bodies.

As we get civilized, if we get civilized, instead of destroying ourselves as the pessimists prophesy, we shall have to bridge the gap which cleaves our public and private morals. If generosity is better for us as individuals than envy and malice, we shall undoubtedly discover that the cultivation of good will is a wise policy even for the strongest and proudest governments. If peace is good for us as individuals we shall learn that it is also profitable for us as nations.

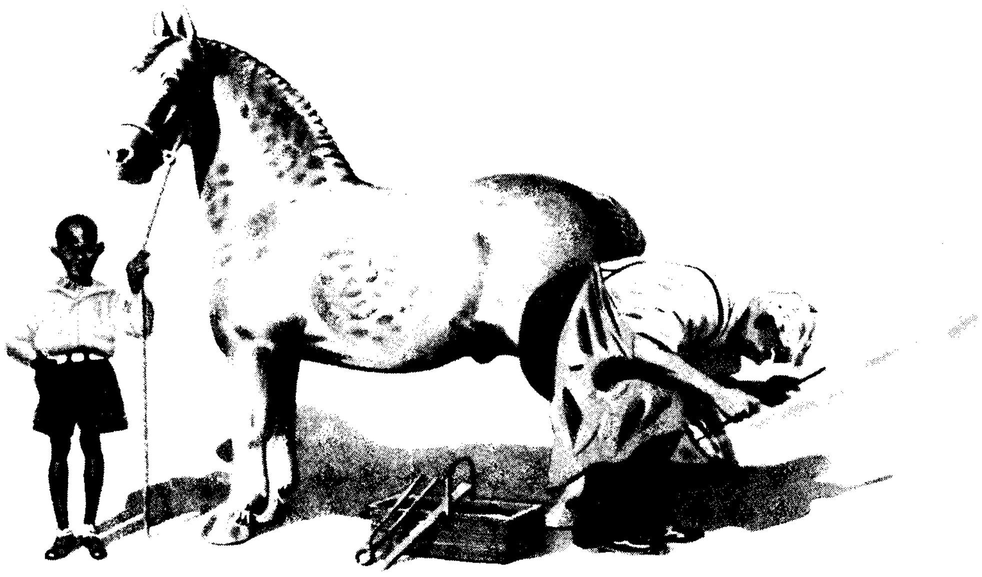
The quiet voice of the humble man who most eloquently proclaimed the wisdom of peace and good will has continued to be heard for a long time. Each generation has to make its own struggles and its own choices, but up to now the imponderable principles of right have survived. They will continue to bring peace and happiness to the world.

D



D . . . is for *discriminating drinkers*, who have always demanded the quality of dryness—*lack of sweetness*—in their champagne, their sherry, and their cocktails, too. And it's this same quality of dryness that so appeals to them in Paul Jones Whiskey.

R



R . . . is for the *real* time-honored, old-fashioned distilling method we've used for over 72 years in making this noble American whiskey. That's what gives Paul Jones its robust, old-time flavor.

Y

Paul Jones
Paul Jones
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
90 PROOF

Y . . . is for *you*, who'll like Paul Jones—not only for its keen, brisk dryness—but for the many other admirable qualities that have made it famous as "A Gentleman's Whiskey" since 1865! And gentlemen, *every drop is whiskey.*

90 proof. A blend of straight whiskies—and that means ALL whiskey. Made by Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

Chesterfield Cigarettes
Chesterfield
Chesterfields for Christmas

Copyright 1937, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.